

Fifteen Cents

# MACLEAN'S

## MARCH

Ten Millions for  
the Asking  
By STEPHEN LEACOCK

A Striking Article by  
AGNES C. LAUT  
ON THE  
War Situation in the  
United States

Other Contributors:

Sir Gilbert Parker	Arthur William Brown
H. F. Gadsby	C. W. Jefferys
Peter McArthur	J. W. Beatty
Hopkins Moorhouse	Harry C. Edwards
Robson Black	Lou Skuce
Norman Lambert	Madge Macbeth
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# Why Live an Inferior Life?

I know that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys and benefits of living in full; and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

THE fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

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My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells, it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose with my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and excessive deep breathing.

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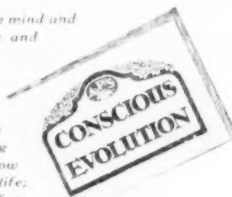
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### A FEW OF SWOBODA'S PROMINENT PUPILS

E. W. Akeley	A. W. Akeley
Alfred E. De Paul	Alfred E. De Paul
William H. H. H.	William H. H. H.
W. G. H. H.	W. G. H. H.
James H. H.	James H. H.
John A. Akeley	John A. Akeley
John A. Akeley	John A. Akeley
John A. Akeley	John A. Akeley
John A. Akeley	John A. Akeley
John A. Akeley	John A. Akeley

Alois P. Swoboda  
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# What St. Louis thinks of The NEW EDISON

## ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

### PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice  
Beside It at Victoria Thea-  
ter Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "recreating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others see us."

The vocal soloist last evening was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musicianly. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensibility that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang the well-known air from Charpentier's

"Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Walsh, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "Recreator" blending into one beautiful tonal picture.

The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.

Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless, many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

## ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.

A musical event of unique interest was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared before 2500 music lovers in a tone test

of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phonograph and sang several numbers with the instrument, records of which had previously been made from her voice. So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew Miss Case had left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

## THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST  
SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS

Again Mark Silverstone's tone test has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the uplift of music.

That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New

York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." A song of India by Rimsky-Korsakow and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does recreate and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

## Daily Globe-Democrat.

### 2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her silvery voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The union between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.

The  
NEW  
EDISON  
makes your home  
the world's greatest  
stage



Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

There is a  
licensed dealer in  
your vicinity. Watch  
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May we send you  
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Goodrich will at once make good *all* their shortcomings—generously and gladly.

There are no strings to this offer—no conditions—no catch words.

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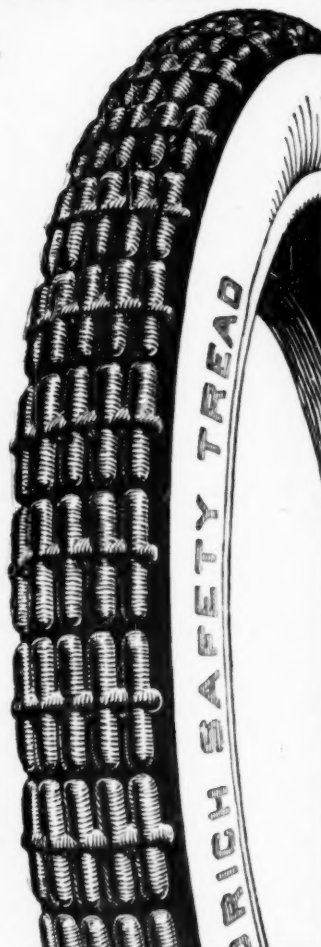


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Also maker of the tires on which Dario Resta won the official 1916 National Automobile Racing Championship  
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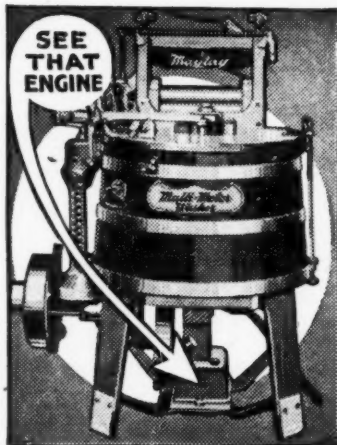
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**Washer**

Complete with Engine and  
Reversible Swinging Wringer

It Does All the Hard Work  
of Washing and Wringing  
For You.

WASH-DAY, and that is WORK-DAY, changed into PLAY-DAY. Goodbye backache, headache, nerve wreck! No woman need bend over the wash tub as her grandmother did, nor turn the old-style washer as her mother did, if she has a MAYTAG MULTI-MOTOR.

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Equipped with a light, powerful, compact little engine that does all the hard work of washing and wringing, and does a bigger, better and cleaner washing in an hour or two than you can possibly do with a wash board and tub in a day's time.

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*Limited*

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## MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

J. B. MACLEAN, President D. B. GILLIES, Manager  
T. B. COSTAIN, Editor

Vol. XXX. MARCH, 1917 No. 5

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The MacLean Publishing Co. Ltd.  
143-153 University Avenue  
Toronto, Can.

LONDON, ENG., THE MACLEAN CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 88 FLEET STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, 701-702 Eastern Townships Bank Building; Winnipeg, 22 Royal Bank Building; New York, 115 Broadway; Chicago, 311 Peoples Gas Building; Boston, 733 Old South Building.

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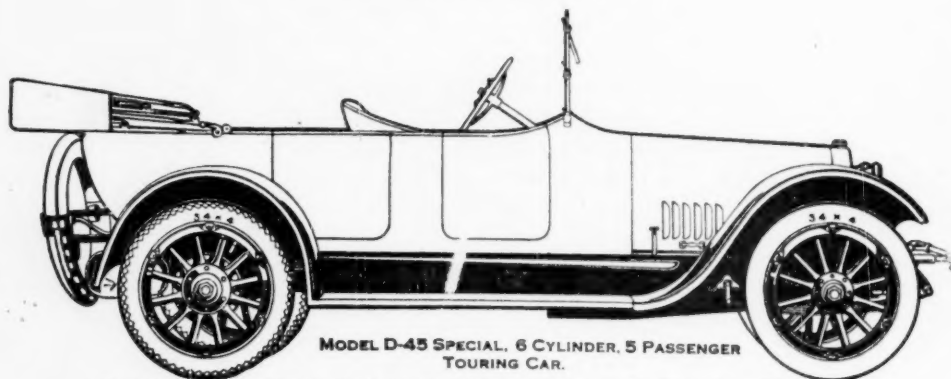
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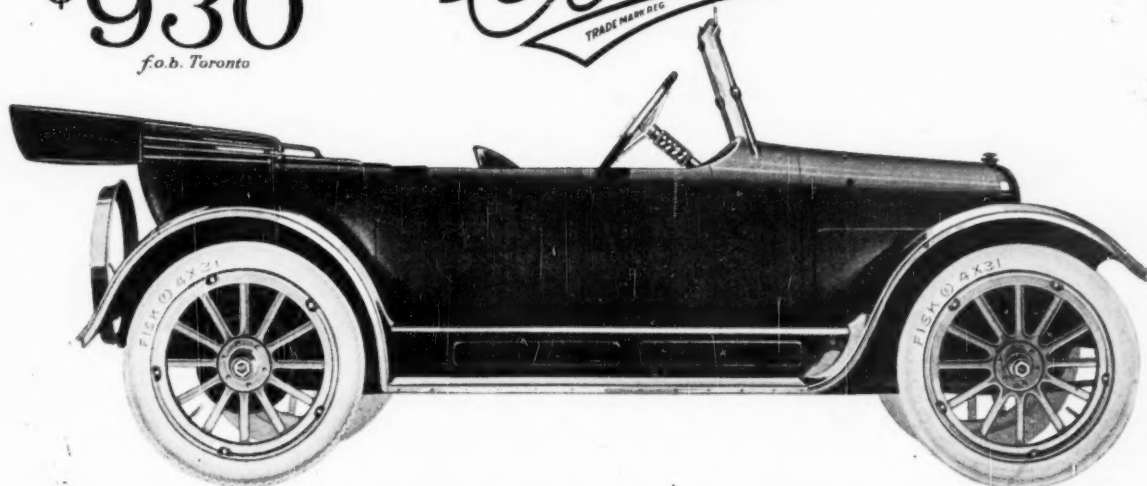
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—one group of dealers, plan, produce and sell the entire line.

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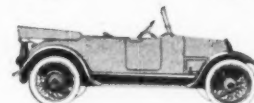
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\$1750



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116 in. wheelbase  
\$1940



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### So sluggish and colorless!

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in warm water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

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# MACLEAN'S

## MAGAZINE

Volume XXX

MARCH, 1917

Number 5

## Ten Million Dollars for the Asking

### An Offer to the Government of Canada

By Stephen Leacock

Who wrote "In Dry Toronto," "In Merry Mexico," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

IT IS a well known fact that throughout his later life Mark Twain was constantly harassed and distressed by the fact that people refused to take him in earnest. Like all persons of a so-called humorous temperament, his true interest lay in the underlying realities of life, and not in the lights and shadows that flicked across its surface. Hence from time to time he was moved to violent outbursts of feeling, to fierce denunciations of wrong and to expressions of passionate sympathy with the oppressed. All of these the public, who thought of him only as the author of *Tom Sawyer* and the *Innocents Abroad*, insisted on treating as first class jokes. When he said that he sympathized with the Filipinos, the remark was regarded as screamingly funny. When, in a passion of indignation at European cruelty in China, at the time of the "Boxer" troubles, Twain exclaimed, "I am a Boxer," everybody roared. Men repeated to one another over their newspapers, "I see Mark says he's a Boxer!" and then held their sides to prevent bursting. When he wrote a beautiful and sympathetic account of the Martyrdom of Joan of Arc, people shook their heads—"Mark's going a little too far," they said; they admitted that it was funny, gloriously funny, but doubted whether any man had a right to poke fun at religion. Mark Twain lived and died misunderstood, regretting fully that he had not been born a Presbyterian minister or something real.

What happens to a great man in any line of activity, may well happen to the small ones.

IN ANY degree, I have found it so. I have so often been fortunate in pleasing the humorous fancy of an indulgent public as a writer of mere meaningless foolishness, that it is becoming difficult for me to persuade any readers that I am capable of trying to think seriously.

This I found to be the case when, a month or two ago, I submitted to the Government of Canada an offer to make ten million dollars for them as a Christmas present, by calling in our silver cur-

rency and substituting nickel for it. I embodied the proposal in a memorandum that in point of language was as serious as political economy and as sober as Toronto on Saturday night.

But the thing went wrong.

The answer that I received from the members of the Government, courteous and friendly as they were, showed me that somehow they had taken it up wrongly.

"Sir Robert Borden"—so wrote the secretary of the Premier—"has been immensely amused by your delightful burlesque on the theory of silver money. He expressly desires me to state that he read the first page of your memorandum with such pleasure that he afterwards read it aloud to his cabinet, who greeted it with bursts of uncontrollable laughter. They even propose, at a later opportunity, to read the rest of it."

THESE may not have been the exact words of the letter. But they reproduce the substance of it as far as one dare violate the confidence of an official communication.

In the same way a letter from the Finance Department informed me that Sir Thomas White had no sooner read my proposal for coining nickel money in place of silver, than he fell into a paroxysm of laughter that threatened to pass into hysteria. He was only saved from an actual syncope by reaching for the public



Crooked kings made crooked money by taking out more of the silver in the shillings.

accounts and adding up figures three columns at a time—his one form of mental relaxation.

My memorandum, I suppose, might easily have passed into political oblivion but for the singular acumen of the editor of this magazine. The editor—like all other successful men in Canada—is partly Scotch.\* (The other parts, in these cases, are a mere hindrance. It is the Scotch that counts.) Being Scotch, the editor is accustomed to consider nothing amusing until it is proved so. The presumption is always against it. It is thought better, in Scotland, that a hundred jokes should go unrecognized rather than that a man should be betrayed into hasty and indecor-

\*An error. The editor is a Manxman. Colonel MacLean, however, is all Highlander.



"Sir Robert Borden read the first page of your memorandum with such pleasure that he afterwards read it aloud to his cabinet, who greeted it with bursts of uncontrollable laughter."

ous laughter which he afterwards bitterly regrets.

The Editor, therefore, had no sooner read my memorandum over six times than he said, "I believe there is something in this."

**H**E HAS, therefore, invited me to reproduce the substance of the memorandum for this magazine. To my regret he tells me that he cannot reproduce the document in its original form. It was, he said, too full. In fact he feared that it was so full that his readers would not stand for it. This, in Toronto, is quite natural.

I am, therefore, compelled to omit all the first part—some fifty pages—called, "A Brief Disquisition on the Origins and Development of the Use of Certain Articles, or Commodities, as *Media* or *Medii*, of Exchange." I regret very much the necessity of suppressing this. It went back to ancient times and came down, slowly and reluctantly as every scholarly history does, to our own day. It began with the words: "The earliest form of money known in ancient times was the goat." I fear that this sentence may have been what misled Sir Robert Borden. Perhaps he read no further. Yet it only states a well known economic fact. Goats and cattle, the flocks and herds of the pastoral days of Abraham and Isaac, were the earliest form of money. Even to-day when we talk of a man's *capital* the word really means, in its origin, his head of cattle. And when we speak of a doctor's *fee*, the word recalls to those who know its meaning the goat, or cow, that the

grateful patient (an institution older than history) paid to the "medicine man" of the tribe.

But I admit I should have done better to leave out the goat altogether. And I only made things worse by going on—"The goat was at best indifferent money. Lacking, as he was, in divisibility, in homogeneity and in durability, incapable of receiving and retaining a stamp or punch on both the upper and the reverse side, the goat, as money, failed to command esteem."

On looking that over, I think I can see just how it was that my memorandum lacked conviction. It would have been better, like most other state documents, without the introduction.

Yet the suggestion that I should confine myself to the essential substance or gist of my proposal comes with a peculiar cruelty. The gist of it, and indeed of anything, if stated truthfully, appears so pitifully small. Consider, for example, what would be the gist of a sermon, or the gist of a speech from the throne, or the gist of Woodrow Wilson's notes to Germany. The whole lot of them would go nicely inside a walnut.

But if gist it has to be, here it is, written at as great length as I dare put it.

**M**Y PROPOSAL itself, to state it in all seriousness, is a very simple matter. What is suggested is that the government of Canada should call in all its existing silver coins—fifty cent, twenty-five cent, ten cent and five cent pieces—and substitute nickel coins in place of

them. The point of it lies in the enormous profit that could be made on this transaction without inconvenience or loss to anybody.

Our use of silver coins is a purely historic matter. It comes down from the time when a silver shilling or a silver dollar circulated on its own value. That is to say, when the actual silver metal that it contained, if sold in the bullion market as metal, would be worth in gold the twentieth part of a gold sovereign, or the full value of a gold dollar. This is no longer the case. At the present time silver is worth about 75 cents for an ounce troy (480 grains). The American silver dollar, which contains 371½ grains of pure silver, with 41½ grains of copper added as an alloy, is worth to-day as metal a trifle more than 58 cents. A Canadian dollar in silver—two fifty cent pieces or four quarters—is worth rather less—about 52 cents.

Anybody can prove for himself that silver money is not intrinsically worth its face value by melting it down and trying to sell it as silver.

The silver coin circulates only as a token. It is a mere representative of the gold coin for which it can be exchanged and of which it is only a humble substitute. As far as its value goes it might as well be made of tin, or rubber, or celluloid or of anything that would carry writing on it, and act as a token. In fact it is on exactly the same footing

economically as the paper dollar. Were it not for the obvious inconvenience of trying to handle it in small sums, the whole of our currency might be made of paper with no disturbance of its circulating power. A silver coin is a mere promise to pay, inscribed, with quite unnecessary wastefulness, upon a bit of silver.

The absurdity of using silver for such a purpose would be perfectly apparent if it were being introduced as a new thing and judged upon its merits. But it is not. It belongs among a whole cupboardful of absurdities—such as the House of Lords, and the Canadian Senate and William Jennings Bryan—which are difficult to get rid of, because they are a legacy of the past.

**T**IME was when silver money was not only real money, but was practically the only money of Western Europe. All through the dark and middle ages this was the case. Our English pound meant originally a pound weight of silver coined up into 240 silver pennies, and later, into 20 silver shillings. These circulated on their own value, dependent like every other economic object, on the difficulty and cost of producing them. In the time of William the Conqueror a bushel of wheat sold for two and a quarter silver pennies; a cow was worth about seventy pennies, while eggs, in those bright days, sold at one penny for two dozen, or thereabouts. These prices represented the real value of the silver in terms of other products. There was no gold. Not until the reign of Henry the Third were a few gold coins

made, their value being expressed in terms of silver money.

This remained the case for centuries. Silver was the standard. True, it was not coined up at the original rate of twenty shillings to the pound. Crooked kings made crooked money by taking out more of the silver in the shillings and putting in more and more alloy. Wiser kings in fits of repentance straightened the money out again. But with all its ups and downs silver was the standard. It circulated on its own value—such as it was. By the end of the reign of Elizabeth the mint was making sixty shillings out of a pound weight troy of silver. With the new cheap silver from America and with coins containing less silver per shilling, prices had risen enormously. But silver, such as it was, remained the standard of English money till the reign of Charles the Second. After that for over a hundred years—till well into the reign of George the Third—the standard was double. Both gold and silver could be brought to the mint, by whosoever would, and coined into silver shillings or into gold sovereigns.

AND THEN a rather peculiar thing happened, fateful as it proved for the financial greatness of England. By a series of lucky accidents England, a century before the other industrial countries, blundered into the monometallic gold standard, which proved in the sequel to be the only possible basis of the world commerce of our time. But the thing, like so much else in our history, was a lucky accident. The silver coins of the eighteenth century contained too much metal. They were worth more as bullion than as coin. They would not circulate. People melted them or exported them. Only the bad silver coins—clipped, punched, or sweated—could stay in circulation. This did well enough for small change. For large payments it would not do. To save perpetual quarrelling over the money the government, in 1778, removed from silver its legal tender quality. It was to be henceforth, and has remained, valid in law only for payment of forty shillings. At the same time the mint was closed to the coinage of silver by and for the government. This made no apparent difference to anybody. Silver was, in any case, too valuable to coin at the existing ratio. Finally in 1816, in order to be sure of having a proper supply of small change, the government, since full weight good silver coins would not circulate, deliberately coined bad ones. Sixty-six shillings were made, as they still are, out of a pound troy. These new coins circulated admirably. They could not do anything else. Melt them or export them and they lost about ten per cent. of their value. They stayed in circulation. They are there still. Quite unconsciously a great monetary invention—that of token money—had been made.

ALL THE other great nations followed, some of them with reluctance, the same path. The United States for nearly a hundred years (1792-1873) attempted to use a double standard, with unlimited coinage of both metals. It failed. First one metal and then the other ran away from the coinage. As the value of silver in terms of gold—or gold in terms of silver (it is the same thing)—rose and fell, either the gold dollar was too valuable to stay in the coinage, or the silver

dollar was. There was no peace. In 1853, in order to ensure the circulation of small change, the American government coined underweight silver—dimes, quarters and halves—made, like the English coins, with less silver than their face value, and limited in their legal tender. Many Congressmen sneered at the proposal. "If these coins can circulate," they said, "then we have discovered the Philosopher's Stone." But the coins *did* circulate. The silver dollar, too valuable to coin or to use as

men of all stamps and degrees had shed tears over its fate. "This country," said Mr. Bryan, as the boy orator of the Chicago Convention of 1896, "is being crucified upon a cross of gold."

Very naturally there has been a general hesitation to give silver its *coup de grace* by refusing it even its present status as the material of token coins.

Yet for any nation that will undertake the change, the profit is enormous. Take our own case in Canada.

IF WE were to call in our silver money and if it all actually came back, we could sell the metal in the market to-day for about \$12,000,000. No doubt it would not all come back. A part of it is presumably lost. But the great bulk of it is still with us—circulating from hand to hand and in the vaults of the banks. The mechanism of calling it in offers no difficulty. The government need only pass a law terminating the legal tender power of silver, and making it exchangeable at all banks and post offices for the new coins and it would practically all come back in a week. Silver is worth at present 76 cents a Troy ounce and nickel is worth 55 cents a pound avoirdupois. A dollar in Canadian silver uses up 52 cents worth of silver. Nickel would cost about 3 cents. Thus in 1914 Canada coined half dimes to the value of \$210,108. If these had been made of nickel there would have been a profit, on this one year's coinage of one kind of coin of about \$92,400.

IGNORANT people might fear that the whole plan would be upset by the danger of counterfeiting. This is not so. The profit on counterfeiting, even now would be enormous. Successful counterfeiting would turn 52 cents into a dollar even at the present price of silver. A few years ago when silver was worth less than 50 cents an ounce, the process would have turned 35 cents into a dollar. But successful counterfeiting, under modern conditions, is not possible. It requires a plant and premises that cannot long be concealed. This is what hinders it—not the value of the silver. Let those who fear it as an objection consider the case of the paper dollar and be silent.

But it is needless to speculate on whether nickel money can exist and circulate. It is doing so already. France and Italy each have nickel pieces of 25, 10 and 5 centimes; Switzerland a 20 centime piece; Austria has coins of 20 and 10 hellers; Hungary of 20 and 10 hellers; Siam coins ten-satang pieces of pure nickel and Turkey goes so far as to coin pieces of 40 paras. If there is any reader so ignorant as not to know what a satang or a para is, he may appreciate at least the fact that Hayti, as bold as it is black, coins fifty-cent pieces out of nickel.

Cheaper, dark money—made of bronze or copper—one dare not use for fear of confusion with the cents and pennies. But many countries use an amalgam of nickel and copper that is still bright enough to avoid mistake. The familiar "nickel" of the United States is 75 per cent. copper. Germany has for years coined 10 pfennig pieces of nickel mixed with an alloy. Jamaica and many other British dependencies are using money of the same sort.

BUT THERE is no need to cumulate examples. The thing is easy and obvious. The question is, will our government do it? Of course not—or not now.



Sir Thomas White was only saved from an actual syncope by reaching for the public accounts and adding up figures three columns at a time—his one form of mental relaxation.

money (these were the days before the fall of silver) dropped out. The bad coins had nowhere to go. They stayed. Presently (in 1873) the law cut out the coinage of the silver dollar. The United States, like England, stood and has remained on the basis of a gold standard with silver only as token money.

France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia, Japan—all the industrial countries—have had the same experience.

Yet the situation has been such that silver has left behind it a sort of lingering regret. Silver states, mine owners, populists, inflationists and cheap-money-





The goat was, at best, indifferent money, . . . incapable of receiving and retaining a stamp or punch on both the upper and reverse side.

A few years hence when England has thrown its meaningless silver coins on the scrap heap, and when France has sold its silver and the United States is about to follow, then we shall no doubt witness a quite lively agitation on the subject.

Meantime, the whole topic is only fit for a professor. It should not be treated seriously. In any case, I note, as I look over the proofs of this article, that the Editor after all has classed it as humor; he has set my good friend Mr. Jefferys, as usual, to make for it his inimitable pictures.

So my last chance of being heard is gone.

Moreover, the awful thought has occurred to me that the Editor might pay me for this article in nickel money. Let it be understood, here and now, that that would be carrying the thing too far.

## The War Situation in the United States

By Agnes C. Laut

NEW YORK,  
Feb. 13.

**E**VENTS are following with such incredible rapidity in the United States that what is news to-day may be stale to-morrow.

Only in November the country was divided into just two great parties—He-kept-us-out-of-the-war and He-ought-to-have-fought-for-freedom-and-right. Pacifism stood shrieking hysterically at Preparedness. America was an island of smug buttered prosperity in a sea of blood. To-day there are no longer two great parties. There is only one; and though it has no name and hardly knows whether it is going to line up with the Allies or fight alone, it is a solid phalanx behind the President against Germany. Pacifism has been swept off the map. Henry Ford has offered his entire fortune and all his plants to equip the United States for aggressive defence—please note the words. School boys are drilling. Army and navy are girding up their loins. There is not a State in the Union which is not contemplating universal training, which is a soft way of breaking the public's mind into the idea of universal conscription. Instead of being an island of smug cowardly safety in a weltering sea of blood, it looks as if the whole nation would presently plunge in the universal struggle for world freedom.

**S**IX MONTHS ago you could not get action against pro-German plotters who blew up munition factories and terminals. To-day, men in khaki uniform are strung in line guarding water works, bridges, terminals, railroads, and ships. Wire netting is being stretched across

Atlantic harbors to keep submarines out; and cement foundations are being laid to mount long-range guns to defend every city on the Atlantic Coast. Appropriations are being rushed through Congress for fleets of fast cruisers, of submarines, of aeroplanes; and practically every factory in the United States has offered its services to the Government for defence and equipment. One concern has been asked to provide 500,000 shoes for soldiers; another explosives; another nitrates; and so down the line from Maine to the Rio Grande. Six months ago men pooh-poohed stories of German plots. To-day public subscriptions are being taken up to spread knowledge of the actual facts as to the underground danger. As late as January German-Americans drank to the Fatherland. Within one week in one city 1,450,000 Germans have applied for naturalization papers; and the President's condemnation of Germany's submarine warfare was hardly off his lips before every German house, restaurant, factory, shop, brokerage office and bank had hoisted the Stars and Stripes and shouted to high heaven eager desire to shoulder a Lewis gun (60 shots a minute) and to fight for Uncle Sam. And the German-American Alliance which boasted three million votes, and the twenty million Germans of whose loyalty the Kaiser bragged, and the 600,000 German army reservists of whom the Kaiser had twitted Ambassador Gerard—where, oh, where were they? Singing small, very small, my friends, not visible to the naked eye, on the run for naturalization papers, Vereich of the blatant *Fatherland Weekly* leading the race in a sudden change of his sheet's name and purpose.

**A**S TO the American public if you know this mercurial, highly emotional, almost childishly optimistic people well, you will not need to be told, they are too quiet, very much too quiet, too ominously quiet for the health of any treasonous plotter, if the things break from cover which have been burning and smouldering in secret for two years.

Now review the facts!

As early as November 10 authorities on this side have known that certain submarines left Kiel for American waters, they have suspected submarine bases on this side within range of Panama. They have known that some oil company here or in Mexico must have been supplying these submarines with fuel. It was thought at first these submarines were designed to intercept oil supply for the British navy moving out from Mexico, and Uncle Sam shrugged his shoulders. Now men are asking themselves whether the big merchant submarines that first came to Baltimore and New London, which were welcomed so vociferously, were not scouts for a war fleet of hidden destroyers.

Whether delayed by the November elections, Wilson's peace note or what, is not known, but the anticipated crisis did not come. Men began to quizz their own judgment for having believed there were submarines on this side. Two or three facts should be emphasized here. They are significant. One week before Bernstorff handed the American State Department Germany's declaration of a return to ruthless submarine warfare, the machinery of the big fleet of German liners tied up at American docks was secretly utterly destroyed. The destruction was as

frenzied and bootless a piece of madness as all Germany's other acts; for the United States, governed by the law of civilized nations, has declared, in case of war with Germany, German property in the United States would be left inviolate, though treason on the part of Germans in the United States would be visited by death. Also, German gold on deposit in American banks began surreptitiously moving to South America. Also, just before the news broke, cargoes for the big merchant submarines in the docks at New London were fired and burned by their owners. Lastly, a big fleet of German cargo vessels ostensibly owned by American capital, were frantically offered for sale. Without a doubt German agents on this side knew what was coming. It is now said that Ambassador Bernstorff received his instructions just before President Wilson announced his peace message, and that on his own authority the German Ambassador withheld the submarine declaration till the effects of Wilson's peace outlines could be observed.

To the outside the question at once occurs: Why this sudden paralysis of

shipping? What brought the tension to a crisis? What is Germany able to do now any more than she has been able to do with her submarines from the first? Didn't she announce a ruthless submarine warfare before? Didn't she push her warfare while she parleyed with America, till Great Britain had destroyed her submarines, then tacitly consent to a mitigated warfare? Isn't she doing the same thing again? While she is trying it out, won't she count on bluffing Wilson off with explanations? Why the sudden crisis now?

The answer is in two words—the Pocket Nerve. Wilson was counting on Germany not meaning her wild threats. Germany was counting on President Wilson not meaning his mild protests, and each was in deadly earnest and unwittingly called the other's bluff.

This time the German submarines are to be on this side. This country's foreign commerce has leaped to billions and her gold imports to \$800,000,000, solely owing to the fact that the British navy was keeping the sea lanes open and clear; but if the submarines come to this side, can

Uncle Sam expect John Bull to patrol American shores? Consider the length of America's shore line—3,000 miles as the crow flies, 8,000 miles as the zig-zag line runs. John Bull could not patrol these shores, nor half these shores, nor one short strip of them. Submarines and raiders were sighted down Hayti way, down Yucatan, in the Caribbean, off Brazil.

Suddenly, marine insurance rates shot skyward. Something suddenly stabbed the Pocket Nerve of a thoughtless people. The quiver ran from shipside to bank, from bank to factory, from factory to farm labor. When a small freighter ties up at her berth, it costs the owner \$5,000 a day. Cotton can't move out. Wheat is embargoed. Cotton fell nearly \$45 a bale in a week, wheat 30 to 40 cents. Even steel, the king-pin of prosperity, slumped 14 points a share. Factories laid off hands. Farm labor came back on the job. Last year you could not hire farm labor for love or money. This week I had forty applicants for one job.

I do not mean to imply that it was only Continued on page 80.

## Facts Behind the Peace Proposals

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The foregoing has been received from Miss Laut as we go to press. The article which follows was written four weeks ago and was in type before the "break" in diplomatic relations. It dealt with the reasons behind President Wilson's peace proposals; and the accuracy of the writer's inside information has been strikingly demonstrated by subsequent developments. In order to make room for the above information it has been necessary to break this page and grip the introductory part of the following article in which she outlined the situation created by Wilson's Peace Crusade.

**T**HE War Lord has failed as a War Lord—the most colossal failure in all history. Could he still "save his face," or, to use more diplomatic language, could he save some of his prestige by coming out as the Great Lord of Peace? Roumania gave him the psychological opportunity.

But, before the Roumanian campaign, Wilson had been re-elected president, and no thanks to the Germans. For two-and-a-half years, Wilson's ambition has been to act as mediator in the war. He tried it by writing notes, multitudinous notes that have made him ridiculous.

He has tried it by being "too proud to fight," which has become his own epitaph. He has tried it by letting Germany kick him in the face, and drown American citizens, and plot murders and arson within the boundaries of the United States; and Germany's response has been to intervene in American elections and to conspire to defeat Wilson in his own country.

Gerard came home from Germany. Labor in return for the eight-hour law turned State's evidence and cards up on the table gave Wilson all the proof he needed that Germany had bribed many of the 1915-16 strikes in the United States. Doubtless there was "a trade" with labor for this evidence; for the prosecutions against certain political labor leaders of the Middle West in connection with German plots are to be dropped; and, in consequence,

Mr. Marshall and Roger Wood, the federal attorneys of New York, who were conducting the prosecutions, have resigned. They are both too loyal to the Democratic party to say why they resigned; but one does not need to guess hard to know.

The fact remains that Wilson got all Labor's evidence against Germany. And this evidence was of a damning nature that is almost incredible.

Here are two or three pieces of the evidence: The German Secret Service had listed and card indexed every soldier in the U.S. regular army. I saw one of these cards. It details where the man was born; was he American or foreign born; was he loyal to America or the land of his birth; what were his vices, what his weak point; how much was he paid, how much would he have to be paid?

Do you take in what that means?

Whether a similar card index exists in the German Secret Service on the American Navy, I do not know; but I have seen evidence that it does exist on the American Army.

Said the Kaiser to a certain American representative in Berlin:

"Are you aware, Sir, that we have

600,000 German Reservists in the United States, loyal to Germany, trained soldiers?"

Said the American representative: "Your Majesty, are you aware that we have 600,000 lamp posts in our country?"

Said an American labor leader on this episode: "Well, at the end of the war, Canada will have 600,000 trained fighters, who will hate Germany and everything German. I guess instead of the Monroe Doctrine protecting Canada, it will be a case of Canada protecting this country."

**A** FEW more of the facts given by Labor to Wilson: The plot for the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa was revealed; and, still more astounding, the order reversing those orders to destroy the buildings because—so it read: "When we capture the country (Canada) we may need those buildings."

The facts of the massing the German Reservists along the Canadian border in 1915 were brought out.

And these are only a few of the facts revealed by Labor. I may add that I obtained these facts from a Labor investigator, myself.

Wilson may be didactic. He may be professorial. He may be lethargic. He was not lethargic after he got these facts.

**R**EMEMBER another important fact. It was known in November, 1916, that a fleet of German submarines had left Kiel for American waters.

It was guessed, is guessed yet, that they have a submarine base in the West Indies or in Mexican waters.

It is not even a guess who is supplying Villa, the Mexican bandit, with funds and ammunition to revive the border disorders.

**N**OW, as Canadians, will you please digress a moment and forget your fury that the greatest democracy on earth has failed in this world struggle for freedom, has lain stewing in the grease and fat of its own wealth, while all the rest of the world has bled for freedom—will



*you please contemplate some facts as cold and hard and pitiless as steel, the steel of a bayonet?*

Of what does the regular army of the United States consist?

It is supposed to consist of 100,000 men. Deduct skulkers, physically unfit, officers deserters, pygmies, who enlist because they can't earn bread in any other vocation, it is not 50,000 fighting strong. Burn those facts into your consciousness!

After you have deducted the officers and the pygmies, if you place 50 men to patrol each mile of the boundary, the American regulars could not patrol the Rio Grande, let alone the Atlantic and Pacific.

How about the Volunteer Forces, or as we call them in this country, the National Guard, of whom so much was made when the last Congress placed the defence of the country squarely and fairly on the shoulders of that "citizen soldiery" which Bryan said would spring to arms over night? I quote the War Department Report. It shows that "of the 128,000 militiamen finally mustered in for duty on the Mexican border, only 37% were enlisted on the date of the call in the regiments as they turned out. Of the total number on the rolls on the date of the call, 47,657 were lost for various reasons, including physical disability. Sixty thousand of the militiamen who went to the border had had no military training at all, and nearly as many, or 56,813 had never fired a military rifle. The indictment of the militia system furnished by these figures is supplemented by the charges made by the returning guardsmen themselves that they got no instruction in divisional manoeuvres and next to no target work while doing police detail on the Rio Grande. The country has not profited as it should have even through the training of these men in return for the loss of their time from their business and the expenditure of millions of Federal cash. Nor have the recruiting officers, with the stimulus of the border trouble to help them, been able to bring enlistments in the regular army and the National Guard to within many thousands of the minimum figures set by the Hay bill. The militia system has had a fair trial and has failed. Americans must either discard it and adopt universal training on the Swiss or Australian plan or accept the consequences of inadequate defensive power."

This War Department Report does not set forth the facts—there were cavalry regiments without horses; there were rifles without cartridges; there were whole battalions without regimentals; there were field guns that jammed and would not fire; there were "elected by vote" officers who knew no more about drill than a child in a nursery and could no more take a twenty-mile "hike" without becoming winded and "done up" than a fat stall-fed society woman could run a Marathon race and come out a winner.

How about the Navy?

Of about 30,000 men needed the Navy is 18,000 short.

There are battle-ships laid up without crews to man them.

For one year the re-



cruiting officers have used every means in their power to gain recruits. This year is shorter of recruits than last.

Of Uncle Sam's boasted Navy, at least 48 vessels of the first line will have to be scrapped; and many of the rest of the vessels are inferior in range and projectile power to Japan, to Germany, to Great Britain.

But projectiles and battleships are no more the sole arbiters of war.

What has bottled the English fleet up, what has bottled the German fleet up, is the stealthy lurking danger under the sea, and the invisible lurking danger in the sky—the submarine and the airship, whether aeroplane or Zeppelin.

HOW about Uncle Sam as to these invisible protectors or enemies?

Uncle Sam has invented both submarine and aeroplane; but he has armed his enemies with these instruments of destruction against himself. For himself, he has not 100 submarines, nor 100 war aeroplanes. The Wright-Martin-Hispanio-Sueza aeroplane engine is probably the most marvellous air engine in the world with a weight of 363 pounds, a speed of 75 miles an hour and a horse power of 150. This company has sent 7,000 of its engines to Europe. It has supplied less than 100 for American defence.

As to the big Naval programme of Uncle Sam for the next few years—good, it is excellent! It entails expenditure of \$300,000,000 a year and will place Uncle Sam fourth in the Naval Power of the world; but not a single ship can be constructed and completed before 1920.

Roosevelt once said that China was a huge inert fat cheese waiting to be eaten by maggots. He did not dare add that the United States is a huge fat tub of golden butter honeycombed by maggots.

Please look at all these facts. They are not opinions. They are not pleasant. They are facts financed by the Pacifists made-and-paid-in-Germany. And there is a financial and voting influence in this country twenty million strong.

Do you wonder that Wilson had a bad attack of "jumps?" He is a complacent and supremely and serenely self-satisfied man; but even a complacent and supremely and serenely self-satisfied man can not sit on bombs with a sense of safety.

BUT TO proceed further with the facts of the case. Preceding Germany's peace overtures, it was well known in inside circles that President Wilson was

about to issue a pronouncement of peace. Not exactly a pronouncement for peace, but a sort of "Stand back you fighters—both sides—say what you are fighting for—get the atmosphere clear—see if we can't clean this thing up."

It was well known Germany has her secret agents on "the inside" and knew of the message being prepared by President Wilson.

The Federal Reserve Board action had been traced down to the simple fact that bankers could not dispose of their European securities.

All at once, the Kaiser's peace overtures were sprung. They preceded Wilson intentionally. The War Lord became a Peace Lord. It may be mentioned incidentally that food in Berlin had mounted to \$1 for a small cut of beef, 12 cents for long range telescope glimpse of an egg, with hunger thrown in as a seasoning.

Of course, the hunger had nothing to do with the War Lord becoming a Peace Lord.

The Kaiser trumped President Wilson's ace.

I DON'T know whether President Wilson was plain, common "mad" or not; but I do know—and I know from the inside—that when Bernstorff began to claim Wilson's peace overtures as proof that America was with Germany, Wilson was mad. He was mad all through—through and through—he was mad enough to attempt to stop the war by stopping exports to Europe and to go the length of punishing German plots in the United States.

So the second declaration followed signed by Lansing—unless the belligerents stopped, the States would be involved in the war. It need scarcely be added this did not mean a war with the Allies.

Wall Street went mad. The bottom fell out. I had friends call me up to know if that meant war with England? Smile! No; but it did mean a break of diplomatic relations with Germany—the first definite indication of red blood and righteousness in Wilson.

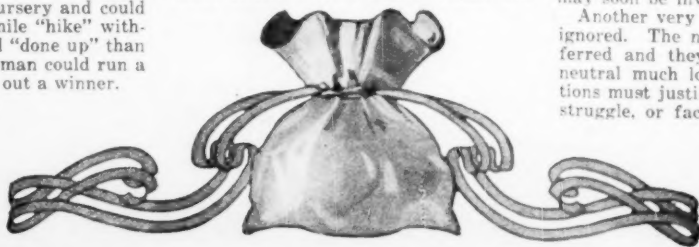
I also know that Gerard has gone back to Germany with a plain warning, something to this effect: "no more notes—more outrages and we shall go into the war."

It was to be expected that Mr. Lansing's warning of "verging near war" should be heralded by Germany as a threat of a break with the Allies; but this was quickly explained by Mr. Lansing's second statement. The break forewarned was with Germany.

IF THIS were all the notes implied, why did the bottom fall out of Wall Street? Because if Germany goes on with her policy of frightfulness, the United States may soon be involved.

Another very vital point should not be ignored. The neutral nations have conferred and they are not going to stay neutral much longer. The warring nations must justify the continuance of the struggle, or face an alliance among the neutral. That the Allies can justify their fight no one doubts. Then, where would an alliance among the neutral nations put Germany?

Continued on p. 78.





# The Bigger They Are, the Harder They Fall

An Amusing Story of Ranching Life in the Canadian West

By H. M. Tandy

Who wrote "A Fourth for Bridge," "Strawstack Strategy," etc.

**I**F YOU, friend reader, care to secrete yourself behind that shaving stick, I will get behind this candle and tell you briefly and concisely the history of the three figures asleep in the iron beds and, in passing, how they come to be here.

The burly one in the pink striped pyjamas is named Archibald McLoud, ex-bank clerk, strong like an ox. Notice the wrist and fore arm, thick as a piano leg? That is his style of architecture throughout. Archie holds to a strong belief in system and efficiency as applied to agriculture; has a fair bass voice; plays the piano by "Hunt System"; favorite tune, "If I had a cow and she gave milk." Disposition kind and gentle, will stand without hitching. Is slightly tinged with socialism however, believing that farmers are entitled to bank loans on the same interest and security basis as stockholders, real-estate, etc. Age rising 30.

Next bed, Samuel F. Featherstone, ex-police-and-hotel reporter on *Daily Bleat*. College graduate but convalescent on this point. Was able, before becoming slightly touched in the wind, to run a hundred yards in ten seconds. Author of revolutionary but as yet unpublished MS., "The failure of the Newspapers to Educate and Refine the Masses." Hobby, Shorthorn Cattle. Temper variable but sound at base. Age 27 years.

Bed near window; Frederick Creighton Smith, son of the well-known John Smith. Previous to moving to farm Fred was hat salesman or drummer, or according to British phraseology, "traveler in hats and caps." Has traveled extensively in certain districts of North America and Quebec. Persistent raconteur, also critic and cogitator. Temper average. Hobby: "An egg per hen per day and strafe the mortgage." Possessor of pleasing but somewhat throaty bathroom tenor voice. Age rising 29 years.

**T**HAT must suffice, friend reader, because that "click" you heard portends that the alarm clock is about to shatter the silence and, chances are, awake at least one of the sleepers.

But first it is desirable to explain, which perhaps can be done without too great elaboration of detail, how came these three to be here. The credit goes to Archibald. During his employment in the bank he irked, if one may be permitted the expression. He was a mountainous boy, you will remember, and often blushed with embarrassment at the thought of carving his career in the world with a pen. And further, the ends of his fingers were so large that he found it next to impossible to press the keys of the adding machines, one at a time, in other than a slow and irksome manner.

So the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa came by request to forward to his address highly specialized literature on such subjects as The Eradication of Noxious Weeds, Hog Diseases, Their Causes and Cures, Seasonable Hints on Diversi-

fied Farming, and many others dealing with the vexed questions of growing *flora* and *fuma*.

Archie found little difficulty in persuading Fred to join the venture. Traveling in hats and caps had few charms for him that farming could not match. He would go—willingly—especially as he would then get an opportunity of proving what he had always maintained, viz, "the domestic hen is misunderstood by nine out of ten farmers and as a result her average *per diem* yield is low."

It was different with Sam. He presented a serious obstacle. There was a certain girl, accomplished and beautiful of course, in whose violet eyes Sam had found favor. She occupied one pan of the scale and, though the whole world was in the other, yet did she outweigh it. No, Sam would not go farming. He would buy a little paper one of these days and start out on a journalistic career of such brilliance and power that no girl, be her eyes ever so violet, could resist for long the chance of sharing his fortune and basking in the reflected light of his fame.

But one day Sam arrived at Archie's quarters and announced his willingness to go farming. The girl, it appears, in addition to her violet eyes had a soul dyed in the deep purple of inconstancy, for while Sam was busy on the work of carving his career, she had promised herself to another. This breach of faith, Sam averred, convinced him of the soundness of his belief that women, all women, went about clothed in the garments of deceit; in consequence of which he from that time had decided to cultivate the germ of hate for the sex.

The following day at lunch the three agreed to resign their respective positions and at the earliest possible moment move West. As a stipulation Sam exacted from the other two the most solemn declaration that for a period of three years at least neither of them would cast covetous eyes at any girl and stifle in infancy any thoughts of matrimony.

So, in effect, the ringing slogan of Dumas' Three Guardsmen, "One for All and All for One," as proposed by Sam, was accepted by the others; and under this flaming banner we now behold them recumbent in the upper chamber of the shack at Slough View Farm.

**T**HE farm had prospered reasonably. The problems of husbandry and cultivation that arose went down beneath the onslaught of enthusiasm and effort, for skill comes with doing, in farming as in most things.

Socially they made many discoveries. It was just as diverting, they found, to discuss the relative merits of Clyde and Percheron as the state of the hat and cap market or the possible distribution of Christmas bonuses by the bank.

And they discovered Mary.

It came about in this wise: Their immediate neighbor to the north had de-

cided to invest some of the season's crop in a new barn—a large, imposing building on a cement foundation, that loomed against the sky-line like a huge red mountain—for it's treason in the neighborhood to own other than a red barn.

The building completed, Mr. Dawson with his hands thrust deep in his overall pockets surveyed it, and, finding that it was good, informed "central" in town that on the following Friday night all and sundry were expected to turn up prepared to chase the hours with flying feet to the accompaniment of an orchestra imported at considerable cost from a distant city. And Central, delighted, from the middle of her web spun a blanket invitation that covered the countryside.

**M**ARY was Mr. Dawson's daughter, and it is only the truth to say that many a good man and true in that particular locality had tied his team in the old man's stable to the accompaniment of a wildly beating and covetous heart. For Mary had a manner of putting her blond head on one side and flooding a fellow with thoughts that perhaps after all—well, one never can tell—and anything worth having was worth asking for. Mary's smile, in short, had the Circean effect of making faint hearts brave, and as the dance progressed Sam, to his utter surprise, found himself thinking that perhaps, after all, there were other attractive shades in eyes than violet.

The dance was over. A pleasant time was had. We have the editor's printed word for that. On the road home the three from Slough View Farm beguiled the time by a more or less free discussion of those they had met there, but Sam, reluctant to betray the fact that the spell of two fair but faithless violet eyes was dissolving, contributed little to the symposium but grunts.

There was small question of the deepness of Sam's wound. He railed at woman. "Women," he would say if given an opening, "are a failure. They are going to bring civilization tottering down about our ears. Once, in our mother's time, they had a place in the scheme of things but they've gone wild—wild and irresponsible and undependable, I tell you. And as for me, I'm through with them."

"We shall see," Fred would answer on such occasions. "We shall see. I am not one given to many words, but I bet I live to see you strung up on the matrimonial tree. I know YOUR kind. I believe that Fitzsimmons was right—the bigger they are the harder they fall."

**A**ND this was the morning after the dance. The sun was a mere slit of glowing orange on the horizon. Archie was already kicking into his overalls. "Get up fellows, get up! Do you want to sleep all day? It's a quarter past five now."

Sam partly opened one eye. "I was brought up not to consider one either a

dullard or a sloth who is found in bed at 5.15," he announced from a rift in the pillow. "And I wanta tell you chaps that in the city after a dance. . . ."

"You can tell anything that happens to be on your mind to the cows as you milk 'em," Archie cut in. "There's a lot to do to-day. There's the chores, and that piece of pig fence to build. And By Jove! We've got to brand those calves. So get a hump on, you twin mountains of sleep."

Archie, now fully dressed, started for the stairs. On the way past their beds he deftly flipped the covers off each, thereby releasing all the animal heat they had so assiduously been generating during the night. This is perhaps the least tactful, even if the most efficacious, of all ways to induce a fellow man to stand erect and greet the smiling morn, and probably accounts for the sullied dispositions that Sam and Fred brought to the breakfast table.

"That breakfast," said Archie some time later, pushing aside the dishes and refilling his coffee cup, "meets every dietetic necessity—appetizing, sustaining, perfectly balanced. The hen that laid those eggs is an ornament to her sex. The cow that er—er—relinquished that cream is the soul of honor. Now to business. What says the schedule for to-day?"

Reaching to a small desk behind him he produced a card index file. "Here we are, June 27th. Brand Calves. Build pig fence. Balance of time clear brush in south field." See how simple it is? The entire day's work already planned—I tell you fellows that this farm is going to glide to success and prosperity on the wings of system."

"On the wings of your grandmother," floated in disgusted tones from the kitchen where Fred was noisily attempting to sort the dishes preparatory to washing them. "You up-and and come dry these dishes. System! You make me sick, Archie."

**IT IS** not the intention, friend reader, to mislead you as to the difficulty and labor involved in branding half a dozen yearling calves. This undertaking is no harder for an amateur than playing "The Rustle of Spring" on a squiffer; or performing a dental operation on a wild cat; or, say, shelling peas with a pair of boxing gloves. Don't misunderstand us; these things are ALL more or less difficult.

Branding calves, in theory, is simplicity itself. Corral your cattle. Snub them one at a time to a post or posts with stout ropes or, if preferred, throw and hog-tie them. Heat your irons, and apply.

You are no doubt familiar with that sterling old English recipe for rabbit pie, which starts off with this useful phrase, "First catch your rabbit—" There is reason and logic in that phrase, in fact it contains the germ of a sermon on preparedness applicable in varying forms to many situations that occur in a day's work.

Our dumb friends possess in great keenness the power of sensing impending trouble which countless generations of domesticity had not been able to deaden, dull or diminish. It's the chicken you need to round out the menu that sulks under the barn. It's the one pig you particularly desire to point out to the butcher which refuses to approach the trough. If there is a horse in the pasture you set

your heart upon, it is he and he alone, who refuses to fall for the "oat gag." Even ducks, stupid and dull in most things, know, without benefit of calendar, when the season opens.

The cattle of Slough View Farm did not furnish the exception that proves this rule. They discerned at once that the trio descending upon them had hidden, sinister motives, which motives they determined to oppose at each and every point.

Several times the herd was urged towards the yawning gates of the barnyard. An equal number of times did they refuse to enter. Led by Mrs. Pankhurst, a roan cow of rakish cut, they slewed from the very portals of the gate to the right or left and back once more to the pasture, there deploying in extended order.

A word regarding Mrs. Pankhurst. Sam named her. It happened in this wise. She was a hard cow on fences. There was no fence made of smooth, barb or woven wire that would keep this bovine in, or out, as the case might be. She was always in the crop. So they arrested her one day and incarcerated her in the barn. But she wouldn't eat. So, to save her life, they released her. The next day she horned the door off the granary, calling to the balance of the herd (so Sam averred). "Come on girls. Oats for women." So Sam named her Mrs. Pankhurst.

"There is only one thing to do, boys—and that's to rope Mrs. Pankhurst," opined Archie.

**THERE'S** another thing that requires finesse—roping a cow of the temperament of Mrs. Pankhurst. It calls for low cunning combined with speed and endurance. Sam, being the quickest on his feet, was elected roper. His time for the ensuing hour was taken up with prowlings, shadow boxing and laborious slow circumnavigations.

In this, as in most things, persistence wins and, with a glad cry of triumph, Sam finally dropped his rope over a bush and about the horns of Mrs. Pankhurst.

From this point such action sets in as to raise this simple tale out of the realm of prose, for what transpired was of that stuff of which moving picture scenarios are made. First, from behind a clump of willows, came Mrs. Pankhurst: Followed a long taut length of rope: Then followed Sam.

Such tremendous acceleration did Mrs. Pankhurst possess that before long, Sam was but skimming the bosom of Mother Earth, swaying and yawning like a captive balloon.

As he reached the spot from which Fred and Archie had been issuing tactical advice he traveled in a series of long strides or hops, and from the movement of his lips it was evident he spoke, though the rush of wind carried his words back over his shoulder too quickly for comprehension. But, knowing that assistance would not come amiss to him, they too fastened themselves to the rope.

At slightly diminished speed, Mrs. Pankhurst held her course for a distance, for the combined opposition of three men was no more to this determined bovine than the opposition of one. But physically she weakened. She tired in limb, and her wind, if we may be permitted the expression, came in short pants.

She towed the group to the centre of a

small pool or puddle and stopped, turning upon them a cold and dauntless eye. This eye, the trio observed, was suffused by the light of a new idea. "Give them the bayonet," she decided. "The cold horn does it!" And since with her to decide was to act, she sprang to the attack with long, clean leaps and lowered head.

What did they do? What could they do? They had a rope on her 'tis true but it is not possible to apply push-pressure on a rope. They gave ground.

**NOW** the retreat of one side is not necessarily a victory for the other. Troops have been lured to defeat in the thought that they were carrying all before them. But Mrs. Pankhurst was no ordinary foe. Observing that the enemy was preparing to carry out a strategic retreat, she charged, horse, foot and artillery as it were. This brought about something in the nature of a rout, with the enemy clearing scrub and silver willow, brier patches and small bodies of water in an effort to maintain their margin of safety, while bayonets, not less to be feared because they were shaped like the handles of a bicycle, sought to engage their rear guard in action.

Mrs. Pankhurst, like a wise and forehanded general, decided not to venture too far from her base. Turning, she made slowly for the pasture, grazing as she went, but not forgetting ever and anon to sweep the horizon with a glance to make sure no further raids were impending.

The herd, deprived of Mrs. Pankhurst's splendid leadership and courage, was easier to capture. One by one the calves were caught, roped and branded, if not with neatness and dispatch, at least eventually. As the last struggled to its feet the tyros seated themselves on a wagon-pole and wiped each his perspiring face. "Well," remarked Archie. "That chore's chored."

"And rather a neat job of stencil work too, if I do say so who shouldn't," added Sam who had applied the branding irons.

"It must sting the little beggars some," observed Fred. "I remember the time I put my leg up against a hot stove in a little station south of—Goderich—!"

**T**HEN it was that Archie jumped to his feet and gave tongue. He made a strange and unusual sound, recalling the days when Lo The Poor Indian was wont to raise his victim's hair with fright preparatory to raising his scalp with a knife.

"Wow!" he yelled. "Look. See. See what you've done! How do you propose to fix that, you ivory tip?"

"How do you mean? Fix what?" asked Sam in a tone of questioning alarm, allowing his gaze to follow the direction indicated by Archie's stiffly extended finger until it rested on a red bull calf, slowly and painfully picking his way to the gate.

"See what you've done!" Archie continued to yell "You must have got those irons mixed. Our marks are S. A. S., aint' they? Well then, read that calf. Read him. What does it say on him? A.S.S., don't it? You've put your own personal signature on him, that's what you've done."

It was most alarmingly true. Sam had mixed the branding irons and, as he watched the calf disappear, the sickening

*Continued on page 75.*

Then the president rolled up his sleeves and began.



# The Rabbit Revolution

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Arthur William Brown, the famous illustrator, is a Canadian. He has a younger brother living in Toronto, who is establishing himself as a writer of clever short stories. They are herewith presented together, for the first time.

By Adam Barnhart Brown

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

THE SUN fell, like a golden orange, into the maw of the white-toothed Cordilleras. A night-mist, flat and sinuous as a snake, crept along the low and alluvial shore-line. The sea, churned by the screw of the coaster, showed phosphorescent in the steamer's wake. Away to the south-west a few lights glimmered at the water's edge.

"Never thought they'd keep so close to these shores at night," said the yellow-faced civil engineer.

"You never know how they're going to do things, in the Banana Belt!" scoffed the fat man in the steamer chair, as he lifted his feet to the rail-top. "Look at their elections! Instead of having elections, they have pin-wheel revolutions. Look at their presidents! Instead of being statesmen, they're play-actors! Look at Vinacosta! Look at Media himself!"

"Who's Media?" languidly inquired the engineer.

"He's the main squeeze of Vinacosta. I got to know him some when I was coffee-buying in that tin-horn republic of his. I also got to know the Canadian consul up there. And I've got to tell you about that.

"HIS name was Hoke Button. He hailed from the West and thought Winnipeg the very finest place on the map. He wasn't far wrong; you realize that when you get down in the tropics.

"When Hoke left home for the torrid zone, his sister made him a farewell present of a chafing-dish. She said you could never tell how things were cooked in those foreign places. Wanted him to promise to cook all his food on it; but Hoke found it easier to mix cocktails. Besides, Felipe, his half-caste *hombre*, preferred a wood fire on a baked clay hearthstone.

Sometimes of an evening, however, Hoke'd bring out the chafing dish to make a Welsh rarebit. We'd sandwich it between a couple o' cocktails, and it'd go very well.

"One day—Hoke told me himself—the President, riding back from inspecting a new fort or something, dropped in at the consulate to return the last official visit of Mr. Button. Hoke did the honors and mixed cocktails for him and his aides. The President was pleased as punch to see the inside of one of those queer *Americano habitaciones*. Hoke says he rubbed round like a rube from the corn

belt, watching the white lights for the first time.

"Then, to give him an extra treat, Hoke trots out the nickel-plated chafing-dish, and lights the alcohol. He had a lot of ready-to-cook stuff lying handy, so he puts it over the flame. Soon he ladles out to those surprised Vinacostians a plateful each of first-class made-while-you-wait Welsh rarebit.

"Say, were the President and his aides pleased? Were they? Well, they let out about twenty carambas of joy, and said it was the most beautiful thing they had ever tasted.

"All except one of the aides—Baron von Smerk—a fellow that'd been kicked out of the German army. He seemed quite satisfied with the consul's whiskey. "But the President fell on Hoke's neck, and wanted to kiss him.

"What is it that you call it?" he asks, taking another forkful.

"Welsh rarebit," says Hoke. "D'ye like it, President?"



The president and his aides said it was the most beautiful thing they had ever tasted.



"Magnificent!" gurgles the President. 'It is a fine rabbit!'

"Rarebit," repeats Hoke. 'Welsh-rarebit.'

"Rabbit, of course," says the President. 'It is one of your funny Americanisms. You say *Mock-duck*, *Mock-turtle*, and now *Mock-rabbit*! Ha, ha! The joke is good.'

"And Hoke couldn't get him to think anything different.

"But, say, if the Welsh business pleased the President's palate, the chafing-dish fitted in on his want-list. He took to it like a country cousin does a free ticket to a first-night performance.

"In fact, he got so tickled with it, that he ordered another on the spot—C.O.D. Though, when he found it'd take a couple of weeks to bring one from New York, his jaw fell. Hoke said he felt real sorry for the old chap. So he puts on his coat, makes a neat little speech, and presents the chief executive with his own chafing-dish.

"Did the President refuse with dignity? Well, Hoke says he acted like a suburbanite at a bargain sale.

"THAT was the way the game began that early smashed up the noble-hearted Government of a trustful republic. The President became so interested in his little *onwe*-killer that he let the official business slide. It was a regular figure-8 to him. He bought cook-books, subscribed to a Spanish household magazine, and laid in gallons of wood-alcohol.

"First he tried his hand on the Cabinet at a midnight council meeting. They daren't refuse what he handed out, and next morning they looked like plaster busts dug out of Pompeii. The second time he invited them to supper, they resigned in a bunch. But he wouldn't accept their resignations, so they had to resume office.

"The next time I mixed in with this funny business was when I strolled up to the palace to get some concession papers signed. The chocolate-colored sentry on guard woke up, and after I'd tipped him two centavos, passed me in. I found the President in the reception room fussing over a piled-up table. The double-doors leading on to the front balcony were open and the noise from the plaza reminded me of Coney Island on a quiet July day.

"But the noise didn't seem to worry the President any. Just then he was too busy to hear it. He had a ladies' pocket-knife in his fist, and was digging it into an ochre-maroon cheese. I'm not sure if it was Roquefort; It might have been Dutch; but I think it was Dago. I didn't like to go to near.

"Umm!" says the President. 'This is pleasant cheese, but not just the flavor for a rabbit. Greetings, senor,' he chirps to me. 'You are opportunely come. Do you like cheese?'

"Why yes, President,' I says; 'I certainly do. But let that pass. I'm a vegetarian to-day.'

"BUT the old boy wasn't listening. He digs a hole in the cheese and pours in a lot of white wine—to improve the flavor, I guess. Coal oil would have done as well! I saw the chafing-dish, set on one of those Louis-Quinze tables, like a German-Ohio antique on a teak fruit-stand.

"The reception room in the Palace at Vinacosta couldn't look the Waldorf-Astoria in the face, but it was all there with

the Fifth Avenue fixings, so far as those gimcrack places go. The high pillars at each corner used to be white, but at that time they were burnt-orange, and two of them had been cracked by careless revolutionists. I thought the blue and green festoons over the windows and door looked quite artistic. But I didn't like to see a sliced melon dripping over an elegant purple plush sofa.

"Just as I got my business finished, the door swings open and in marches General Anastasio Casandra, the President's chief adjutant.

"Your Excellency," says he, bowing, 'as were your orders, the *Charlatan*-quack doctor has been arrested. He awaits below.'

"Eh, what!" says the President, waking up. 'Quack? What has he done?'

"Your Excellency will remember," goes on the General, 'that the German consul requested his deportation.'

"Oh, yes," says the President, wearily. 'I remember. I would like to have his opinion on a little dish. But I suppose it can't be.'

"What will we do with him, Excellency?'

"Oh—er—let me see," wiggles the Old Man. 'Oh, send him to Porto Cruz and put him on board that ship in the harbor bound for New York. They like quacks. I read in *Blanco y Negro* that in the New York cafés alone they devour immense numbers of canvas-backed quacks. What cannibals *Americanos* are?'

"Your orders shall be carried out," says the adjutant-bird. 'But also I have sequestered the doctor's medicine-chest. What do you wish done with it?'

"Do with it?" repeats the President. 'Can't you see I am busy, General? Bring it in here, and I'll look over it when I have time. By the way,' he calls, as Casandra backs out, 'when the vegetable-man comes with the onions, show him up.'

"Just then one of his aides hurried in.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Whenever he'd see a particularly pretty one he'd twirl his moustache.

He was only a colonel, but he made it up in his uniform.

"Your Excellency," says he, 'I have to report that last night the garrison of San Jupe mutinied and in the courtyard burnt Your Excellency in effigy.'

"Tut, tut," says the President. 'Where did you say they burnt me, Colonel?'

"Right in the centre of the courtyard, your Excellency!'

"THEY were interrupted by Casandra bringing in a little black leather case, fixed up with rows of labeled bottles. You know the kind; about the size of a kid's dress-suit case. He put it down by the table, and we went out, leaving the President to his carnivorous thoughts.

"In the hallway the General dropped a few tears on my shoulder.

"Ah, senor," says he, 'you have seen! Is it not sad? Our President gives so little time to affairs of state; his mind is

occupied with foolish vanities! And even now, Don Esteban, the Liberal leader, makes speeches against the Government, and no one arrests him! I believe it eats lettuce and blades of grass."

"What does?" I asks, startled, 'the Liberal leader?'"

"No, senor, the rabbit," says the General, weeping some more.

"I felt so sorry for the poor old man that I took him over to the nearest bar, American style, and gave him a drink."

*He sank back dreamily on the purple plush sofa.*



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Going back, as I passed the old Spanish Cathedral, I met Baron von Smerk, one of the President's aides. The baron was standing at one side, watching the women come from mass. Whenever he'd see a particularly pretty one he'd twirl his mustache and puff out the new uniform that he'd stolen from a German band conductor."

"He was glad to see me; quite affable, in fact. I heard later that the President had just given him ten per cent. of the customs dues."

"After we'd passed a few cheerful remarks, I mentioned being up at the Palace."

"Yes, it is unfortunate," says the baron. "The President wastes his time on fool things. And he burns alcohol—actually sets it on fire—alcohol! Ach Himmel! Can men be so crazy? I hear the Liberals are organizing an army in the north. There will be a revolution! What will be the outcome? I do not know."

"THE next day I dropped in at the consulate to get a taste of home. Hoke met me wearing a smile, wide as the lakefront back in old Toronto."

"It's awful funny," says he, beginning to mix the cocktails. "The fact is, this dear old President has went and gone and invited the Cabinet Ministers and all his favorite Generals to a special midnight supper at the Palace." Hoke burst out laughing, and nearly upset the olives. "He

won't take any refusal, so the poor beggars have to go or be arrested! I'm to go too, he says. Sort o' delicate compliment to the Dominion! And the whole show is simply for us to taste one of the President's—"

"Can it!" I yells. "I see them in my dreams!"

"Well, anyway, that's what it's for," finishes Hoke, handing me a glass. "That's better than the stuff we'll get to-night!"

"The rest of the story I got partly from what I picked up, but mostly from my friend, the consul."

"Hoke hustled into his party ducks and made the Palace in time to help the President with his nickel indigestion plant."

"After awhile the other guests straggled in by twos and threes. There were about ten little, greasy-faced, frock-coated men, and a dozen Generals. Talk about gorgeousness! Say, as far as decorations go, the military bugs of Vinacosta have the Russian Grand Dukes breaking stone at Sing Sing! Champagne and sandwiches were served out—to give 'em an appetite, Hoke said. It made them look more cheerful, anyway."

"Then the President rolled up his sleeves and began. First he poured a bottle of English beer into the saucepan and started it to simmering. Then he unwrapped the cheese."

"Just then General Casandra hurried in."

"Your Excellency," says he, "the tele-

graph operator reports the revolutionary army has captured the town of San Blanco, fifty miles away."

"Well," says the President, sweetly, "is not San Blanco still fifty miles away?"

"The General didn't have the answer. 'But—but—' he says."

"Another interruption," says the President. "I suppose I must do something! How many troops are at our disposal?"

"There is the garrison of San Jupe," answers the General, "but they have a disloyalty; and there are 125 soldiers at the St. Patro barracks. The main part of the army, Excellency, is stationed at Porto Cruz."

"In that case," says the President, "we may be thankful that there is a brewery at San Blanco."

"And after that he cut up an onion, while the guests nervously ate sandwiches."

"IT WAS getting dark, Hoke said, when suddenly Baron von Smerk slams in with his clothes all dusty."

"President!" he shouts, "the garrison of San Jupe have arisen and are marching on the Palace! I only escaped by the skin of my teeth!"

"The President looked put out."

"But one of the guests, General Esteban Castillo y Urbina, who always spoke of home as 'th' owd sod,' stepped before the dictator."

"President, dear," says he.

"Sure an' I'll not stand by an' see ye devoured like a timid gazelle by thim black-faced, decayed sardines! Be jabbers, I will not! I think me regiment at the St. Patro barracks is loyal, so come wid me, President, dear, an' we'll swape the white-faced hyenas into the sea entirely!"

"General mio," says the President, with a sad, sweet smile, "would you, who are a soldier and a man of honor, expect me to desert a half-cooked rabbit?"

"Most of the Cabinet had slipped out the back way, and the Generals weren't wasting any time, either. The baron stepped out on the balcony; in a minute he called back that the rebels were entering the square. Hoke went over to have a look. He didn't feel particularly happy, and wondered if they'd remember he was the Canadian consul."

"WELL, the troops marched into the plaza, while behind them romped a crowd of half-caste citizens and riff-raff of the outskirts. Hoke says the torches threw a lurid glare over the set faces of the sullen soldiery. I don't quite believe this, but it sounds good. At one side stood a committee of three 'Liberal' members of Congress."

"The bare-footed army drew up in a line about 150 strong, with the officers in front, and a generalissimo to harangue them."

"My brave men," Hoke heard the lead-

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# Face Up

## A Story of the Earlier Days in British Columbia

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

IN THE little mountain town general excitement broke loose and ran down the Cairo-like street to meet Sheriff Bob Wallace and his posse of miners and mule-skinners. It was plain to be seen that they had had a hard ride of it. They were covered with dust; their horses were fagged out and the men themselves were saddle weary. But they had made a capture. The prisoner was riding in the centre, hands bound behind, his bare curly head drooped forward in utter dejection and fatigue.

The worthy citizens of Sanderson whooped their welcome. The fact that the prisoner was a mere boy, probably the novice of the gang, in no way affected them. That one member of Dutch McGee's crowd had been caught, even the most harmless of the road-agents, was a good start towards running the whole gang out of the country. Sanderson was too jealous of its reputation to risk any further depredations. Boom mining camp it might be, flushed with money and liquor, littered with playing-cards, its nights noisy with incessant pianos and loud songs; but robbery at the point of a gun was a breach of etiquette that must not be permitted. It was not conducive to general prosperity.

Hence the excitement at the prospect of proving to the world that Sanderson was one camp where a man could part with his "poke" in a perfect genteel manner, surrounded by his friends, with plenty of rye to drink, cigars to smoke, music and dancing to make the occasion altogether enjoyable. Assuredly this Kid Carter was going to furnish a convincing example of the folly of robbery on dark and lonesome trails before a man had a chance to reach camp!

JIM FARGEY sat in front of the "Blue Light" saloon, quietly smoking, his chair tilted back comfortably on two legs. With languid interest he watched the little cavalcade climbing the street. The thing was no concern of his, of course. Anyway, before the night was very old he would be quite tired listening to repetition of the details. He was a gambler, a wanderer, not a permanent citizen of Sanderson. He dealt faro in the "Blue Light" by night and, when he wasn't sleeping, he smoked quietly by day; whenever the splits came and the boom burst, as he had seen all the other booms burst, he would drift off with the tide and somewhere else by day smoke quietly and by night deal faro.

For Jim Fargey had been a gambler for twenty-five years or more; Montana, the Mississippi, New Orleans—he had worked them all. One by one the years had climbed slowly up on his straight back to a seat on the breadth of his shoulders—more than fifty of them; somewhere in the pack was the Joker that had whitened his hair, that had sifted the melancholy

into the depths of his dark, inscrutable eyes and mingled reserve with the court-esy that gave him manner. But he was still in the game and always he had managed to rise above the yellow of his environment; so that with Fargey behind the case the camp knew it would get a straight run for its money.

Above all else was he a quiet man. He waved languid acknowledgment of the sheriff's friendly greeting as the posse rode by. Then his gaze returned to the distant peaks, behind which the sun was already dipping, and for a long time he sat where he was, smoking thoughtfully, while the shadows in the gulch deepened rapidly and one by one the lights of the rough little mining camp glowed out upon the gathering darkness.

ON THE evening preceding the day set for young Carter's trial, the prisoner sat despondently in the little stone jail, watching the last ray of sunlight disappear from the heavy iron bars of the cell window. The mountain shadows crowded in and the hours of gloomier foreboding were upon him with their heavy blanket of useless regrets. The Kid knew that he was in a bad fix; his chances for leniency were too slight for consideration at all. He was lucky that this was Canada where Judge Lynch was frowned upon or by now he might be swaying in the wind from the limb of some tree.

Or was it lucky after all? Better, perhaps, short shrift than a living death in the penitentiary. What an unalloyed young fool he had been to start out on a trail which could end in no other way! Why had he tried to ape the toughs of his home town? Why had he fooled himself into the belief that therein lay fame? After that drunken brawl at Pap's Place why had he run away and left 'Lissa—? The Kid choked and buried his head in his arms. He dare not think of Melissa now if he hoped to bear up for what was coming.

He ought to have known that fellows of Dutch McGee's calibre were concerned only about saving their own skin. They were over the border by this time probably and damning him for a young fool who deserved all he was going to get. His wild idea that perhaps they would ride in and shoot up the town and rescue him was born of Jesse James' stories. He realized that now. Jesse would have done that and thought nothing of it. Or Buchanan—that notorious outlaw would have shot down a hundred men to release a pal. As for Dutch—

The Kid was startled to see something white come skimming in between the bars of the tiny window and drop at his feet. He picked it up and saw that it was a piece of paper, folded into a dart such as he had been wont to send sailing across the schoolroom when the teacher was not looking.

FEVERISHLY he spread it out on his knee and peered close at the clumsy scrawl in the failing light. The note stated briefly certain directions he was to follow along about midnight. He would find his cell door unlocked. If he travelled a certain course up the gulch he would find a cayuse tethered in a cedar grove back amongst the rocks. He was to speak to no man, but make all haste to the old shack at Jackass Mine. The note was signed with three peculiar marks.

At sight of those three little marks Kid Carter stood up and sucked in a great breath, his eyes alight, his jaw set. He had wronged "the boys," after all; they were going to stand by him, although it might mean death or capture if a hitch occurred. They were going to stand by him just as the notorious Brad Buchanan would have done. He should have remembered that Dutch was the sole survivor of the old Buchanan gang. He should have shown a little more faith in good old Dutch, who was Buchanan trained. Dutch was standing by him—would get him away without a shot being fired if everything went as they planned. It was great!

THE NIGHT was hot. The air seemed pocketed in the gulch and the heat reflected from the rocks which had baked in the sun all day offset the shortness of the twilight and the early in-closing of the mountain shadows. The bit of moon that had hung above the towering Western peaks dropped over on the other side and left the valley to the dim light of the stars.

About two hours' ride back into the hills and well away from all accustomed trails was Jackass Mine. Here in days gone by some wandering prospectors had burrowed into the mountain-side in search of silver. They had gone so far as to erect a couple of buildings at the place and had sunk considerable money in the mine itself only to find its promise unfulfilled. The holes were still there, the timbers rotting in the shafts. The old cabins were still erect; but the place was frequented only by the wild creatures that roamed in the night.

Approaching it eagerly, not long after midnight, the Kid was none the less cautious. Rounding a rocky spur, he dismounted and, with the utmost care as to where he stepped, climbed forward and upward until he was peering over the edge of the arroyo. On the opposite side he could make out the darker shadow of the shacks. There was not a spark of light in the place nor any outward sign of life.

Placing his hands on either side of his mouth, the lad emitted a low, tremulous hoot and listened anxiously. An owl answered from the other side, the quavers trembling away in weird melancholy. Hurrying back to the cayuse, it took the Kid but a few minutes to ride down and



around to the mouth of the ravine. There he left his horse and excitedly ascended the steep path to the deserted mine.

As he approached he noted the shadowy figure of a man standing in the nearest doorway. It looked like Chic Yerex. He stepped back as the Kid entered, growling something about a candle on the table and they might as well have a light for a minute—till they mapped out the trail they would take to join the others.

Wondering somewhat at the brusqueness of his reception, young Carter felt for the matches, struck one and touched it to the candle. As he did so he was conscious of the door being shut behind him; but it was the soft thud of the heavy wooden bolt that made him whirl like lightning. The candlelight was shining along the barrel of a six-shooter which covered him where he stood and behind it was a man whom he did not remember having seen before in his life—a man who smiled with quiet amusement.

A FRIGHTENED oath broke from the Kid's lips as he stood there, staring in amazement. It flashed across him that even if he had been armed the fellow had the drop on him completely. The Kid swore again and the other continued to smile good-humoredly.

"I aint a-goin' to hurt you, kid," he chuckled. "A feller don't generally help a prisoner to make a getaway so 't he kin put a bullet in him. If you do git hurt, son, it'll be your own fault, remember. Sit down an' make yourself comfortable. We're goin' to have a little chat, all to ourselves out here, you an' me, where it's nice an' quiet, no interruptions an' all that. Sit down, I said."

The Kid sat down. There was nothing else to do.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

The other had lowered the weapon and was eyeing him speculatively. The Kid continued to watch him closely with growing wonder.

"Thought you'd find Dutch here, eh?" chuckled the stranger. "Or was it that wall-eyed son of Satan, Chic Yerex? Or mebbe you was expectin' to see Bat Olsen or shake hands with the Preacher. Eh, son? Wonderful strong on shakin' hands, the Preacher, aint he?—rollin' his gun while he's doin' it an' partin' with a bit of lead all at one an' the same time to demonstrate kind feelin' for enemies! Clever trick, that, eh?"

"Who—who—?" began the Kid weakly.

"On'y it aint the Preacher's own trick, that," the other went on with the same amused smile. "Dutch McGee taught it to him an' Dutch got it years ago from Buchanan—Ah, so you've heard tell of Buchanan! Well, it was from him Dutch likewise got the three little marks for signin' to notes afore shootin' same into jails an' such like—sit down!"

The Kid sank back, nervously drawing his shirt-sleeve across his forehead.

"But this is wastin' time, son," said the stranger with sudden briskness. "We've got to make our little talk much shorter'n what I'd like, for you've got to be a long ways from here by sun-up an' I've got to git back to where I come from."

AS HE spoke he deliberately laid his six-shooter on the deal table beside the candle, turned his back and walked across the little room to the shelves in the corner.

"Mebbe the kid'll need a drink," I told myself. So I just brought along a scotch or two," explained the man pleasantly as he went to get it.

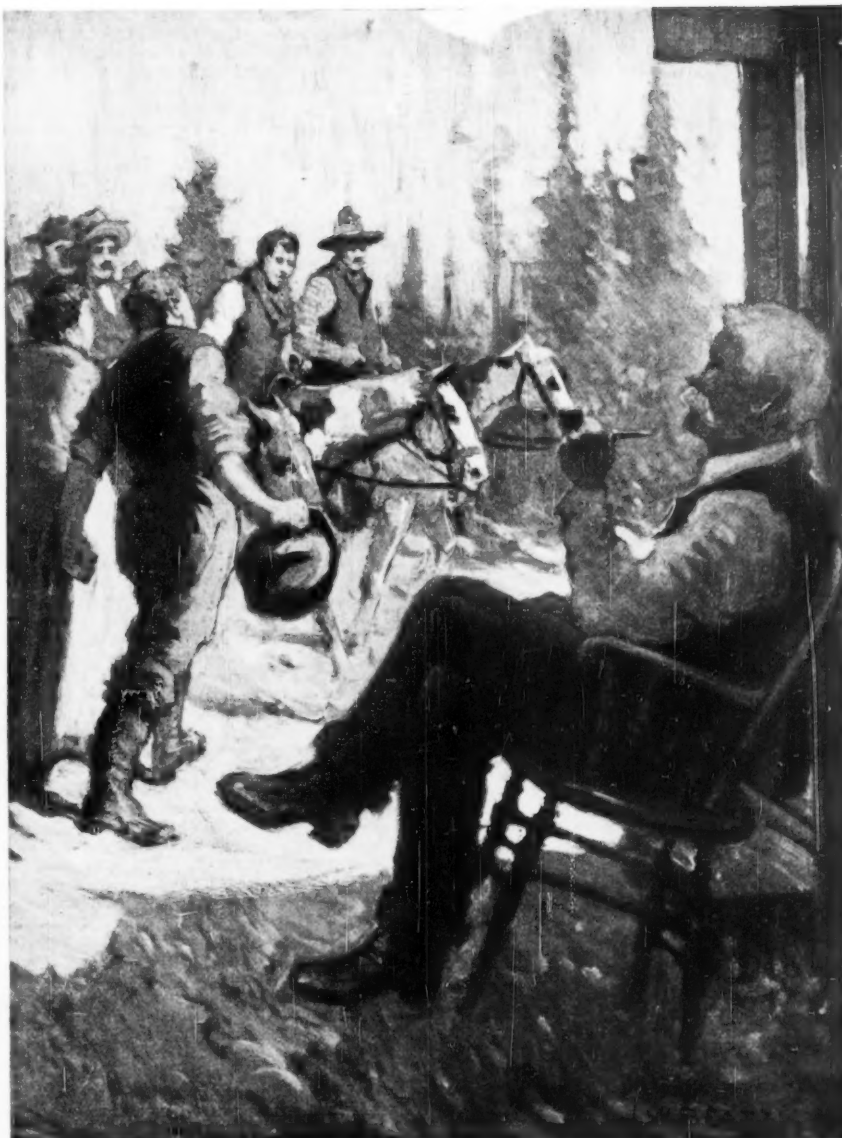
Carter stared after him as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he sprang

for the gun. He uttered an exultant cry as his fingers closed on the grip of it. Turning slowly, the stranger gazed at him with a flicker of amusement. He laughed outright.

A flash of flame that seemed to come from nowhere at all! When the smoke had thinned, the gun was lying on the far side of the cabin and the amazed young man was nursing an arm which was benumbed by a thousand needle-prickings.

"You young fool!" the man cried angrily as he came towards him. "Want to let everybody within range know where they kin find you? Sit down. Now, don't try that again!"

He crossed over, picked up the gun, laid it again upon the table. Then without a look he went over coolly to the shelves



*Jim Fargey sat in front of the Blue Light. . . . With languid interest he watched the little cavalcade.*

once more and came back with a bottle and a tin cup.

"You look as if you needed a bracer. Down with it, son. There aint no 'casion to git scared."

The Kid's hand shook in spite of himself as he raised the cup and when he had put it back on the table, he sat inert, staring and breathing hard.

"Bu—Buchanan!" he muttered. "They tol' me Buchanan was shot—years ago, they said—somewhere in the Kentucky hills!"

"Sure. Third day o' September it was, 'long about evenin', twenty-five years ago. What's matter with you?"

"That gun-play—where'd you learn that gun-play?" demanded the Kid hoarsely. "Who are you that knows so many secrets? An' what d'you want with me?"

"Softly, son. I'll tell you. Yes, I rather reckon you're due to be told a few things," and the stranger's manner altered swiftly with his words. He drew the candle across the table so that the light fell full upon the young, unlined face of the man opposite.

"I'll have to cut the story short, for time's gettin' everlastin' precious. It's about Buchanan. I knew him. There was a woman—. He went wrong because of a woman. But she was a good woman an' didn't know she drove him to it. He loved her—how he loved her! She wasn't for the likes o' him, though. He was nacherally a wild sort, I reckon, an' she wouldn't have anythin' to do with him. He was drinkin' his share afore she turned him down an' after that he took on worse'n ever."

"They was both livin' in a little town down in Kaintucky. There was a garden in front o' her place an' it was full o' hollyhocks an' petuniers an' she used to wear a pretty pink dress an' an ol' sun-bonnet with the strings flappin' down on each side o' her curls—brown curls, they were. For she was pretty!"

"One day there come along a slick-dressed feller from the city an' he seen her in the garden an' took a fancy to her. She took to him, too, an' after awhile they goes an' gits married an' starts livin' in a little place with roses creepin' over the front. An' all the time this here Buchanan was drinkin' himself to death, y'understand."

"By an' by the folks begun to take notice that Mis' Porter warn't quite like she used to be—color all gone out o' the cheeks o' her an' she was gittin' powerful thin an' worrit-lookin' an' went around with a scared look in her eyes almost. She'd been so all-fired happy afore that—singin' an' spy as a kitten—folks couldn't help noticin' the difference. There'd been a baby girl come an' she'd been happy as the day was long up till the little one was nigh on to a year old."

"Then the change come over her, as I've told you, an' the neighbors begun to talk about him. Used to go 'way an' leave her fer months at a time, an' whenever he was home he used to be quarrellin' all day till I reckon life was scarce worth livin' for her."

"Well, 'course Buchanan heard 'bout the way things was goin' an' he took it on himself to hang around. He talked to the feller that had married the girl from him an' he talked all-fired straight. But it didn't seem to do no good an' things on'y got worse after that."

"Then one day Buchanan was passin' their place an' he heard screams comin' from back of the house an' he just vaults over the pickets alongside the road an' goes around back to see what's up. What he seen was the feller beatin' his wife. So Buchanan just nacherally pulls out a gun an' fires it off."

"He had to skip out o' the country mighty quick after that took place, certain parties bein' hot on his trail; the dead man's relatives an' friends had lots o' money an' they sure meant business. Now, that's how Buchanan come to run from the law—just like I'm tellin' you. He saw the way things was shapin' for him an' he come to the conclusion he might's well play the game through to the finish. So he made for the hills an' took to buckin' the law as a reg'lar business."

"P'RAPS you know some o' the things he done. He went bad complete an' it warn't long afore they had a price on his head an' men was huntin' him everywhere. He got to be pretty cute at dodgin' around an' he got a gang about him that kep' the whole blame country in hot water for goin' on two years."

"But you can't keep that kind o' game up indefinite, son. One day, back in the hills, they cornered the gang an' wiped 'em out—all but a couple that got away. No, son, you can't keep that kind o' game up forever."

"An' Buchanan?" whispered the Kid breathlessly at last as the other sat silent. "Buchanan was shot?"

"Buchanan was shot," repeated the other slowly. "Twenty-five years ago, it was, third day o' September, 'long about evenin'. That's the story—all o' it, 'cept that Mis' Porter on'y lived about a year after Buchanan was wiped out—just about a year."

The Kid wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"An' the kid—the little kid girl?" he ventured.

"Grew up into a pretty young woman, just like her mother used to be afore her. She was adopted by a maiden lady with a kind heart, God bless her, an' come by an' by to call her 'Auntie' an' never knew no diff'rent. An' she used to tend to a garden, just like her mother done afore her."

THE MAN leaned forward suddenly. The candlelight fell on a face so full of menace that the younger man shrank before the look that had leapt into the eyes which searched his own.

"She used to tend a garden like her mother done. Hear that? An' one day there come along a young feller as fell in love with her, like her father done with her mother. They got married an' went to live in a little home with a garden o' their own. An' the girl was happy enough till her fool husband got shiftless an' took to chummin' in with a bad crowd down to Pap's Place—got some crazy notion into his empty head that it was a smart thing to get drunk and sass the law, to carry a gun an' shoot same off promiseous and frequent."

"An' the time come when this young fool got tanked up too tight, got mixed up in a fight an' skipped out, leavin' one o' the best little women that ever walked God's earth to shift for herself, 'stead o' stayin' by her an' backin' her up as he'd sworn to do. Are you listenin'?" cried the man fiercely.

"Who are you?" gasped the Kid in terror.

"Never mind that!" snapped the man. "You listen to me. That aint here nor it aint there. You've asked me that afore an' you've been wonderin' why'n blue blazes I got you out o' the hole you were in back there to-night an' brought you out here to talk to you."

"I'll tell you why. You're goin' back—back to that little woman as is waitin' for you—back home to be a man 'stead o' a blitherin' young fool. You're goin' back because you owe it to her an' because if you don't do it by Heaven! I'll know the reason!"

"You're nothin' but a kid, Carter—yes, I know all about you! I've made that my business. I was a kid once myself—made a wreck o' my own life an' I aint aimin' to let you do the same with yours. I'm tellin' you straight a man can't buck the law anywhere—an' up here in Canada in partic'lar. It can't be played that way to anythin' but a cold finish. You've got to go back and live straight for the little girl's sake if not for your own. An' that goes! If you ever play her dirt like her father done her mother I'll find you out an' by G-d! I'll put a bullet in you same as I—"

"Buchanan!" breathed the Kid, cringing away.

"Buchanan was shot, I tell you!" cried the man savagely. "Twenty-five years ago in the Kentucky hills. Buchanan's dead. An' it's on'y a question o' a short while afore Dutch McGee an' his pals will all pass in their checks the same way. You can't play that game to any other finish. If it hadn't been for me, you'd be in the discard now. As 'tis, I'm givin' you one more chance an' it's up to you to cinch it mighty quick."

"You'll find my horse picketed down below. He's the best hereabout an' I'm givin' him to you here an' now. He'll carry you out safely, Carter, if you mind yourself. Keep to the old trail that runs around back of Toad Mountain an' stop for nothin'. Come, we'll find the horse."

SILENTLY the Kid stood up and followed the other outside. The two men scrambled down the steep declivity to the bottom of the ravine without exchanging another word. The Kid was in the saddle before he could find his tongue, and even then he could do no more than lean down to grasp the other's hand, blurring his thanks. The stranger was peering up at him in the shadow, his hand on the candle.

"Remember, Carter, what I said," he admonished slowly. "She's worth the very best of you an' you're goin' to quit makin' a fool of yourself."

"Yes," promised the Kid fervently. "She's—worth it," he echoed and there was a break in the voice that brought a satisfied smile to the stranger's face that was lost in the darkness. Abruptly he caught the young man's hand and squeezed it hard. "I forgot to say that there's a little curly-headed boy waitin' for his daddy, too, Carter."

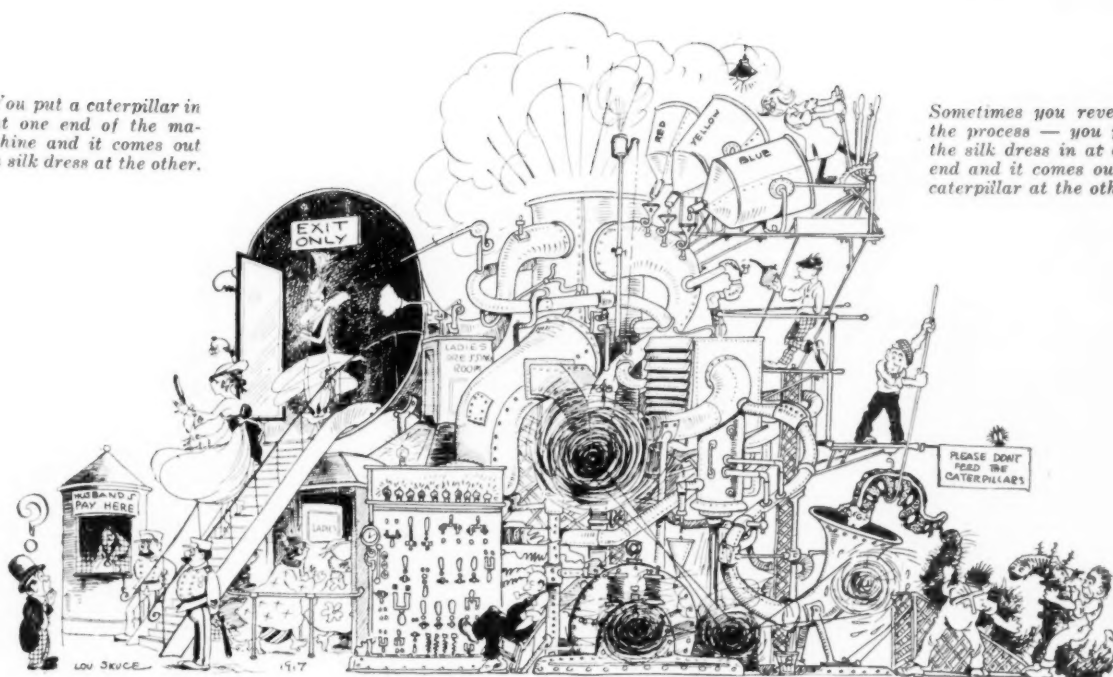
"Great Pelican!" breathed the Kid. He slapped the flank of the horse and with a rattle of gravel the darkness swallowed him. "S'long, old man!" came back brokenly.

The stranger smiled again. He stood there, listening until all sound of the hoof-beats had died away. It did not take

*Continued on page 66.*

You put a caterpillar in at one end of the machine and it comes out a silk dress at the other.

Sometimes you reverse the process — you put the silk dress in at one end and it comes out a caterpillar at the other.



## As the Twig is Bent

How National Policies are Being Shaped—Recruiting, Munition Making, etc.

By H. F. Gadsby

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

I HAD not been in the Press Gallery very long before I came to realize the truth of the old saw that, as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined. It may almost be laid down as an axiom that no policy comes out of Parliament the same policy as it went in. In other words, the raw material is quite different from the finished product. You put a caterpillar in at one end of the machine and it comes out a silk dress at the other. Sometimes you reverse the process—you put the silk dress in at one end and it comes out a caterpillar at the other end.

The most recent and startling example of twig bending includes those changes in military policy which resulted in the retirement of Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes from the position of Minister of Militia for Canada. It goes without saying that these changes were not accomplished painlessly. There were violent quarrels at the council board which it does not behoove me to discuss here. Broadly speaking, Sir Sam wanted to live up to his certificate of character by Lord Roberts as the greatest Driving Force in history, but there were others who didn't want to drive his way, nor, perhaps, quite as hard. That, stripped of detail, was the chief difficulty.

The changes in policy had regard to four main subjects—recruiting, purchasing of supplies, the manufacture of muni-

tions, and the control and management of the Canadian troops overseas.

THE FIRST recruiting was a rush order. The usual routine of sending telegrams to the various battalion officers through the D.O.C.'s was brushed aside as being too slow, and instead telegrams were sent direct from the Adjutant-General's office to every officer in Canada, the D.O.C.'s being notified at the same time. The officers were instructed to enrol the men and rally at the nearest military centre, after which they were to proceed as soon as possible to Valcartier Camp. The senior officer took charge of his unit as it came aboard the train. This system of recruiting was free and easy, almost chaotic, but it turned out highly successful. It was responsible for the first Canadian division. It raised thereby thirty-three thousand men in six weeks—a record-breaking performance.

The next outfit was raised at leisure in the large centres of Canada during the fall and winter of 1914-1915. This plan was slow. When it was seen that the war was serious and was going to last a long time a big push was made for men in the summer of 1915. This was plan No. 3. It was Sir Sam's plan *par excellence*. Briefly it was to get men wherever they could be got—to go to the men instead of waiting for the men to come to us. Officers

were sent to the various towns and villages throughout Canada and the men were enrolled and trained in their own home districts.

This was the most effective plan of all. Each population group of forty thousand was expected to raise a battalion, and the expectation was in every case realized. Some centres raised many more than the battalion asked for.

Plan No. 4 was a modification of plan No. 3, the difference being that a battalion was now asked from population groups of from eighty to one hundred thousand. This was the plan that was in operation in the spring of 1916 when recruiting was to a certain extent called off for the purpose of helping out the munition factories. Recruiting figures dropped from 32,000 a month to 6,000 a month and less.

THE NEXT subject of controversy more or less heated in the cabinet was the purchase of supplies. It has undergone four changes. The first plan was to purchase supplies through the Militia Department direct, without the formality of Orders-in-Council, but on an understanding with the Premier. Sir Sam contends that no better purchasing has been done during the war than under this system. It broke down in only one spot, and this was not the fault of the system



but of those who couldn't resist the temptation to make a rake off.

The next plan was purchase by a sub-committee of the Privy Council who would prepare data for an Order-in-Council, on which the purchases would be based. To this plan Sir Sam objected and had it changed so that the Order-in-Council was prepared on the report of his officers and then transmitted to the Privy Council.

This plan was carried out for a while, but was eventually succeeded by a third plan by which the Minister of Militia, on the report of his officers, prepared an Order-in-Council to submit to the Privy Council, which in turn submitted it to the purchasing sub-committee. Both this plan and the former indicate that the Militia Department as a department was losing control of the purchase of supplies. The tendency was to get it out of the Minister's hands—to relieve him of that part of his work by letting four of his colleagues do it instead.

The fourth plan was a War Purchase Commission, which largely follows the lines recommended by Sir Sam Hughes at the beginning of the war. His plan, which was not carried out, differed from the present plan in this respect—a committee of capable business men was to do the purchasing in co-operation with the Director of Contracts.

**F**OR THE making of munitions Sir Sam appointed a Shell Committee, whose history, methods and results are too well known to need stating here. The Shell Committee, as Sir Sam says, met with the hostility of certain persons who failed to get contracts and was supplanted after severe throes, by the Imperial Munitions Board, which was appointed by the British War Office.

It is not generally known that the Duke of Connaught, by nature of his office of Governor-General, which makes him commander of the forces in British North America, claimed control of the Canadian troops for the British Government, even while the Canadian troops were in Canada. But this and other similar claims were not sustained by the Canadian authorities, and this led to his withdrawal; though as W. F. Maclean hinted in the *World* he wanted to remain. From the beginning of the war up to the present moment the control of Canadian troops while in Canada has remained in the hands of the Canadian Government.

**D**URING the first year of the war, the entire control of the Canadian troops in England and at the front was, as Lord Kitchener explained to Sir Sam, in the hands of the British Government. During the second year of the war, certain concessions were made to Canada—that is, to Sir Sam, who fought tooth and nail for them. But the British War Office still controls the inspection of equipment, transport, and many other matters, and seeks to prune away Canadian management as much as possible. Whether this is the best policy or not is a moot question.

In 1916, with the influence of Lloyd-George, Bonar Law, and Sir Max Aitken, Sir Sam was able to score several points on the British War Office, which recognized the absolute right of Canada to control in every sense her own forces—that is to say, to carry out the British and Canadian law on this subject. Among other things, the British War Office re-

cognized Canada's right to appoint the Canadian divisional commanders. This was the zenith of Canadian control overseas. Since Sir Sam stepped out, Canadian control has been slipping back and now the British War Office does about what it likes in regard to appointments, promotions, decorations, and other matters, against which Sir Sam struggled gallantly.

**A**ND now, to further consider the subject of twig-bending politics. In their progress through Cabinet and Parliament, policies are subject for the most part to violent changes, quick decay, or abnormal growth. Some policies contract, others expand. The Grand Trunk Pacific policy belongs to the latter class. It entered Parliament the Grand Trunk Pacific and came out the National Transcontinental. It made its bow as a modest, sensible business proposition and its exit as a high-sounding patriotic enterprise. It was the caterpillar going in and the silk dress coming out. Almost fourteen years have gone by since then and the silk dress is on a fair way to shrink back to the caterpillar again, now that the Grand Trunk Pacific end is not paying interest charges and the National Transcontinental end is being operated feebly and unprofitably by a reluctant Government.

Just here I want to say that I have always been very fond of the Grand Trunk Pacific or the National Transcontinental, whichever you choose to call it, and I am sorry to see it go wrong. I saw it born. I watched it from the cradle up to the present, when it has one foot and half of the other in the grave, and I am tender of its faults. It is still the most expensive, the best built railway in the world, with the least curves and the smallest grades, and I am filled with regret to think that they won't let it stay put, but are tearing parts of it up and shipping it to France.

At the same time, I am free to admit that I always suspected the joker clause by which the G.T.R. engineers were to approve of N.T.R. construction before taking the Government-built eastern end of the road over. The patriots who tacked the National Transcontinental on the Grand Trunk Pacific may deem it worth noting that in the long run the G.T.R. got what it originally planned—the alleged fat prairie end of the railway from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast, leaving the lean Winnipeg-Moncton end to the Government. It may be retribution, but the prairie end didn't prove as fat as was expected and that the G.T.R. would like to unload this on the Government, too, but the point I am making is that the politicians might just as well have saved their breath. The G.T.R. did not take over the National Transcontinental end of the railway, and never intended to.

**W**HEN the scheme first reached Parliament Hill it was in the hands of level-headed business men like the late Chas. M. Hays, Wm. Wainwright and Senator Cox. They knew what they wanted—a road from North Bay west to the Pacific to link up with the G.T.R.'s eastern lines and make use of the Atlantic terminals already provided. As these terminals were in the United States, the patriots had a good handle when they said such a railway was not loyal enough and clamored for an all-red line from ocean to ocean. But the scheme as presented by

Messrs. Hay, Wainwright and Cox was, as I said before, simply to aid the Grand Trunk to build a railway from North Bay to the Pacific, on the terms and conditions usually granted to such enterprises. It was cold business and it was only when they saw danger of their plan failing if they did not yield to the politicians that they consented to burden it with the Quebec to Moncton addition. As Andrew G. Blair put it at the time, Cox couldn't wait, and because Senator Cox and his partners couldn't afford to wait for fear of losing out, they took on a bit of bad business.

When it was bruited about that the reasonable commercial venture with which Messrs. Hays, Wainwright and Cox had identified their names was on the brink of blossoming out into a national institution that would make the C.P.R. look like thirty cents, the Opposition of the day at once became prolifically practical. They had, as I remember, an alternative policy for every day in the week. Monday's policy was to extend the Intercolonial Railway to Georgian Bay, and thence to Winnipeg. Tuesday's policy was to give assistance to the Grand Trunk Pacific. Wednesday's policy was to control rates in return for reasonable public aid; also to extend the Intercolonial and free it from Government control. Thursday's policy was to extend the Intercolonial clear across the continent and let the people own and control it. Friday's policy was to aid the Grand Trunk to build from North Bay to the Pacific as it wished. Saturday's policy was to buy or build link railways which would bring the Intercolonial to Fort William and to assist the C.N.R., C.P.R., and G.T.R. to build lines or improve grades from there on to Edmonton, with colonization roads from Edmonton to the Pacific and from Quebec to Winnipeg, as a prospect of the near future. Sunday's policy was to utilize the water routes, lake, canal and river.

Still another plan was to buy out the C.N.R., but Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann could not see it in that light. Instead, they were inspired to have a transcontinental railway of their own and then and there began that policy of shreds and patches, buying and building, a link here and a link there, subsidies and loans, which has since run into a lot of money. Even at that, the C.N.R. was conceived in common sense and built economically. It did business as soon as the rails were down and comes nearer paying its way right now than the more ambitious project which had its birth at the same time. But then, Mackenzie and Mann were in the business to make money. They didn't load their railway up with fifteen hundred miles of patriotism running mostly through a wilderness of rock and muskeg, whose only traffic-producing business was pure air and Christmas trees. It was objected at the time that nobody knew anything about this northern fringe between Winnipeg and Quebec, but the old reports of the Geological Survey were dug up and were cited as a "mountain of information."

**T**HE trouble was that the Opposition had too many alternative policies. They worked a different one, sometimes two different ones, every day. They would have done better to settle on one policy and stick to it. As it turned out, almost any policy would have been better than the one the Liberal Government adopted. But



*The Opposition did not take the conflict seriously. . . It went through the motions but had no real heart in the fight.*

who could have told it? It was 1903, the threshold of Canada's century, and there was optimism in the air. There were millions hovering around and there were also men hovering around who were willing to make the millions while the making was good. Almost everything and everybody about the G.T.P. did well, the promoters, the townspeople operators, all the side lines, in fact—everything except the railway. It bit off more than it could chew.

To make a metaphor of it, Sindbad might have got along all right if it hadn't been for his Old Man of the Sea. In other words, the Maritime Province members of Parliament got hold of the G.T.P. and loaded it up with the Winnipeg to Moncton extension. "Us, too!" they howled, and if they hadn't got what they were howling for, the G.T.P. would probably have died then and there. They were prepared to hold it up until they got what they wanted. But this, as it happened, fell in with the megalomania of the Government, which was keen to make the Laurier regime famous for a transcontinental railway, as the C.P.R. had made Sir John Macdonald. I may have got this twisted. Perhaps it was Sir John Macdonald made the C.P.R. famous—let it go at that.

At all events, what had entered Parliament in 1903 as a neat little business proposition, came out in 1904 as a national project all blown up with politics and hot air. Did I say national? Well, semi-national—the fat end for the capitalists, the lean end for the people. All the nation ever got out of the National Transcontinental was the privilege of footing the deficits. Thus and so did the people go half and half with the capitalists in this great enterprise—the capitalists to take all the profits and the people to take all the losses. They called this plan—that is to say, handing over to the capitalists the prairie section from Winnipeg west, and to the people the muskeg section from Winnipeg

east—giving the people control of the funnel. To me it always looked more like letting the people hold the bag. The funnel has a poor job—it doesn't keep anything—the riches are at either end.

IN spite of criticism the scheme went through with comparatively little opposition considering its vast ramifications. The Opposition, though fruitful in suggestions, did not take the conflict seriously. It went through the motions, but had no real heart in the fight, the newspapers on both side of politics being agreed that Canada couldn't have too many railways. When it came to action, Parliament was dumb, as it always is, in the presence of such high finance. Two Washington correspondents who visited Ottawa when the battle was supposed to be at its height, were surprised to find things running so smoothly. They suspected lubrication and asked if a barrel had been opened. When a negative answer was given they expressed more surprise and asked how the reporters could show so much enthusiasm for which they had not been paid. It was explained that the capitalists had a strange hold on the newspapers, anyway, but the Washington friends still could not see why they didn't pay for a little warmth lower down. All of which goes to throw a certain amount of light on the Washington practice.

The public was surprised that an application for a railway charter by a private company should come out such a tremendous thing as it did, and that surprise has since cost us something like two hundred million dollars and the end is not yet. Even the most sanguine had not expected anything like public ownership, including the newspaper I worked for at the time, which expected it so little and believed it so much less that it kept my "scoop" on ice for four days before publishing it. In spite of which I contend that the man on the spot often knows more about a sub-

ject than the wise guy three hundred miles away.

The surprise of the public was followed by something like disappointment when they saw what a striped article of public ownership it was—public ownership of liabilities and private ownership of the possible dividends. And the disappointment has gradually become pain at the amount of money this piebald public ownership is costing us. Even at that, the public doesn't quite understand what the Laurier contract with the G.T.P. let them in for any more than I do to this day. I have only the vaguest idea of its horrors—I would no more look them in the face than I would make a visit to Dante's Seventh Circle. At the time the bill was passed, Clifford Sifton delivered a speech which made it clear, as they said, to the Man on the Street, including myself. But since then I have forgotten the speech and the explanation along with it. All I remember is that it was perfectly satisfactory. I understood it from A to Z, but when, years afterwards, the G.T.R. sprang a new meaning on a certain clause which let Canada in for ten million dollars more, I felt that I had slipped a cog somewhere.

Among those who were surprised at the final disguise the Grand Trunk Pacific bill assumed was Andrew G. Blair, then Minister of Railways. He was not only surprised, but hostile. At the very beginning, Sir Wilfrid Laurier took charge of the matter—just as Sir Robert Borden took charge of the Dreadnaught policy—and proceeded to handle it for himself. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick did a good deal of preliminary work. The Minister of Railways was the last man to be consulted. Mr. Blair naturally felt that the Minister of Railways should get a look in when a two hundred million dollar railway was being discussed, and was much peeved when he was brushed aside.

Blair's chief grievance was that the  
*Continued on page 71.*

# Jordan is a Hard Road

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," "The Right of Way,"  
"The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

**SYNOPSIS**—Bill Minden, ex-train robber, comes to Askatoom to live, creating lively discussion among the townspeople as to his motives. He stays at the Sunbright Hotel, and lives an exemplary life, reading his Bible on Sundays on the hotel porch in full view of everyone. Minden shows special interest in the school taught by Cora Finley, a pretty and popular young woman, and Mrs. Finley, the mother, displays animosity toward him. He calls on Mrs. Finley one evening and in the course of the conversation it develops that Cora is Minden's daughter, given to Mrs. Finley to raise by Minden on his wife's death. Minden avows his intention of winning his way to power in Askatoom. Many successful revival meetings are held at Mayo, Nolan Doyle's ranch, and at one of these camp meetings Minden is converted, which fact causes much comment and criticism by the newspapers of the West. Minden longs to be under the same roof as his daughter, and yet does not dare risk letting the truth become known. One day, hearing of the impending bankruptcy of John Warner, a real estate agent, who had built a hotel and could not pay for it, he decides to buy the place. Minden then explains to Mrs. Finley and Cora that he intends to run it as a temperance hotel and persuades them to come and help him make the venture a success.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

THEY said that he would yet return to the enticing dangers of crime, as a red man educated at Harvard or Oxford returned at last to the Sun Dance and the greasy-haired women of his tribe. But others again pointed to the fact that in his most criminal days he always carried and read his Bible, while never pretending to be anything but what he really was.

"There is no reason," said one of the articles, "why the scandalous sinner, damned a hundred times, over, should not admire and long for the quiet courts of the Lord, the happiness to which he had no claim."

It was further said that Minden had the characteristics of a dual personality, loving the good things humanly and truly, but doing the bad things wilfully and voluntarily. Minden read this particular article many times, and it seemed to him to be true. Ever since a child he had been susceptible to all these things which were the possession of the prayer-people, while something drove him into acts which, never personally cruel, or malignant, were still criminal. While he had risked his life in breaking the law many times, he had also risked it in support of the law.

ONE DAY, as he sat reading this article, which greatly fascinated him, he said to himself at last:

"It's funny, but the one thing seemed just as natural to me as the other. It was always like that. I liked good company better than bad, but I couldn't keep from doing the bad things, an' I didn't want to keep from doing them—not till now; not till I got my eyes on my little gal. By gracious, when I saw her the first time after all them years, I felt as if I could say to my right foot, 'You walked me into the broad path, and off you've got to come with a knife an' a saw'; an' to my left hand, 'You held my gun, while the other took the oof, an' off you've got to come with a knife an' a saw.' That's your doal personality, I s'pose. I ain't never been one personality

till now. Since I come to Askatoom I feel, I truly feel, grace in me. When my little gal looks at me I feel as if I'd like to be burnt at the stake, jest to show her what I'd do to be the same as her. . . . I wonder how long it'll last!"

Trouble came into his eyes suddenly. "I wonder how long it'll last," he repeated. "I wonder how long it'll go on like this—just us three in the only home I've ever had since I was a little boy. If it does go on, my, won't it be too good for tasin'! It can't though, I feel it; an' I've got to make the most of it. Cora's got to get married, an' she's got to marry an all-righter, a one-in-a-million, twenty-two carat fella, so as when I go, I'll know she's all right. She ain't goin' to marry a man like me. I looked all right, an' I spoke all right to her mother—the angel that she was, an' I deceived her as to what I really was. Cora's got Amandy's beauty (an' mind), an' she'll break her heart if she don't marry the right kind o' man. She ought to marry a President or a young Cecil Rhodes—that's the kind of man she oughter marry, high bred and high steppin'."

He laughed a little to himself. "I wonder what they'd think of that at prayer-meetin'! Their idea 'd be she oughter marry in her own station, down among the druggists, an' the undertakers; but I've traveled a lot, an' I've seen the pearl-necklace ladies, the finger-bowl ladies, an' rigged out like them she'd look fifty times as good."

Suddenly a cloud passed over his face. "There's the dool personality again. Here am I converted and saved, and belongin' to the Methodists, bein' the revivalist that held the fort when the garrison fell sick of a fever—here am I talkin' as if I was a slave to the high-muggery of this here world. But wait; ain't there as good men among the blue-veined high-muggers as down here 'mongst the narrow-minded children of the Lord? I ain't as humble as I ought to be, for I feel as good as any of 'em, an' I don't like their tastes. They want hell-fire preachin', an' praise God for the elect; they want to live humble before the Lord,

yet they're graspin' after riches all the time. But I want to be like Solomon—sit on a throne, with a cornucoppy in each hand, pourin' out beautiful gold five-dollar pieces for humanity. I want to be good like him, an' write the Song o' Solomon, an' the Book o' Ruth an' the Proverbs; but I want to do it from the steps of a palace. That's Bill Minden, an' I guess I ain't a Christian in the sense it's understood. I guess I belong to the old order—they that lived a thousand years before Matthew begun to write. . . . But she's got to marry, an' I don't like the lot that surrounds her now, my little gal."

He was still brooding and talking to himself, with the newspaper in his hand, when Cora entered, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks showing nothing of the fatigue of the six hours in the schoolroom.

"Now I wish you wouldn't do that, Mr. Minden," she said. "You're always so polite, though you're old enough to be my father."

A flush stole slowly over his face. "I shouldn't mind being your father; I'd be good to you," he answered.

She nodded. "I know that, but my own father was kind to me—yes, beautifully kind. He always seemed sorry when I went out and always glad when I came in. Tell me," she added, "were you ever married?"

MINDEN looked her straight in the eyes as he answered, "Yes, I was married, but my wife died a year after."

"And you had no children?" she asked, but as though it were a fact.

"Yes, I had a child."

"Oh! . . . she isn't living?"

"I lost her," he answered. "I lost her soon after her mother died."

"How long ago was that?" she asked with a deep curiosity in her face.

"Why, years and years ago—more'n twenty years ago, I guess."

"And you never have had any real home since?" she inquired softly.

"Not till I come here to Askatoom, an' you and your mother come and made a home for me here. Now I feel like a family-man—as if I had my own family under my own roof."

"And you still remember your little girl that died?" she asked with sympathetic eyes.

"Whenever I look at you I remember her," he answered slowly.

"So, I'm a kind of adopted daughter to you, am I not?" she returned.

"Well it's almost like the real thing," he said, his face aflush, but holding himself sternly quiet.

She laughed very prettily, and yet there was a touch of sadness in her eyes, a lurking something which was always behind



the mirth of her face; and it was in his eyes also.

"Shut your eyes," she said softly.

He did so. She went up to him and touched his cheek with her lips. "I'm your lost girl," she said sweetly, little knowing the truth.

It required all his will to prevent him pouring out a father's accumulated love of twenty-two years upon her; but he mastered himself in time.

"Lord love us, but that was good!" he said, without any excess of motion, and they both smiled as though it was but a trifling matter between them.

"I'm not going to do it again," she said however. "I know you're fond of me, but the world wouldn't understand. I don't believe mother would understand, though kissing you is different from kissing any other man."

"Do men kiss you?" he asked, frowning slightly in anxiety.

"Men don't kiss me, but a man did kiss me, and I hated it," she answered. A shadow crossed her face. "I don't like to remember it," she continued. "I liked him in a way, and then all at once I didn't like him, because he took hold of me and kissed me. I wanted to strike him in the face, I hated him so. I don't know what it was, but first he seemed respectful to me, the same as most other men, and then he acted like some wild animal, and it made me sick."

"Was it here in this house?" he asked, almost trembling with anger, yet hiding it from her.

"No, not here," she replied.

"I'm glad o' that—I'm glad it didn't happen here," he declared. "I'm glad it didn't happen while you was here with me."

"Men don't bother me since I came to live here," she remarked. "It was when I was alone with mother they did it. Oh, there are men—but no, I won't tell you. Bygones are bygones."

"Did you never care for any man?" he asked. "Did you never love any man at all?"

"No, never," she answered.

"I never loved any one except my own father, and then I am very fond of you."

A great light shone in his eyes. "It may happen a man'll come some day. Wouldn't you like to love a man and get married?" he asked.

She looked him frankly in the face, and her eyes softened. "When the right man comes along I'll marry him just as quick as he wants me to—or almost," she answered.

About ten o'clock that night, Minden was sitting in his office which had a big door opening on the garden behind



*"The riders came down on us. . . .  
. . . The MacMahons got away."*

the hotel. From it a few steps led down to the grassy level. With foresight, not to say cunning, he had placed his office where he could not be reached by the casual passer-by; by the loafer, the book agent, or the bore. It was some distance from the rooms occupied by Mrs. Finley and Cora, and it was also some yards away from the central hall where visitors were received and names registered. He had greatly enjoyed the seclusion, and there were times when he worked for hours with his accounts and at the detailed business of the hotel. These details and calculations gave him much

trouble at first, because he had always been indifferent to money in the small pieces and hated detail—the small items of life, as it were. His whole scheme of existence had been too large, too episodic and incidental, to admit of precision and finesse; but now when he felt he could tear accounts, books and letters to pieces, and scatter them to the four winds of heaven, one thought held him steady, kept him smiling at his desk. It was Cora. It was worth any amount of drudgery to be near her, and something of a conventional sense of duty, belonging to the Christian life, worked through all he

did. Perhaps it was as much habit as anything else, but there it was: the pious system with its etiquette, rules and discipline worked upon him.

He had sat in his office till nearly an hour past closing-time, absorbed, puzzled, stubbornly determined to work out his business problems without calling in an accountant's assistance. A pipe rested by his hand untouched, the clock ticked on unnoticed. Presently he was disturbed by a noise in the garden. Then he heard his own name called, and someone stumbled on the steps. He went to the door quickly, opened it and looked out into the night. It was very dark. He stepped back quickly and turned the gas low, then he went to the open door again. Now he could make out a stooping figure at the bottom of the steps.

"Help, Mr. Minden, help! I'm hurt!" a voice whispered to him.

An instant later Minden had the stranger in his office lying on a sofa. A little trickle of blood showed on the floor, and there was another spot on the lower step of the stair at the doorway. Minden asked no questions at once, but with the instinct of one who had used firearms much, he found a wound in the man's arm and the flesh of the side. Stripping the victim of his coat and waistcoat and tearing open his shirt, he proceeded with a frontiersman's skill to dress the wounds, cutting up with a pair of scissors a towel, which hung by the little washstand, and using his big red handkerchiefs to bind the bandages.

Instinct told him that there was a mystery, a story not for the open day.

"What did you come to my back door for?" he asked of the haggard-looking young man with the handsome face and the round, soldier-like head.

The blue eyes, troubled by physical pain, looked straight into his own. "I might have been seen—the police!" the wounded man said.

"What you been doing?" Minden asked, still at work with the bandages.

"I knew I'd be safe with you," was the reply. "You've been in trouble yourself for what you did and meant to do. I'm in trouble now for what I did and didn't mean to do."

"That's a fool's game," remarked Minden. "It's bad enough to get into trouble with the law for what you mean to do, but the other makes me sick. You must have been an idiot."

"Perhaps not so much as you think," was the weary reply.

"Well, anyway, what did you come to me for?" Minden asked authoritatively.

"I know you belong to the Methodists, now, Mr. Minden," was the quick answer; "but you've been through such a lot yourself, if the papers say what's right, and I was sure you'd help a fellow who only made one mistake. I didn't know what the MacMahons were when I joined up with them a few weeks ago, dead broke, with a mine worth millions behind me!"

Minden stopped his first-aid surgical work suddenly, put his hands on his hips and looked down at the young face made so old with suffering.

"You—you joined up with the MacMahons. That gang's the worst lot of horse thieves above the 49th parallel. You got into traces with them—that lot!"

The young man made a protesting gesture. "I didn't know this part of the country. I've been mining for the last

two years. I'm an Englishman from Norfolk—my family's all right. They belong"—but as though to stop himself from bragging, he paused.

Minden went on with the bandaging again. "Of course you were English, or you couldn't ha' been such a fool. You belong to the way-up people, eh? To the ten thousand-acre lot, eh? Up among the dukes and earls and lords?"

THE young man nodded mournfully.

He did not seem very proud of it. "I came out over two years ago with a man who had been here before, and knew about the mine. First we tried one place in the claim, then another, then we struck it, but not so awful rich. We got capital and used it, then we wanted more capital, and we couldn't get it. The mine wasn't rich enough to bring money in. We were three partners, one being a native of the West here. They left the mine at last and came down to Rowney City to have a last try for money. I had a lot of faith in that mine. I offered to buy the others' shares. I had five thousand dollars which I hadn't touched—not in my worst days. I found I could buy that whole mine—their share of it—for fifteen thousand dollars; so I gave them my last five thousand dollars, and my note for the rest, and a mortgage on the machinery. After they went away I struck a reef, a drift that was twice as good as what we'd had, and I believe it's three times as good further on. I left a man in charge of the mine and struck south, where my horse died at the MacMahons' ranch. I bought one from them and offered to work it out. That's why I stayed there on the ranch—just a few days it was. I didn't see anything wrong in the outfit. They told me day before yesterday they were going after a bunch of horses they'd bought, and I was to go with them. I went."

"An' you found out that the bunch of horses wasn't their own, an' the Riders come down on you?"

"That's it," answered the young man, drawing himself up to a sitting posture. "I only found out the truth at the last minute, and then I went hoofing it to get away. The MacMahons got away safe, and so did I except for this bullet wound and my horse shot under me as I rode away hell-for-leather."

Minden's eyes were alight; the old virus was working in his veins. "It was a MacMahon horse you rode, eh! It was branded with an M?"

The young man nodded.

"Say, that's real good," answered Minden. "The police'll likely think it was another MacMahon moke. There used to be four MacMahons, but there's only three now. Phil, the best of them, vamoosed South. They'll think you was him p'raps. How did you get here?"

"I got the trail and stumbled along somehow, bleeding till my boots were half full."

"What made you steer for me?" asked Minden.

"Because of what you'd done yourself, as I said. I believed you'd hide me, for I didn't mean to do wrong. I didn't realize the situation. I saw you once on the Fraser River. I saw you give fifty dollars to a poor tramp of a fellow who'd been shot dead by bad luck. I hadn't anywhere to go that seemed safe, except to you."

"But I'm a Christian, now," remarked Minden dryly and with a glimmer of irony.

"You were a Christian then on the Fraser River when you gave a man a chance to begin life again. You'll stand by me, won't you? I don't believe the Riders have traced me here. You'll hide me, and get the doctor to look after me, and see me through, won't you? I'll give you a share of my mine. . . . Oh, it's all right!" he added, when he saw a smile, half cynical, half compassionate, come upon Minden's face. "You know all about mines, and you must take three or four days off, and go and look at it. Make your own investigations, and you'll see!"

"Say, that mine doesn't cut any ice with me," Minden responded. "I don't sell my private hospitality. That's not the trouble. I do it because the spirit moves me, an' you can't buy that, no more'n you could bite into a piece of iron with your ivory teeth. Who's your father, and what's your name?" he asked brusquely.

"I call myself Mark Hayling out here, but my real name is Mark Sheldon, and my father is Lord William Sheldon."

"Who was your grandfather?"

"He—he was the Duke of Bolton."

Minden whistled. "Well, a man has got to be good to a duke's son just the same as to the son of a tinsmith," he remarked dryly. "You can stay here, although it's against the Christian religion to shelter a man from the law. If what you say is true though—an' I believe it is—an' you was trapped into that MacMahon scrape, I'll help you out. I'll hide you, an' give you my wine and milk without money and without price."

"If you looked at the mine you'd—"

"Pshaw, the mine can wait!" interjected Minden. "I'll have a look at it all right, but there's no hurry. There's a hurry, though, about gettin' a doctor here, for fear your wounds git poisoned, an' I've got to find a room to put you to bed in. Then about that doctor. I've got to tell him everything. He's all right, he's as good as gold; he's been here ever since the place started almost. I'd let him see the inside of my mind an' it's safe deposit, an' that's sayin' a lot."

He paused reflectively, and then after a minute added: "Tell me now, do you think the police got a glimpse o' your face?"

"I'm certain they didn't," was the reply. "Bill MacMahon opened fire from behind the trees—it was dusk; and then we made tracks. I don't think they saw me even when they hit me. It must have been a chance bullet."

"That's all O.K. It makes things easy. Son, we'll save you, if it can be done. Have you got a mother?"

"Yes, I have a mother," was the slow reply, "the best that ever was."

Minden nodded sagely. "There's lot of good mothers in this world; there's one in this house; and I've got to rout her out now, an' have her make a bed for you on the next floor up. If you can't walk I can carry you. You've got to have something to eat an' drink. The three of us can look after you all right—anyhow two of us can. That's no reason Miss Finley shouldn't get you some hot milk, while her mother is getting your bed ready. Think you'll be all right for a few minutes son?"

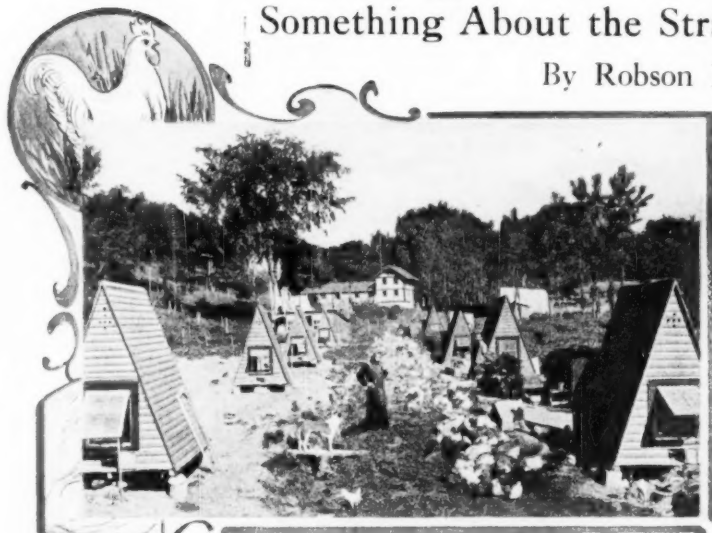
"I'll be right enough. This is good enough for me. I don't mind about the doctor; tell him everything."

Continued on page 55.

# The Village of Voiceless Men

Something About the Strangest Industry in Canada

By Robson Black



COME with me to the uncommonest habitation within the bounds of Canada, the Village of Voiceless Men. There is that other marvellous product of faith, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, but the Monastery at La

Trappe has for most of us a significance a good deal *cheerier*, a good deal less ethereal, taken in its everyday dress. The pilgrim town beyond Quebec with its dolorous prayer-making, its terrible concourse of crippled bodies and crying souls is never cheery. It may be majestic, but there cannot be a sadder acre this side of Death and Judgment.

Then, too, the Monastery represents to magazine readers a new phase of religious experience in Canada, an alliance of shrewd business management with self-consecration. La Trappe, indeed, may be unique in the history of monasteries in that it earns its own living without large endowment or special tax on parishes. The many years of what may be called its administrative and commercial success have not faded the original religious purpose of its founders. A glimpse into the life of La Trappe, such as these lines desire to give, misses the real heart of the institution if it fails to recognize the religious passion which plays incessantly on the lives of its hundred and twenty members.

Into this strange eddy of Canadian life I made my way—a ferry-ride from Como, a waggon-drive through an exquisite land of white-walled homesteads, past thickly-laden orchards confessing already the contagion of the monks' example in horticulture, and here we swing toward the glistening river between Lombardy poplars and budding plum trees until a new brick college building comes to sight. This building is the first evidence we have of the handshake between the fourteenth and twentieth centuries, between the religion of personal piety and the idea of public service. The college building has already

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Since the accompanying article was written, fire has visited the La Trappe Monastery and destroyed part of the old building where the Fathers lived. The work of the institution is going on as before, however, and the fire has created but small change in the daily routine of the men of silence.

drawn to itself scores of young French-Canadians, there to be instructed in practical agriculture. The expansion of functions, however, does not seem to affect the asceticism which gave the order its birth. Whatever the pressure from outside, there can be no complete modernizing of La Trappe. It is a large estate, 2,000 acres, and however many farm lads troop along to the new institution, the monastery proper is many yards separate from the class rooms and shrouds itself jealously behind heavy forest and drooping acres of orchard. A few monks must go out daily to demonstrate and to teach, but the greater part continue their routine of self-abnegation and Christ-worship, seemingly unaffected by the influx of unascetic students.

**TO THE** great talkative, talked-at world that swings by the gates at La Trappe, the rigors of the Trappist vow surpass toleration in one gravely picturesque respect; the members of the order are not permitted to speak. The oath of perpetual dumbness applies to boy and patriarch, whoever, indeed, invites the mantle of the Order. Only a few members whose contact with the public, in schools, commercial transactions, etc., makes the voice necessary, are permitted to enjoy speech. For the others, *one sentence alone*: "Remember, Brother, the time cometh when all of us must die."

And with that admonition of the nearness of eternity, the Trappist satisfies himself.

One must believe it, to see these Trappists about their business, that the pri-

vilage of speaking is not, after all, an absolute requisite to usefulness, or happiness, or health. The monks form a strikingly healthy company. Men of seventy and seventy-five may be seen climbing a hill at midday with such agility as awakens a visitor's amazement. As for the younger men, they fill in a brimming programme from 2 a.m. to 8 p.m. with hard physical labor, and prayer, and rest on unfeathered beds without sign of discontent or exhaustion. As we shall see from the incessant activities at La Trappe, one may well believe that these disciples of silence have precious little time to talk even should the Father Abbot restore them to their luxuries.

**THE** "business side" of La Trappe is a phrase which, I fear, the good abbot would not countenance. Yet the Order has its business side. Two thousand barrels of apples have been taken in a single season from the orchards and sold to the highest advantage in Montreal for home consumption and export. A cheese factory in which experts spend their days without a dollar's pay transforms ten tons of milk into a cheese that flicks the appetite of fancy hotels all over America. Thousands of pounds of honey go to market in the fall months fetching prices to make an ordinary apiarist groan. The Monastery has its own bookkeepers, its own system of cost accounting. Bills are rendered promptly and paid promptly. On this great farm of two thousand acres where only the occasional auxiliary laborer is paid wages it is not difficult to see that the average net income runs into a very large total. Much of this money goes into improvements, new buildings, more up-to-date machinery, the development of the agricultural colleges. Taxes, of course, do not afflict this or any other religious institution, but it will be borne in mind that the developments at La Trappe have conferred inestimable compensations on the county and province through serving as a demonstration farm.

Who comprise this strange company? What secret accompanies the tireless and successful recruiting of the ranks? As French is the official language of the place, so one soon realizes the unmistakable French-Canadian characteristics in face and manner. Quebec supplies most of the members, and there are a few Belgians. They come because of the same religious impulse that leads a woman to a nun's veil or a hermit to forsake his house for a cave. Here is Brother "X." About twenty-four years old, I would say. In a family of four sons he was early marked for Holy Orders. It is the prayer of many Quebec Catholic families that one son or daughter at least may wear the mantle of religious service. Brother "X" found his education and inclination synonymous. From college he passed to an office with the Trappists, which corresponds roughly to that of an acolyte or junior. Upon such youths, no doubt, the compulsion of silence must fall severely. But, generation after generation, they do measure up to these standards of dis-



cipline, and, the apprenticeship of the young French-Canadian successfully terminated. "X" became a Brother. With the consent of the Father Abbot, this may be a stepping stone in after years to the "Upper House" of Fathers. The division is one largely of spiritual advancement, for many of the Fathers are younger in years than some Brothers.

**M**ORE striking, however, than the young recruit who evolves into the Order by family encouragement and careful coaching is the considerable group who become Trappists near middle life. The personal records of the monastery are obviously matters of leaden secrecy. When a man assumes the robe, his previous identity as a citizen ceases. This is not an imaginary dividing line; it becomes through mental and spiritual concentration as real as if the first thirty or forty years of life in the world were just an unhappy fancy. The old name is taken away. No longer are there Mistery or Doctors or Barristers. One is called André or Albert and accepts instructions with the docility of a trooper and the enthusiasm of a disciple. Here are men who at middle life have sickened of the world and what they have known of its aimless strivings and paltry successes. They hunger for a life of meditation and spiritual reconstruction. The passion becomes overpowering, all-absorbing. To many such, the gates of La Trappe have opened wide. Whatever their previous social class, they are received on one democratic footing. Each must subscribe to all the long and searching formulae of initiation. At the conclusion, the members of the Order with their Father Abbot accept the new brother, invest his shoulders with the dour brown garments, and from that moment the last link with his previous civil existence is looked upon as broken. I believe there is not an instance on record of rebellion, or recanting of vows.

I have watched the voiceless band to whom the wondrous renunciation of speech must fasten all the days of their lives, working at earliest dawn and latest dusk. Here is an old man in the fields, his heavy robes the color of walnut, following the endless rows of corn hour after hour. His shaven crown is bare to the sun and sweat rises from his forehead and cheeks. His hands are large, as becomes a tiller, and the bending back seldom straightens for a rest. What thoughts pass through his brain? What backward looks, what sudden sharp checking of vagrant fancies inhabit that greyed head?

Who shall say? And who shall not surmise? We do know for sure he is a dynamo of industry, that he seeks and finds no earthly reward, that his life is

harshly masculine, wholly uncommunicative, and stripped, as we outsiders view it, of every tethering pin but work.

**I**F LA TRAPPE is built upon the idea of religious reclusiveness its chief corner stone is diligence. Where laziness could find a hiding place within those walls, I cannot guess. The astonishing results from poultry yard and stables and orchards are one continuous testimony to the power of human patience and energy in wringing profits from third-rate land. It is not so much intensive farming as intelligent farming. If a piece of pasture will not pay for itself, what reason? Well, the Holstein and Jersey cattle will not flourish on the particular vegetation. Then away with the Holsteins and Jerseys and bring along the common French-Canadian milker. That is an instance of what the Trappists did. Strongly forsworn to pure-bred stock as they are, the pasture land on their domain gave back more money from unpedigreed "reds," and the high-brow connoisseurs were sold. "Is our present way the best way?" rises like a sign board in every department of their labor. If you saw the farming structure built across those two thousand acres to-day, you might envy the Order their original inheritance. Actually, it was about the poorest stretch of land in Quebec, stony, gravelly soil for the greater part, better adapted to bush than to field crops. But the stones built them their towering monastery; the trees pass through their sawmill and are employed as lumber. In such a neighborhood, stock raising and dairying flourish best, so the Order pinned its chariot to three hundred cows, and wonderful barns were built to house them, with mechanical milkers. When you see the name of Oka cheese, you will recognize it as the workmanship of the monks of La Trappe. As much as 20,000 pounds of milk go into a day's production. One hundred horses and hundreds of pigs, a hundred hives of bees and myriads flocks of poultry, tended, fed, according to searching modern standards, many of which standards, by the way, have their origin with

the devoted monks, occupy the attention of the bands of Brothers who in the course of time have become specialists. Father Leopold, for instance, has gained a wide reputation as a horticulturist and is a welcome guest at many conventions of fruit growers where his tested knowledge and perfect command of languages are of value. I have walked through the apple orchards with Father Leopold where magnificent acres of laden trees stretch beyond sight of the eye and have listened to his sparkling comments as one tree after another brought fresh points to his mind.

Here under a canvas canopy rattled and roared a mechanical apple-sorter, the second of its kind in Canada, which automatically receives the apples in a hopper and separates them according to sizes and values. Beside the machine stood two boyish-looking brothers and some hired laborers packing the beauties into paper-lined boxes for shipment overseas. A few words to them, a cheery instruction, and he was again striding with vibrant step across the browned grass to where lay a pile of culls beneath a glorious roof of reddening Spies. It was a joy to hear his exclamations as, plucking a handy apple, he surveyed its flawless coat with the sense of a master. Before we finished with that orchard I verily believed that Father Leopold could have taken a contract to produce heliotrope apples with pink sashes had I but expressed such a wish.

Five hundred dollars was paid for a solitary cockerel a while ago as an aid to improving the laying strain. That payment was but a picturesque emphasis of the policy of the institution as a whole.

**I**N THESE varied occupations of a mixed farm, almost the entire personnel of the Order finds employment. You may see the oddly-dressed figures passing and repassing about the fields and yards, the brothers in solid brown, the fathers relieved with white. It is a cumbersome-looking uniform, the heavy loose robe reaching to the feet and caught up by cords at the sides, the wooden-soled unlaced shoes, the bared head above the woolen cowl. These robes are worn day and night, at work and in chapel, and fresh supplies are distributed once a week. With slight variation it serves for winter and summer alike.

Coarse clothes, exhausting labor, without a penny of remuneration, a pledge to life-long silence—and yet I have yet to see a miserable looking Trappist. Work has given him physical health, he knows nothing of nervous waste; constant prayer and obedience render him immune to the petty worries that harass worldlings. Earth seems good, and serves well



*Trappist Fathers and their students at the Agricultural School*

its main function as an ante-room to Paradise.

Whatever the exact philosophy of the Trappist, he does not oppress his fellows with groans and grumbings. He is modest and kind, and if he is one of those permitted to speak to visitors, his conversation will not likely stray beyond the daily programme of the Monastery, its breeds of cattle, and prospects of the honey crop. Not that he is personally immersed in these things, but he knows that most visitors are. Your ear will hear nothing of wars, of battle cruisers, and violated treaties more than would be current on the streets of Heaven.

Meal time comes. The brothers and white fathers file solemnly into the long refectory where on one long board table are laid the few essentials of a meal. The men are provided with a stool, a wooden fork and spoon and bowl. The menu is austere frugal—vegetables and bread and milk and butter. In summer, two meals are permitted, in winter but one, with a "snack" of something before going to bed. On this restricted and mostly vegetarian diet, are developed many of the best physical specimens in Canada. When the men are seated, a brother takes his place at a reading desk and until the finish of the meal his voice alone may be heard asserting phrases of prayer and exhortation.

Night is here and from the fields come in the heavy-mantled workmen, with hoe

Right: The graves of the Trappist Fathers.



Left: A view of the chapel, unhappily burned in the recent fire.



link by link, into the boxes or stalls that line the walls. The fathers commence to read the psalms of the day. The right wall responds to the left with a deeply masculine intonation.

A door swings back and, with a great clattering of wooden shoes, in come the brown brothers. They range themselves before the fathers and take up the first of many Gregorian chants. Then they sing a hymn and the service closes. Now rings out the first stroke of the Angelus; every head is bowed, every tongue repeats a prayer.

The Trappist's sleep is probably a dreamless one, as befits his outdoor life, but even in his sleeping the rigor of his sacrifice is not relaxed. His bed is a hard, thin mattress thrust into a doorless cubicle. Even when that day comes when, as portended in his frequent saying, "all of us must die," his comrades lower his body into the deep earth, clad only in the simple working clothes, with not so much as the box casket accorded a village pauper.

and rake across their shoulders. The milk is pumped in tons to the cheese vats, the horses are fed, the poultry gathered to their gable-roofed shelters. One day's work has been added to the great impersonal record of the Monastery.

A bell tinkles at a very great distance and its echo runs through the long, plastered halls. It is the signal for chapel service. We follow the guest-master up flight after flight of steps and through a narrow door to a gallery. Before our eyes opens a bewildering picture. The glow of evening penetrates the window panes in shafts of changing light. Flickering candles burn their way to brighter and brighter yellow as the chain of white robes swings up the aisle and separates,

## A Remarkable Story of the Canadian North

"The Gun-Brand," by James B. Hendryx, will start as a serial in the April issue. The plot of this virile and romantic tale is laid in the far north Peace River country. It deals with voyageurs, fur traders, gun-runners and Indians—and, above all else, a most remarkable girl. James B. Hendryx is the author of many stirring stories of the North, which he knows from many years of residence there—notably "The Promise," "The One Big Thing," "Marquard the Silent." "The Gun-Brand" is the best story he has ever written.

# The Guile of Ulysses

By Peter McArthur

Who wrote "The Witch of Atlas," etc.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Peter McArthur is one of the latest additions to MacLean's all-star list of contributors. No Canadian writer has a larger following of readers in Canada than Peter McArthur, and he is acknowledged to know the agricultural life of the Dominion better than any other interpreter. For MacLean's he is telling of farm life in story form—stories that have the convincing force of absolute adherence to conditions as they are. This is the second of the series.

**D**EACON PULLEN was mad; in fact, he was mad clean through. As he drove up the broad driveway that circled in front of John Dalrymple's cottage, he was muttering to himself and his red whiskers seemed to be bristling with rage. He found old John sitting in an easy chair on the verandah and was so full of his grievance that he hardly took the trouble to be polite to the fine-looking old gentleman who rose somewhat stiffly to welcome him and invite him into the house.

"No," said the Deacon, "I'm not going in to-day. I just drove over to tell you that you got to do something about the way folks are listening at their telephones whenever anyone tries to talk business."

John Dalrymple had walked down the steps to the buggy where the Deacon was sitting and had insisted on shaking hands with him in a way that was almost pathetically friendly. When the angry man stopped for breath, John looked up at him with a smile of kindly inquiry and remarked softly:

"Yes! What is the trouble now, Deacon?"

"The trouble is that that telephone has cost me a hundred dollars, and maybe more, and I wish to goodness you never got us to have telephones if they can't be managed better."

"Yes?" John commented, enquiringly.

"You see I was going to buy and ship a carload of steers in partnership with my brother Bob, who lives out on the Eltham town line, and yesterday morning when I got a telegram from Toronto telling what the prices would be, I called up Bob to tell him so that he could go out buying in one direction while I would go in the other. I told him that the highest price we could afford to pay would be \$6.40 a hundredweight, and that we ought to be able to pick up a lot of bargains at about six dollars or six and a quarter. Then we both started out and, do you know, everywhere we went the folks stood out for six-forty a hundred and we couldn't buy a hoof under that price; so that we had to ship the car to-day with hardly any profit on it. And I never would have known what was the matter if it hadn't been that Mrs. Pullen happened to go to the phone to call up the grocery store. She noticed that the line was busy and listened for a minute to see who was using it and if there wasn't Ezra Drake calling up Sam Black to tell him that Brother Bob and I were out buying steers and that if he held on he could get six-forty a hundred out of us."

Old John whistled softly.

"You see someone listened in on that dashed telephone when I was talking to

Bob about the price we ought to pay. Then he telephoned it to someone else, and in half an hour the news was all over three townships. As I figure it out, we could have bought that carload of steers a couple of hundred dollars cheaper if everyone didn't know just what price we were willing to pay, and I'm so mad about it that I feel like tearing the contraption out of the house and throwing it in the ditch."

"Oh, you mustn't do that," said John, softly. "I have been hearing a lot of complaints lately and have been thinking about the matter quite a lot. If you will just let things rest for a week or so I may be able to fix things up."

"Well, I think you'd better. With folks listening in on the telephone and wimmin gossiping when they ought to be at their work, and young people makin' dates with one another, the telephone is getting to be the curse of the country. Giddap, Dolly."

**A**FTER Deacon Pullen had driven away John Dalrymple returned to his easy chair on the verandah and, in spite of the tale of woe he had listened to, there was a smile on his face. Moreover, it was a shrewd smile and by no means the kind that you would expect to find on the face of a man sitting on the verandah of a quiet little cottage in the country. That was because John Dalrymple was not in his natural environment. Although spending his old age in the country there was nothing about him to suggest the countryman. His neighbors called him "Ulysses" but very few of them understood why the Rev. Peregrine Low had bestowed this outlandish nickname on the kindly old man who was so pathetically eager to be friendly with everyone, and who gave so lavishly to all good works and public enterprises. To explain why the Rev. Peregrine applied the name it will be necessary to tell briefly all that the country people knew of the story of John Dalrymple.

One day some years before he had come to the town in a high-powered car and had made careful enquiries for a number of people who were either dead or had long since moved away. In talking to the town clerk he mentioned that the first six years of his life had been spent on a farm in the neighborhood. His father had wearied of pioneer farming and had moved away to a city where John Dalrymple had spent the rest of his life. He had succeeded in business but had always been homesick for the farm on which he had spent his boyhood years. But it was sixty years after, when his family had scattered and his wife had died, that he

first came back to see if any of the boys with whom he had played were still living. Finding no one who remembered him he quietly bought the farm—at that time used for pasture—on which he had played as a child. From the American city where he lived and had made his wealth he sent landscape gardeners and architects who quickly changed the old farm into an ideal country home.

Then he came back to live among people who knew nothing about him and to whom he was an unceasing mystery. He did all he could to help the country and the town, and gradually came to be accepted as a sort of public institution. When the Rev. Peregrine Low came to know him and to learn something of his past he quoted with a chuckle, but not without awe:

"Much have I seen and known, cities of men,  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honored of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers."

To have such a man settle down to end his days among them reminded the clergyman of Ulysses and he talked of the likeness until people gave John Dalrymple the nickname. But mostly he was known as "Old John."

**A**MONG his other benefactions he organized the rural telephone company and, being a man of business, allowed them to make him president of the company. As he filled the position and attended to its not too exacting demands, the Rev. Perry chuckled again and quoted:

"I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know  
not me."

Just how this man, skilled in the business of the outer world, meted the law is the purpose of this little tale.

**A**FEW days after Deacon Pullen's visit Ulysses began to bestir himself. First he hired the only public hall in the town and, when mysterious boxes began to arrive at the station, he employed the local drayman to cart them to the hall. Then he had out his big touring car and spent a day whirling along the country roads. Before taking this trip he had secured from Minnie Addison, the telephone operator, the names and addresses of the subscribers who were on the ends of all the party lines. He paid a mysterious visit to each of them and, as he got home, he telephoned to all of them. Then he went to bed and slept as placidly as an innocent child.

About noon on the following day it began to look as if even more than wartime prosperity were coming back to the old town. People began to pour in from every point of the compass. Some came afoot, some in buggies, some in lumber waggons and some in automobiles. There hadn't been such a crowd of people on the streets since the fall fairs. In some cases the whole family had come out. But still the stores did no business. The people



simply stood around and talked, as if waiting for something.

Not only the thrifty and enterprising farmers turned out, but even those whose shiftless methods were a by-word in the country. For instance:

The Nagles were out in full force. They were the people of whom it was said that they ploughed their land and put in their crops, but if they had drained their fields they might have had something at harvest time. Of course, it was wicked to say such things, but the saying gave a fairly accurate character sketch of the Nagles.

Then there were the MacAinshs. They were also out in force. People who knew their methods of farming—of selling their hay and then letting their cattle starve—used to say that their money came in to them twice a year—for hay in the fall and for hides in the spring. Apparently they still had some money left from the last sale of hides and had come out to look for bargains.

The MacNabs had come out in a lumber wagon, a whole load of them. They were called the Fussys MacNabs, because they were so neat about their work that they seldom got much done. They had been sized up by their neighbors in the saying that "they wasted sheaves while picking up heads."

But it is needless to give a complete catalogue of all the people who came to town and of their distinguishing habits. Everybody in the country was out with a few exceptions—exceptions whose absence will be explained later on.

AT HALF past one Old John appeared in his big touring car and stopped in front of the hall which he had hired and to which the mysterious boxes had been conveyed. He spoke cheerfully to the assembled multitude and shook hands cordially with many old friends. At last he went to the door of the hall and the caretaker opened it for him. When he entered the crowd followed until the place was full. Not only the country people, but the people of the town who were curious to know what was about to happen, crowded in as long as they could get standing room. The hall had never known a larger crowd—even at a political rally.

NO ONE seemed to know just what was going to happen, but presently Old John got up on the platform and, after fumbling in his pocket a while, brought out a piece of paper on which he had written a number of names. Everybody was silent with expectation. Old John cleared his throat.

"Is John Gillies here?"

A dozen voices answered at once. "No. He isn't in town."

"Is Henry Wadell here?"

"No, no, no," came from various parts of the hall.

"Arthur Young?"

"Not here."

"Jim Bain?"

"He went to the city this morning."

Old John pretended to look bewildered.

"This is very strange," he said with a shake of his head. "Are Albert Luce or Bill Atkinson or Bert Eaton here?"

A whole storm of "Nos" replied to this lot of questions.

OLD JOHN looked at his audience in a grieved sort of way, folded his paper and put it back in his pocket.

"It is really very strange," he commented sadly, "but the men whose names I called were the only ones I invited to come here to-day and they are the only ones who are not here."

"Isn't the sale to be open to everybody?" asked Deacon Pullen in a blustery tone.

"Ah," said Old John. "Now that you mention the sale I feel that I should make a little explanation and then perhaps some of you will make a little explanation to me. Last night I called up the men whom I asked for a few minutes ago and told them over the telephone that I had bought a lot of bankrupt stock that I was going to sell at a bargain to-day. If you remember the names I called you will notice that they are subscribers at the ends of the different telephone lines. I had called on them in my automobile yesterday afternoon and had told them that I was going to send them this fake message just to find out how many people are in the habit of listening at the telephones when other people are talking. I don't think I have missed many, and now, as president of the telephone company, I declare this a meeting of the subscribers for the purpose of discussing the evil practice of eavesdropping."

THERE was a howl of laughter from the townspeople who were at the meeting and they began pounding their friends on the back to express their joy. But presently the voice of Deacon Pullen was heard bellowing above the tumult.

"I was just calling up the farrier about a sick horse when you were on the wire, and that was how I heard you."

"Quite so," said Old John. "And don't you think it was perhaps in the same way that you were overheard when you were telling your brother about the prices you could pay for steers the day you were going out buying?"

It is not known what reply the Deacon would have made, for before he could open his mouth Doc Neelands, the veterinary surgeon, asked in surprise:

"Why, which one of your horses is sick, Deacon? You didn't call me up about it."

"You shut up and mind your own business," roared the Deacon as he elbowed his way to the door.

While this was going on Mrs. Baxter was thinking fast. With the in-

stincts of a great general she realized that the victory often goes to the person making the attack, so she began a shrill assault.

"You listen to me, John Dalrymple," she shouted.

"Very well, Mrs. Baxter," said Old John mildly.

"Isn't there a law against swearing over the telephone?"

"There is, and also a law against listening when other people are speaking."

"Well, there ought to be a law against lying over the telephone. Lying is worse than swearing."

"I'd be glad to have such a law passed," he assented cheerfully. "It would put a stop to so much gossiping."

"But you were lying when you sent that message that fooled everybody?"

"I suppose, if you got awfully strict all at once, you might call it lying."

"Yes, and lying is worse than stealing. They say we can protect ourselves against a thief, but not against a liar."

"Oh, yes we can. We don't need to listen to other people when they are lying over the telephone."

"There. You admit you were lying. You were lying. You were lying." And she kept it up till she got to the door.

Amelia Blossom tried to explain that she never listened except to hear if it was anyone calling for the doctor so that if it was she could carry broth to them and help with the nursing.

OF COURSE everybody wanted to explain just how it was they happened to hear things over the telephone, but it was hard with Old John and all the townspeople laughing at them. And it was no use trying to bring the gathering together as a meeting of the telephone company. The people who had been caught were too much worked up and the townspeople were too full of boisterous laughter.

Just as the crowd was about to disperse one of the McAinsh's, who had an eye to business and had not lost sight of the boxes on the platform sidled up and asked Old John:

"What have you got in the boxes?"

"Oh I forgot to have them opened. They are all filled with hay."

"With hay? What was that for?"

"To feed goats. I think I got the goat of almost everybody in the district and I'd like to feed them right."

"Then there ain't going to be a sale?"

"Well, it strikes me that a lot of people who are in the habit of listening at the telephone have been rather badly sold. I think we have had a fairly successful sale."

While the trick that was played on them may not have stopped people entirely from listening at the 'phone, it has made them very careful about repeating what they overhear and that is a help.

## "The Great Mogul" Delayed

It was intended to start a new serial, "The Great Mogul," by Arthur E. McFarlane, in this issue. Owing to sudden illness, however, Mr. McFarlane has been unable to complete his revision of the last chapters, and a delay in publication is rendered necessary. It is hoped to be able to start "The Great Mogul" in the April issue.

# Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of  
interesting Canadian men and women

## The Business-man Premier of B.C.

By Norman Lambert

**H**ONORABLE Harlan Carey Brewster is Premier of British Columbia to-day for two reasons. First, he has lived in British Columbia for twenty years, and has made a success of business. Secondly, he is known to be a straight man. Both Liberals and Conservatives at the Pacific Coast know those two things about Premier Brewster, and he knows, too, that he was not elected to the leadership of his province by one party or the other, but by the combined strength of an electorate which wanted its affairs placed in the hands of a shrewd, clean business man.

Accordingly, this man when he visited Toronto the other day told a member of the press that the present Government of British Columbia realized pretty well that it was not in power primarily for the benefit of the Liberal party. And furthermore, like a sound man of business who might be expected to say what the party politician hasn't the sense to say, he stated the policy of his Government in these words: "We are simply the directors of a big company, and our interests are those of our shareholders who in this case happen to be the taxpayers of the Province."

It may be concluded, therefore, that the new Premier from the far West is rather a unique type in the political life of this country. Politics in the past in Canada has favored the lawyer who could talk. Few men have been sought out by the people for Parliamentary honors on account of any proved ability in business or farming. It has been the glib-tongued party man and patronage seeker who has loomed large on the country's political horizon during the past generation. Indications, however, point to a new era. For one thing, Canadians are beginning to see what party politics has cost them, and as a timely change they would like to see the country managed in a business-like manner for a few years. What is a statesman? Would not a good definition be, so far as Canada is concerned: a successful business man handling the affairs of state as efficiently as he has conducted his own in private life. That is simply what H. C. Brewster has set forth to do. Time will tell whether or not he has been a statesman.

Is it possible to run a Government these days as a strictly business proposition? In other words, is it possible to raise the administration of the state above the hampering influence of party patronage? For the first time in the his-

tory of responsible government in Canada, a man has gone into the premiership of one of the provinces, saying this can be done. Brewster of British Columbia went into power pledging himself to abolish the patronage system as a factor in the management of provincial affairs. He had never used patronage in running his excellent fish canning business. Competition was the rule there. Why not let the same principle apply in the Parliament Buildings at Victoria? He has started already to try and justify this question. Some influential "friends of the party," remonstrating with the new Premier of British Columbia at a private meeting, over his pledge to abolish patronage, exclaimed: "But it will drive us out of power inside of four years."

"Well, then, let us go out of power," was the firm reply.

**I**T HAS been the custom of the age to congratulate men upon their success whenever they have been elected to a seat in Parliament, or to the headship of a government or party. The congratulations very often are unwisely premature. Such felicitations are offered before the member or the leader has really done any-

thing. It is time enough to shake hands when men are returned to office. The most a new man can do is to give promise. He may be judged pretty accurately beforehand by his record in business and by the pledges he makes to his electors, but his public career can only be a matter of promise. That is the light in which one views H. C. Brewster at the present time.

The first Minister of British Columbia is only forty-six years old. With spectacles which he wears all the time, and a head as bald as ivory, he looks older than forty-six at first glance. But a little fringe of reddish hair adorning the temples and extending behind the ears may be seen at a second and closer glance. It is entirely free of silver, and combined with clear, blue eyes and ruddy complexion suggests much of the vigor and energy of youthfulness. Physical strength is apparent in the stout, stocky figure with its breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, and the resolute lines of mouth and chin denote force of mind and character. Speaking in public, H. C. Brewster reveals a certain spirit of self-confidence, almost approaching belligerence at times. It is not difficult to understand that he means what he says. Directness, fluency, forcefulness are the outstanding qualities of this Premier's style of address. In private conversation, he is quiet, serious, and always to the point. Without being unapproachable in the least, his manner has a quality of aloofness which does not suggest the sharing of confidence, or the seeking of popular favor.

**T**HE CAREER of Premier Brewster up to this time has been uncommonly interesting and successful. He was born in New Brunswick, in the seaport town of Harvey, where his father, Gilbert Brewster, was for many years collector of customs, as well as a shipbuilder and ship owner. His mother was a member of the Wells family of Toronto, one of her brothers being the late Professor James E. Wells, of McMaster University. From one side of his family H. C. Brewster inherited a love of the sea and of boats and ships, and from the other side an inclination to study and write. Boyhood days were spent at school in the little seaport town, and later, further scholastic training was received in Boston. For a time he served as a reporter on the Boston Herald. Before this he had qualified as a practical sailor for master's papers entitling him to the standing of a deep-sea and coasting navigator. As a youth he had absorbed much useful knowledge in his father's office and shipyards about the shipping industry and the business of directing marine transportation. An older brother, however, had gone to British Columbia in the early nineties, and the



The Honorable Harlan Carey Brewster.

stories of that far western coast returning east, finally induced the young reporter to leave his job on the *Boston Herald* and go West.

At the age of twenty-six, the present Premier of British Columbia arrived at Vancouver. His first position was taken in the employ of the old Canadian Pacific Navigation Company. As purser on a line of boats which ran north to Alaska, he became well known along the coast, gaining the respect of the company for which he worked, as well as the affection of his fellow-officers. Shipping gave him his introduction to the Pacific Coast with its abundance of fish, timber and minerals. The late Thomas Earle, M.P., of Victoria, who had extensive trading interests on the North Pacific Coast, finally secured H. C. Brewster to inject new life into a badly disorganized business. A series of Earle's trading posts along the coast had got out of hand. It was necessary to inspect them, audit their accounts, and practically place the whole enterprise on a new basis. In this task of re-organizing Thomas Earle's business, young Brewster was eminently successful and gained a great deal of credit for his work. After that he went north to the Skeena River to take charge of a salmon cannery, where his management speedily made itself felt. He had much to do there as well as in other parts of the province, in stimulating new development in the fishing industry.

**OUT ON** the wild, stormy west coast of Vancouver Island, H. C. Brewster finally got control of a cannery of his own. He became one of the owners and the manager of the Clayquot Sound Canning Company, whose plant is situated near the mouth of the Kennedy River. There he built up a commercial institution which is regarded as a model by every canner on the coast. Mr. Brewster was the first man in the canning industry in British Columbia to eliminate Oriental labor completely from his operations. He stood and fought for a long time for white labor, and finally got what he wanted. He was also the first canner on the coast to introduce into his plant what is known as the "sanitary system," by which cans of salmon were soldered by machinery instead of by hand as in the old days.

The result of these achievements first in the shipping and trading business, and next in the canning industry, was that when he entered politics in 1907, H. C. Brewster was known as a young man of marked ability, reliable and competent. He was elected to the provincial legislature in that year, and with the exception of the period from 1912 to 1915 in which the McBride and Bowser governments held undisputed sway, he has retained a prominent seat since that time. And now after a residence of twenty years in British Columbia, H. C. Brewster has been elected as the first citizen to his adopted province. His record has been good. In private business he revealed a capacity for organization and construction which brought success. As Premier of the wealthiest and most undeveloped province of the Dominion, he has to meet a tremendous demand upon those abilities. There is the unparalleled opportunity at this time to crown business achievement with statesmanship. Premier Brewster's future seems brim full of bright promise.

## Mrs. Hayter Reed, "Tenth Vice-President of the C.P.R."

By Madge MacBeth

**D**IM indeed must be the artistic eye of the visitor who can enter any of the larger C.P.R. hotels and fail to appreciate the beautiful decorations and appointments of the interior—features which cause them to rank as the equal of any and the superior to most, similar hostelrys on the continent.

Deadened indeed must be the spark of feminism which does not glow with the thought that this royally artistic achievement was accomplished by a woman, for the designing, the entire furnishing and the interior appointments in at least three of the Canadian Pacific hotels—the Frontenac, the Empress and the Royal Alexandra—came under Mrs. Hayter Reed's personal supervision.

There are several successful women decorators throughout Canada; Toronto boasts of three or four, one of whom, I think, achieved a notable reputation for her work in one of the Niagara hotels; Montreal could lay her finger on a few more; Winnipeg is said to have had the first decorator (and a woman) in Canada to introduce black walls and carpets into the Dominion. But their work differs radically from that of Mrs. Reed, in spite of many stories to the contrary.

"Did you ever hear what salary Mrs. Reed receives from the C.P.R.?" I asked the Old Resident, who knows everything about everybody from the Adams family down.

"Ten thousand dollars a year," she answered promptly.

"I hear that Mrs. Hayter Reed gets a salary of ten thousand dollars a year from the C.P.R.," I said to the very up-to-date Gossip, who also knows everything there is to know about people.

"Heavens, my poor dear," she said. "You are only about ten years behind the times. I know for a fact that today she is paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year, for decorating and furnishing the hotels."

"Fifteen thousand dollars is quite a substantial increase, and might possibly have been exaggerated, so I tried a gentleman of my acquaintance.

"Well, I have heard," he told me, guardedly, "that she gets about thirty thousand dollars, besides all sorts of perquisites."

**THE TRUTH IS THAT SHE RECEIVES NOTHING!**

Chief Justice Armour, whose wife was Miss Eliza Clench, was the father of ten children—five sons and five daughters. The eldest of the daughters was Kate. The family lived in Coburg, Ont., where the early schooling of the children took place, and later they went to Toronto. What can one say about Miss Kate Armour which will not sound fulsome and gushing? Can one say that she was a beautiful girl, her lovely hair being one of her most notably attractive features, that her keen wit, her originality made her one of the most popular members of a group of women renowned to-day in Canadian history? She was the close friend of Mrs. Charles A. E. Harris, in turn a friend of the Baroness Macdonald, of Mrs. William Macdougall, of Madame Girouard, and hosts of others equally prominent. Can one say without



Mrs. Hayter Reed.

being banal that her spontaneous generosity, her goodness of heart enhanced her already attractive personality; they did not cover a multitude of negligible virtues. To say that she was and is 'good hearted' is no insult!

The picture of the young student poring over books on art, working in a dusty attic, smeared with paints and crayons, is satisfying, no doubt, but utterly untrue. The bald truth is that she never studied art in the usual sense. It came naturally, as the salt comes from the ocean. She inherited not only a love of it, but genius for it. A near relative of the Armours was Paul Kane.

In 1880, Miss Kate Armour married Mr. Grosvenor Lowry, a prominent member of the New York bar, and a widower with three children. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Lowry rented her handsome New York home and came back to Ottawa, where she frequently met Mr. Reed. A romance which had been nipped in the bud came under the watchful eye of the little lad with the arrows and, finding receptivity for his barbed shafts once more, he saw the affair brought to a happy culmination by a wedding between Mrs. Lowry and Mr. Hayter Reed.

Resigning a Government billet, Mr. Reed accepted the managership of the C.P.R. hotel system, and his brilliant wife's artistic career began.

Let it not be understood, however, that her genius had lain dormant all these years. Its scope was more or less confined to her own home, which was as perfect as money and taste could make it. A characteristic story is told of Mrs. Lowry and a "vandal," who had rented her house partly furnished.

She met a real estate broker, a great friend, one morning and, rushing up to him, said:

"You can sell my house, as soon as possible, and you can take anything you



can get for it. I never want to see it again."

"But you have just finished putting such a lot of time and money in its decoration," protested the astonished friend.

"Exactly! And I have rented it to that French vandal, who has brought a car load of his old French furniture and ruined the atmosphere of my Italian room!"

Mrs. Reed was the first woman in Canada to mother the Antique Shop idea. In Quebec, through her assistance, such a place was opened a good many years ago and she was tireless in her search for the genuine antiques sold there. At first her trips were confined to the Province of Quebec, where rare treasures, both French and English, were unearthed. Then she extended her search throughout the Maritime Provinces with successful results. No benefit accrued to Mrs. Reed from this venture. It is just mentioned as another of her "good-hearted" deeds, for friendship's sake.

The decoration of the Chateau Frontenac was her first large and spectacular venture. Naturally, the C.P.R. officials would not allow such a find to rust for lack of use. One may say, she is the busiest woman in the Dominion, always flitting here and there like a brilliant meteor, and leaving a blazing trail.

"Mrs. Reed is coming to-morrow," one will be told by the clerk in the office, as though one might say: "The King is coming."

"Mrs. Reed has been here," says the chamber maid on the tenth floor, with all the pride of an intimate friend.

For, beside that rare combination of the artistic and the practical, Mrs. Reed possesses the enviable faculty of "getting on" with every one from the manager of the largest hotel to the most obscure scullery maid. "She hath all the charm of woman and all the breadth of man."

To quote Paddy, without whose sayings we would be hard pressed at times, "She is gone to-day and here to-morrow." Here, means a delightful home in St. Andrew's. Having brought the interior of that home to the highest pitch of artistic perfection, Mrs. Reed has turned her attention to the outside, and her garden is her present hobby.

The collection of china is also an outlet for her energetic spare hours, boots, china boots, being her especial concentration. I would hardly dare to say how many she has. Certainly she could outfit a tribe of centipedes without any difficulty!

Some one has said that wit is the salt of conversation. That being the case, it is extremely difficult to discover anything of Mrs. Reed's which is not soaked in brine. Her bon mots are famous; she has always an answer ready, and her love of truth and frankness detract not. As often as not, her jibes are leveled at a whit from the humor of her remarks. herself, as the following story will show:

She was invited to one of those crushing gatherings in which a smile is severely criticized and laughter outrageously bad form. The conversation somehow veered to so frivolous a subject as a famous palmist who was creating quite a stir in —. A few members of the party acknowledged with frightened looks at their neighbors, that they had consulted this palmist with astounding results. He seemed to know everything.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Reed, "the man is a fraud. To prove it, I will tell you what he said to me. He said that I was a remarkably virtuous woman!"

No one enjoyed this sally, except the perpetrator of it, whose enjoyment under the circumstances was a thousand times more keen.

On another occasion, Mrs. Reed was crossing the border and had neglected to open her hand baggage for inspection.

"What is in that bag?" demanded the Authoritative Uniform.

"Just our personal effects," answered Mrs. Reed.

"Only clothing? Nothing dutiable?" insisted the officer, suspiciously.

"That is all."

He took the bag and opened it. He thrust in the mighty arm of the Customs and drew triumphantly forth, a bottle of whiskey.

"Ah—ha!" he said. "What's this?"

"That," said Mrs. Reed, calmly, "is my husband's night cap!"

## Jonathan and I

By Eric A. Darling

Who wrote "For Love of Danny," etc.

**S**PRINGTIME is here, and the other day we, Jonathan and I, slipped away from the work-a-day world and lost ourselves from early morning until the little stars came out in a lilac and daffodil sky.

"Once again, dearie," smiled Jonathan at my gate, where the lilacs are budding and the long rows of jonquils are yellow at Caesar's gold, "once again."

My heart fluttered faintly, as the heart of an old maid is supposed to flutter when such a man as Jonathan calls her "dearie"; and I smiled back in his scholar's face.

He opened the gate and I came through, though I had no hat on my grey-flecked hair—no, nor any sunshade, nor even a shawl. But when Jonathan calls I go, for the calling has come so late, and we both know the vague shortness of its duration. There is never a time when we come to my gate after one of our delightful, irresponsible wanderings, that I do not clutch his thin hand and look into his marvelous eyes and wonder with a presage of that anguish I know to lie sleeping within me, biding its time.

"The woods are full of lamb's tongues on every northern slope, and the Johnny-jump-ups are thick by the branch," he said, as he shut the gate—an old maid's garden must be protected—and I looked up the slope behind the town and sniffed the good smell of fresh-turned earth. Some yokel was at his farming.

"Which road of the four?" I asked, and Jonathan drew out of his pocket a battered old coin and tossed it up like a boy—he who has given his scholar's life to the great university frowning on the hill!

"Heads, east and south," he said, "tails, west and north—two tosses." How well I knew that old coin! I have handled it and looked at every worn mark upon it. It has a Latin inscription running all around and the head of a petty monarch of the long ago, dead these three hundred years, on its discolored face.

It has decided many joyous pilgrimages for us, and found us untold delights. It fell now in the dew-shaded dust heads up, and Jonathan tried again. "East," he said, and we turned our faces toward the newly risen sun.

**T**HE EAST road is a never-ceasing source of wonder, as, in fact, are the north and the west and the south roads. Never do we go along between its little groves of trees, its fields, and over its chuckling streams, but we find some new and beautiful thing, maybe a bunch of rosy-cheeked children roystering into the village to school (and oh, then, do we, Jonathan and I, avoid each other's eyes that each may not see the longing, the regret for the life that we have missed!) maybe a pair of lovers, bright-eyed and laughing, shy and droop-headed or maybe only a new and wobbly calf, jumping at shadows in a fence corner. This day was

very young, and we looked for anything to happen, any sweet picture to unfold.

Jonathan plucked me a handful of sturdy, scentless wild violets, and I hid them in my dress front. They are priceless, these offerings gleaned from the wild roadsides.

"See this tiny white velvet star—it is a—," and my poor head whirled with Jonathan's scientific syllables—but I took it, too, the wee white velvet star, and hid it with the violets.

A turn was just ahead, and we looked eagerly, craning our necks to see around it, though we knew just what was there—a little meadow on the right, running swiftly down to a tiny branch, some low wooded hills in the distance, and a pretty wood on the left with, far back up a winding road that was ankle deep in fall with leaves, a wee little house of logs, old and always poverty-stricken from one generation to another. We had known, or Jonathan had known, since he had lived so long at the frowning pile on the hill, many of those who had lived from time to time in the little house.

A young man lived there now, a big young man with a square chin and a homely, straightforward face, a young man who worked the neighboring fields on shares, and who wore a coat, clean but with many patches. I had seen the coat, and wondered what the wife of this youth was like—she who made the neat mends and kept the old coat clean.

AND AS we craned our necks to look up the little road the young man was coming down it—striding down it with long, swinging steps, and his square chin set forward under the thunder-cloud of the face above.

Jonathan gasped as he leaned forward and stopped in his tracks; and I hung onto his sleeve. It seemed as if I must hold onto him, for we were face to face with turmoil, with war and anger, and, it seemed to me, despair.

"Eh?" said Jonathan, astounded, as the young man met us, probing innocently and straightly at the heart of the matter, as his gray hair and boundless gentleness give him leave with all things, "What is this awful thing, Matthias?"

Matthias looked into his gray eyes, so sober and sweet and calm, and the black frown drew deeper between his eyes, from sudden pain, I knew, by the twitching of the straight lips.

"The end—for me," he flung out and would have passed, but Jonathan caught his arm. The wonder of our east road had colored its gold with tragedy.

"Why, lad," said my Jonathan, "there is always the end—and the end is—the end. It is such a long end. Never hasten to meet it. All good is before it—none, surely, after. Tell me your trouble."

The young giant dropped his stormy eyes and stood a moment. Then he flung up his head.

"It is family trouble," he said bluntly. "What can you know about that?"

Ah, what indeed, my Jonathan, who has never had a family—Jonathan waiting for me, who came too late—when the light of his life was flickering.

"It is my—my wife—Letitia. We've quarreled. Again. We're always at it, and I'm tired of it. The love has gone—Ah, now did the straight lips tremble truly!"—"and I'm going, too. Step out of my way, professor!"

His pain had made him forgetful of his country manners, but Jonathan said gently, still holding on to his sleeve, and I on to Jonathan's sleeve:

"Wait a bit, Matthias, the day is still young."

He shifted his hand very gently until it rested on the shoulder of the faded coat, just over one of the patches.

"You are going away. For ever?"

Matthias nodded.

"And leave Letitia alone in the little house! Granted Letitia has quarreled with you, Matthias, there isn't time in this world to hold spite. Hasten, lad, to go back and forgive her. See here," Jonathan drew me forward, "here is my Letitia, the one who should have kept a little house for me thirty years ago, who should have sewed patches on my coat with loving fingers"—the big shoulder winced under his hand—I saw it—"but who never came to me until my life was high spent. We have lost thirty years, and we will never cease to mourn their loss. You are ready to throw thirty years away—and love and Letitia with them. Let's talk awhile, Matthias."

JONATHAN looked at me and then up the little road, and I understood with that quickness which would have been one of the joys lost in those thirty years.

They two stood together and I went up between the budding trees.

At the little house I found Letitia, and she was just as I had pictured her, a slim sweet creature with shining black hair



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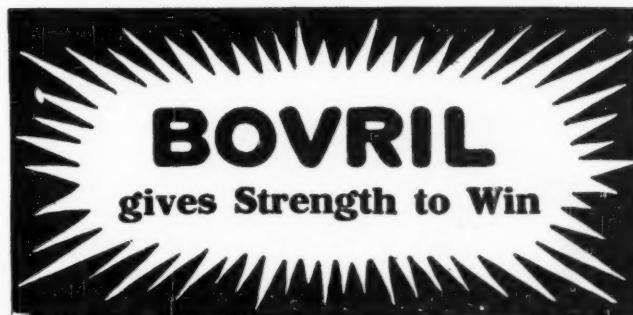
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and blue eyes drowned in tears, and she was flung prone across the poor little table, sobbing terribly.

"Hush, dearie," said I, with my arms around her in a moment; and, if she was startled at the apparition of a bareheaded old maid whom she had never seen before, she made no motion. Instead she came naturally to my shoulder and the tale was all out in a breath.

"He's gone for good this time, Matthias! And he doesn't care any more! And he's got good reason, such a fright as I am these days! No ribbons nor any new dress this year and the old heavy shoes that weigh me down! And he says I'm awkward and not light on my feet like I was when he married me! And the meals—I can't cook when there's nothing good to cook—and I wish I was dead! And he's gone, for good!"

My eyes were wet by this time and I wished helplessly for Jonathan. Yet fifty years without him had not left me without resource, and I rocked and comforted the little wife, come to grief after only three years with her Matthias—soothed and comforted until I saw, through the door left open for the spring, Jonathan coming up the darling tree-topped road with a big young man rebelliously in tow. I waited until they stood in the portal and then I said over Letitia's shoulder:

"Jonathan, what's that bulging your two coat pockets?"

And Jonathan clapped a hand on either side, a little at random for the irrelevant question, yet following my lead with his delightful sympathy.

"Why," he said, "why—it's a little lunch for our ramble."

I knew Jonathan's pocket lunches—thin, wafery sandwiches, a tiny pot of olives, a bar of milk chocolate and a thermos bottle steaming with fragrant coffee.

"Here," I said, "give it to Matthias. He and Letitia are going out along the budding country for our aimless day of loitering, and you and I are going to keep the little house."

Jonathan's eyes were like a bit of sky suddenly flooded with sunlight.

"To keep house!" he cried, and I winced at the marvelous joy of him.

**I**T SEEMED for a time as if we were to lose our chance, so obstinately did Letitia cry by the table and Matthias stand twisting his big hands. But at last we thrust the bundles in his pockets and lifted Letitia to her feet, leading her to him and even putting her little work-hardened hand on his arm. And at last we saw them go, hesitant and awkward, down the road into the sunlit world of spring, thrust out and together by two meddlesome old frumps who wanted to play for a day at the housekeeping they had missed.

"Jonathan," I said, when they had passed from view, "it is poverty and the wearing strain of it that has frayed their love to frazzles. There are no more ribbons for her black hair and her shoes are worn and shapeless, so that she drags at her work and the big young simpleton thinks the longing for them, the ribbons I mean, is discontent with her lot and him for not being able to better it, and so they are on the verge of shipwreck. Oh, Jonathan! See how small a thing is likely to make them lose thirty years!"

Jonathan's pale face was blank with the suddenness of his understanding.

Then every would have "T said, voice deari So sprin road, stood was leavi off h mant gray

J O to be ion" So w I fell cart little down gay the pate quilt and table " ing "A little the H all h N the can mus of g go i Joh con back the lorn got pain soft tied Y and thro min and A whi all shin wen to hon at thro pot picl bloc I p litt del up ing the the ed we



Then he rose to the top, as he does in every emergency. What a general he would have made if the university could have spared him!

"They won't be back till sundown," he said, the enthusiasm growing in his voice. "We have all day. Come on, dearie, back to the village and the shops."

So we left the little house open to the spring and hastened back over the east road. It was past noon when we again stood in the bare log room and a cart was rumbling down the pretty road after leaving its load behind. Jonathan took off his coat and I laid his hat on the mantel, and the sun gleams touched his gray head, glorifying it.

**J**ONATHAN has more money than he can ever spend, and in his will it is to be left to one, "my beloved companion"—an old maid who doesn't want it. So we had spent prodigally that day.

I tucked up my skirt and together we fell to undoing the load of things the cart had left. We first moved out the little old table of pine wood, and rolled down upon the clean white floor a big gay rug that covered half the one room, the half where stood the bed with its patchwork quilt, the puffs between the quiltings worn quite through in places; and then we set upon it a shining new table with curley-cued legs.

"See!" I cried, the effect already making for joy.

"And see!" cried Jonathan, setting a little chair with rockers between it and the window. "Sit down in it, dearie."

He stood a moment regarding me with all his lost young dreams in his fine eyes.

Next we hung a big bright picture over the rude mantel with a vase and two iron candlesticks beneath it, and Jonathan must needs run right out and get a bunch of green leaves from the nearest bush to go in the vase and I took out a part of my Johnny-jumps-ups, not without a pang, I confess, and added them, and we stood back and admired, critically. I took down the faded, dingy blue strip that hung forlornly at the north window and Jonathan got up on a box and fastened up a long pair of scrim curtains, cheery in their soft cream and crimson stripes; and we tied them back with a crimson cord.

You see there had been so much gloom and dinginess in the little house all through the winter that we were determined to bedizen it in the garb of spring and joy.

A bundle, unwrapped, disclosed two white tablecloths and six plain napkins, all ready-to-use, and I threw one on the shiny table. Another long glass vase went in the centre and we stopped again to look and admire.

"You'll get me some more as we go home?" I questioned, and Jonathan smiled at me. There were three pretty plates, three cups and saucers, a sugar and cream pot, a bowl or two and a little platter, all picked out freshly in sprays of apple blossoms, just like the spring, and these I put in place—two of them, for a late little supper when two should come home, deliciously hungry, from their thrust-upon-them day. Viands, cold and tempting, Jonathan had foraged while I was at the shop; and these I set there, too. And then again we stood and looked and pushed the hair back from our foreheads, for we had worked like the youngsters we

*Continued on page 62.*



## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD



Profit or loss in business is largely a question of bookkeeping. You are not "making money" unless there is more money coming in than there is going out. And the bookkeeper cannot keep at top-notch mental and physical condition unless he eats food that replenishes the daily waste of tissue and energy.

## Shredded Wheat

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## The Lion of Flanders

*The True History of the Slave Raids in Belgium.*

THE worst outrage that can be wreaked upon mankind has at last been wreaked upon the wounded body of a country whose only crime was its scrupulous adherence both to the letter and the spirit of international law, writes Alfred Noyes, describing the slave raids in Belgium. The article which appeared in *The Outlook*, is directed especially to America, "the big brother" to whom Belgium had looked with confidence. Of Britain's responsibility the writer says:—

It took England a long time to prepare; but she is doing her utmost now. I have seen the roads of France pouring the whole might of the British Empire towards Belgium; and I have heard the continuous sound of the guns, like the sound of the Atlantic in storm against the coast of Maine, unbroken for a single moment, pounding their difficult way onward, foot by foot. I have seen our wounded coming back from the trenches, and smelled the chloroform in a score of villages. I have

seen the little wooden crosses in our graveyards—not scores or hundreds, but thousands of them—close up to the trenches; and the men digging new graves by the hundred in readiness, while the shells whined above them to provide new tenants for the clay. And I think I have heard, occasionally, the big brother saying in his sleep that all the nations—including his little brother—have "sinned equally," and that we are "all war-mad."

And now comes the final outrage. Americans knew something of the meaning of slavery. Have they forgotten?

But they have never known a slavery like this, where innocent men are suddenly torn away from their families, in the heart of a highly civilized community, and set to work against the lives of their own people. It is the crowning infamy of Germany, the most damning indictment of her civilization, that she should have perpetrated this appalling horror.

But the world has supped so full on horrors that it seems impossible to convey all that this new crime means. Does the big brother realize that women and children, at this hour, throw themselves in agony before the trains that are carrying their husbands and fathers away into this new slavery; that even the destinations of the slaves are unknown; and

that thousands are simply lost, probably forever, to those whom they love, for it becomes more and more difficult to trace them in their enforced wanderings?

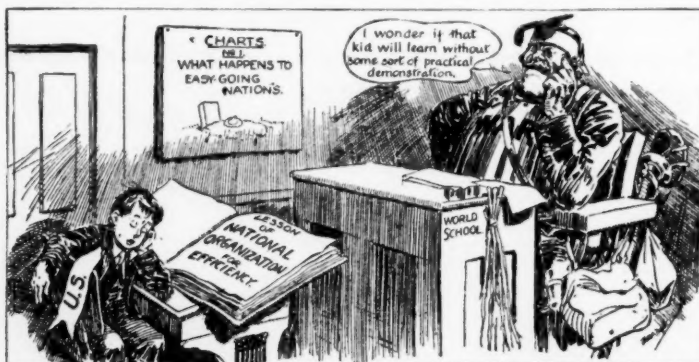
I have had exceptional opportunities for obtaining the full history of this latest German outrage from the lips of some of the most responsible Belgian citizens, including one of the most distinguished members of the University of Louvain. The evidence proves conclusively that the crime had been long premeditated, and that it is part of the general scheme of German domination. I feel that it is something like a duty to present this evidence to American readers.

Let me, first of all, destroy at once any illusion that this slave system has been forced upon the Germans. They declare that they have adopted it for humanitarian reasons in order to help the unemployed. This is perhaps the most hypocritical lie in history; and it is the only defence offered by the Germans. It is well, then, that the reader should have the complete answer before him at once, and that he should read what follows in the light of that answer. The Germans have taken a very large proportion of students, teachers, and business men who were not only engaged in comparatively well paid work, but also had money of their own. They were expressly invited by the Germans themselves to bring this money with them in the preliminary notice announcing that they were to be called up. Moreover, the Germans deliberately shut down, in many cases, the perfectly innocent business upon which these men were engaged, in order to create for Germany the excuse she needed.

The history of the whole affair can be stated briefly.

In a placard issued on the 2nd of September, 1914, Baron von der Goltz, the Acting Governor-General of Belgium, relieved the fears of the Belgians by saying: "I ask no one to renounce his patriotic sentiments; but I expect from you all a reasonable submission and an absolute obedience to the orders of the Governor-General." This placard was posted in Brussels.

In November, 1914, the Belgian refugees in Holland were actually invited to return to Belgium. The Germans pledged themselves to restore "normal conditions." An official declaration was made by Baron von Huehne, military Governor of Antwerp, and read in all the parish churches of the city. "Young men," it declared, "need have no fear of being deported to Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or to be subjected to forced labor."



Bradley, in *Chicago Daily News*.  
In His Character of Schoolmaster.

Baron von der Goltz announced that this declaration applied to the whole country, and he made his solemn promise to Cardinal Mercier, in the presence of two German staff officers and the private secretary of the Cardinal.

These promises were not kept; for they were German promises. They were followed in quick succession by the forced striking of the Belgian flag, the suppression of the Belgian colors in Brussels and in the provinces, the forbidding of the *Te Deum* on the name day of the King, of the sale of portraits of the royal family, and of the playing or singing of the national anthem. Then came the obligation to use the German language, together with the German school inspection. All this was done, of course, to destroy as far as possible not only the patriotism but the nationality, the soul, of Belgium. Large numbers tried to escape over the Dutch border. But electric wires (death-dealing to any who tried to cross them) were posted all along the frontier, and the population was entrapped completely. It became more and more difficult to obtain news of what was happening behind the death barrier.

At the end of April, 1915, facts of the utmost gravity were brought to the knowledge of the Belgian Government. Workmen had been persecuted, and even tortured, for refusing to do work of a military character for the Germans. The demand that they should have to do this, of course, was in direct defiance of international law.

The railways, which were now the most important part of the German military machine, were run by German workmen till April, 1915, when the resources of German man power were running low and the men were recalled to their military depots. Belgian workmen were called upon to take their places; but they refused to assist the enemy.

Starvation and imprisonment failed to force them into submission as completely as the former offers of payment; and one hundred and ninety workmen were then deported to Germany, where they were treated like convicts and cruelly tortured. The nineteenth report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry gave the story of their martyrdom in full. A month later the same methods of "frightfulness" were employed at Malines. The men of the "arsenal" were taken from their houses and brought to the workshops under military escort. Still they refused to obey, and the German method of terrorization was once more applied; for not only these workmen but the whole town was sentenced to punishment. A poster signed "von Bissing," and dated May 30, 1915, stated that "the town of Malines must be punished as long as the required number of workmen have not resumed work." Let American citizen in their great free Republic consider for a moment this amazing iniquity, crowning even the other iniquity. The same methods were adopted at the same time with the workmen of factories at Ghent-brugge, Jupille, Courtrai, Roulers, and many other places.

The innocent civilian population of Belgium, however, obeying every other demand of their uninvited visitors, justly and honorably refused to work for the German military machine against the lives of their own sons and husbands in the trenches. The demand was unspeakably infamous—the sort of demand that might have been made by a devil suffering from softening of the brain. But the threats with which it was accompanied were meant in grim earnest, and one by one they were carried out till the crucifixion of Belgium was completed.

Up to this time there had been no special German decree on the forced enlistment of Belgian workmen. As late as the 25th of July, 1915, Governor von Bissing issued a placard telling the people that "they should never be compelled to do anything against the interests of their country."

But this was as hypocritical as the earlier enticements of the German authorities; for they had already prepared the ground for the wholesale deportations which are now being carried out.

Von Bissing announced on August 10, 1915, that anyone dependent on public charity who refused to undertake work "without sufficient reason" should be given from fourteen days' to six months' imprisonment. "Any one en-



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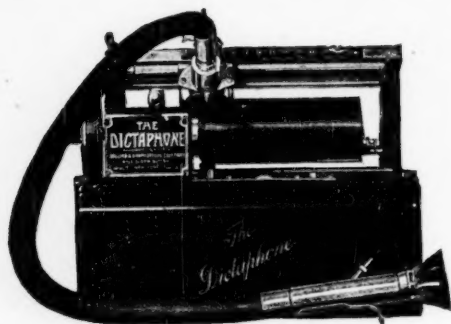
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couraging such refusal to work by granting relief would be liable to a fine of five hundred pounds or a year's imprisonment."

I do not know what the American Relief Organization thinks of this remarkable decree; but it certainly gives the lie to the humanitarian professions of the German authorities, and makes their sordid purpose quite unmistakable.

This decree, however, left it to the Belgian tribunals to decide what reasons were sufficient. On May 2, 1916, the decision was taken out of their hands and placed in those of the German military authorities. This meant, of course, that all Belgian labor was now entirely at the disposal of the German army. Step by step the process had been completed. The machinery of the slave system was ready and waiting for the touch on the lever.

On May 13, another decree was issued, whereby "the governors, military commanders, and chiefs of districts are allowed to order the unemployed to be taken by force to the spots where they have to work." Hitherto there had been no forced labor outside Belgium. But now, not only were the Belgians to submit to Germany's enforced visit, with its accompaniment of fire and massacre and midnight murder, but they themselves were to be taken out of their own country by force to work as slaves for the invader, in an alien land.

About the middle of last October the German Minister Helfferich announced in the Reichstag that forced labor would now be imposed on the population of the occupied territory; and the General Headquarters of the German army issued a notice to all the communes of Flanders. This notice warned all those "who are fit to work that they may be forced to do so, even outside their place of residence, if they are obliged to have recourse to public charity either for themselves or for those dependent on them."

Refusal to work in these circumstances is punished with three months' imprisonment or a fine of ten thousand marks. The slave raids had already begun at Bruges, and they were extended after October 12 to Alost, Termonde, Ghent, Courtrai, Mons, Nivelles, Florennes, Antwerp, and finally Brussels, where the first deportation was announced for November 18.

Let those who bow down and worship before the idol of efficiency take note that the method of this devilry was—for temporal purposes—quite efficient. The Germans had tried for some time to obtain information about the unemployed. The National Relief Committee and the municipalities who kept the lists refused to hand them over, despite threat and—frequently—the use of force. They were then subjected to blackmail. So anxious were the Germans to relieve the distress of the "unemployed" that they fined the city of Bruges 200,000 marks outright, with 20,000 marks for every day's delay in producing the lists. The members of the municipality were arrested and imprisoned. Still failing to obtain the lists, however, the Germans used the electoral lists and their own lists of men of military age, or rounded up the able-bodied men in the streets. The philosophy of this method, perhaps, was that, if they deported all those whom they could find, there might be more work for the unemployed whom they could not find. It would not be too curious a piece of reasoning for the logic of Prussia or the humanitarianism of the German army.

The men were usually called together at some mustering place, where they were examined as to their fitness for certain kinds of work, lack of employment not being a factor one way or the other. In many cases, indeed, the unemployed were sent back to their homes. Rich and poor alike were deported, and skilled artisans—who never lacked employment—were usually preferred. In some places every able-bodied man was taken.

Only twenty-four hours were allowed between the calling up and the deportation, and this time had to be spent in preparing a special outfit, particulars of which were given, together with the announcement which I mentioned above, that "money could be taken." Surely a generous, a dangerously generous, excess of the spirit of liberty!

The new slaves were then torn away from their families, herded into cattle trucks, and sent off to unknown destinations. It is known, however, that large numbers are conveyed to

some places behind the German lines in France, and that they are digging trenches both in France and in Belgium, helping to construct aerodromes, and doing other kinds of military work. Others were deported to Germany, as is attested by the numerous trains passing through Herbestal. But the destination of the great majority of individuals is unknown, and they are completely lost to their families, who, in turn, may be forced from their present place of residence long before they meet again. It seems doubtful whether many of these broken families will ever be reunited. But the Kaiser's "bleeding heart" will, no doubt, subdue their homelier griefs into a becoming silence. So august are the sorrows of Emperors!

At Ghent and Antwerp the men were taken to concentration camps and invited to sign agreements to work in Germany at the munificent rate of threepence a day, part of which was to be deducted for their food. The agreement was described as "voluntary." Then, in the decree published at Antwerp on November 2, follows the sublimely naive declaration that "those refusing to sign the voluntary agreement will be immediately deported to Germany. The point of destination will be some place in Germany. The workmen will be distributed among the German factories, where they will have to work."

Undoubtedly the German devil is suffering from a progressive softening of the brain; for his stupidity is as appalling as his brutality. The throbings of the heavy brain can be followed by a child. There is obvious method in his deeds, however, though his thoughts contradict one another. "Every deported workman," said the Belgian bishops, "is another soldier for the German army," for the Belgians so deported release other for the front.

The Belgians refused, almost without exception, to sign "the voluntary agreement." Some of them were promptly deported. Others were starved into "voluntary" submission after they had been deprived of food for two or three days.

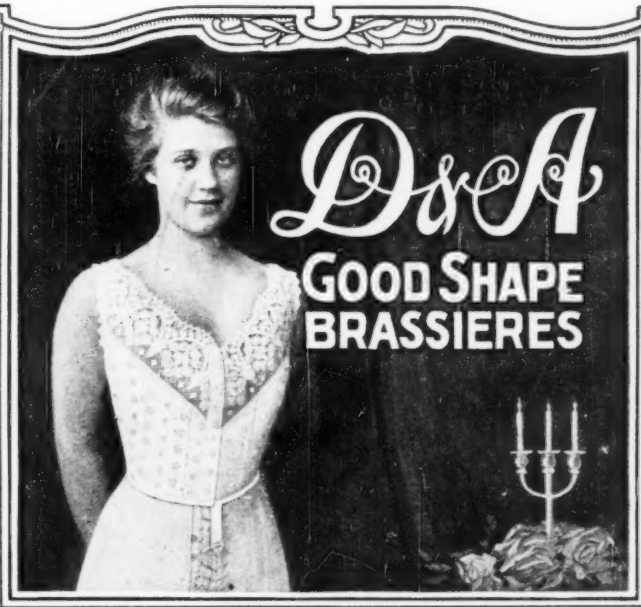
But those who were deported, unexhausted by starvation, showed all the sublime courage of their nation, a little nation which has leaped to the first rank among all the nations of history during these tragic years of war. For Belgium, at least, is immortal now with Greece and Rome, a beacon light of civilization. And as her sons were carried away into their temporal captivity all along the railway lines there fluttered "scraps of paper" of another sort, which had been thrown out by the deportees. They bore the legend, *Wij zullen nooit werken voor den Duitser, noch onze naam op papier zitting. Lang leve Konig Albert!* ("We will never work for the Germans and never sign an agreement. Long live King Albert!")

Within a week more than fifteen thousand of these men were taken from Flanders. In the Mons district twenty-five per cent. of the male population has been carried away. And this wholesale deportation continues. Five train-loads cross the frontier daily. The Germans say they need three hundred and fifty thousand men.

In the slave trains they are treated worse than cattle. Sixty men are crammed into a wagon for forty. The wagons are open to wind and rain, and no food, or very little, is provided. Yet as these trains of slaves (who can never be slaves while life remains to them) roll into the stranger's land the silent crowds who watch them hear the thunder of their national songs; hear a nobler music than all the art of Germany could ever produce; hear these prisoners that are kings, chanting the "Brabanconne" and "The Lion of Flanders."

"We used to think that music crude," said a Belgian to me recently, "but we cannot hear it now without tears."

And what a symphony is there, transcending anything that the imagination of Beethoven conceived! There, over the sobs and cries of the women and children, with the mutter of the redeeming guns already upon the horizon, rises that mighty chorus, as the trains move out with their triumphing loads of white slaves.



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## Possibilities of a 4-hour Workday

*Charles P. Steinmetz Predicts a Time When the World's Work Will be Done in Eight Hundred Hours a Year.*

THE discussion concerning the eight-hour law makes of timely interest the idea of Charles P. Steinmetz, that the four-hour workday may be the final standard of labor. Mr. Steinmetz treats the subject at length in a recent article in the *New York Sun*, extracts from which are quoted herewith:

Shorter hours mean a decreased plant efficiency, and thus an increase of the fixed cost representing interest and depreciation of the factory investment, as the plant remains idle a larger part of the time, and this will have to be met by operating in several shifts, utilizing the plant by several successive sets of employees.

But what afterwards? With the eight-hour day accomplished the demand will not stop, but go toward a seven-hour day, six-hour day, etc. What is the ultimate limit at which the decrease of the hours of labor will have to stop, if our civilization shall continue? Or what readjustment in our social organization, in our standards of living, will be required to accommodate it to a greatly reduced labor supply?

One hundred years ago the average workday was ten to eleven hours. Now it is eight to nine hours. It has decreased about 20 per cent. The productivity of work in these hundred years, by the steam engine and the infinite number of inventions and improvements following it, has increased at least tenfold—probably more nearly twenty to thirty fold—but for illustration let us assume only a tenfold increase.

Thus with only an average of one hour's work during the day we could now produce as much as we did in ten hours a hundred years ago, and could live in the same manner, with the same standard of living which satisfied us a hundred years ago, by working only one hour a day. But we have realized on the increased productivity of man, not by a reduction of the hours of labor, but by an increase of consumption of commodities. In short, we are getting the benefit by receiving many more commodities—eight to ten times as much as satisfied us a hundred years ago—but not by working shorter hours.

But is this abnormal increase of consumption, which in spite of the enormous increase of productivity requires almost the same working hours, desirable, or is it even desired? Is it not to a large extent artificial and unnatural, fostered by the producers? A considerable part of the world's work of today is not production, but is advertising, selling and all those activities which essentially aim to increase the production by stimulating demand where it did not exist. By these artificial means the consumption has been increased to keep up with the production at the old rate of working hours.

Suppose now we should discontinue consumption of things we never cared for until somebody persuaded us to their use and be satisfied with only four to five times the commodities with which we got along one hundred years ago; this would give a four hour workday. But the elimination of all the work in making us use more than we have the inclination to use by advertising, selling, etc., the elimination of obvious waste and inefficiency of duplication of production, etc., would still further materially reduce the work of the world, so that, even without discounting the improvements and inventions which are continuously being made, we can see a world with a standard of living fully as satisfactory as ours, but working only four hours a day, only 200 days during the year—that is, taking a week or two for recreation at every holiday and two months vacation in summer.

This is far away, but it is no idle dream, for we only need to look across the water, toward war-torn Europe, and we can see con-



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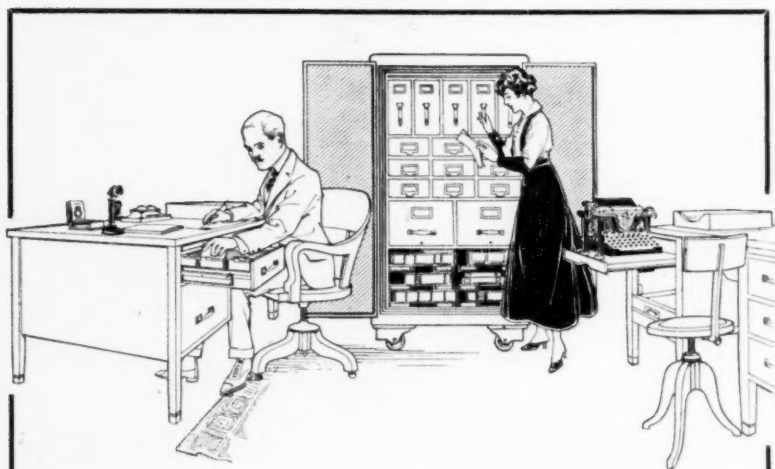
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Sole Makers  
1520

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ditions which, with the waste of war removed, would not be far different from the above.

While the entire world is called upon to feed and supply the Allies during this war the blockaded Central Powers feed and supply themselves and get along fairly successfully, as far as we can see, and what little trouble there is due to imperfections of the new organization rather. But if we allow for the millions of producers who are kept in productive idleness in the armies, and supported by the best the nation has in food, physical and medical supervision, the other millions wasting their energy in unproductive work in making ammunition and war materials, subtract the mass of products consumed by these unproductive elements, the consumption of the peaceful part of the nation certainly amounts to materially less than four hours a day productivity. Thus under better skies the same organization of production and elimination of waste would make the above dream a reality.

If work and sleep and eating are necessities of living the efficiency of life is measured by how large a part of our life we have at disposition for ourselves, not occupied by necessities, but free to fulfil life's aim as we understand it.

In spite of the enormous advance of the human race in the last hundred years the increase of efficiency of life has been very small.

Let us look at it. One hundred years ago man worked ten hours a day, an average, for 300 days during the year. This meant:—

Total number of hours during the year $365 \times 24 = 8,760$ hours.....	100%
Sleeping (8 hrs. per day) and eating (1 hr.) $365 \times 9 = 3,285$ hours.....	37.5%
Working 300 days at 10 hours, $300 \times 10 = 3,000$ hours.....	34.4%
Leaving available as free time 2,745 hours.....	28.1%
At present with an eight-hour workday, working 300 days during the year, it means:	
Total number of hours during the year $365 \times 24 = 8,760$ hours.....	100%
Sleeping (8 hrs. per day) and eating (1 hr.) $365 \times 9 = 3,285$ hours.....	37.5%
Working 300 days at 8 hours, $300 \times 8 = 2,400$ hours.....	27.4%
Leaving available as free time 3,085 hours.....	35.1%

Thus, in spite of the great progress during the last hundred years, the efficiency of human life has increased only from 28.1 per cent. to 35.1 per cent., or by 7 per cent., and still is extremely small, 35.1 per cent.

If, however, we could fully realize on our advancements, with a four-hour day and 200 working days, the record would stand:

Total number of hours during the year $365 \times 24 = 8,760$ hours.....	100%
Sleeping (8 hrs. per day) and eating (1 hr.) $365 \times 9 = 3,285$ hours.....	37.5%
Working 200 days at 4 hours, $200 \times 4 = 800$ hours.....	9.1%
Leaving available as free time 4,675 hours.....	53.4%

This would give 53.4 per cent. as a maximum possible efficiency under the present conditions of human knowledge, nearly twice as much as 100 years ago, and would be an advancement worth while.

But with the increasing subdivision of work the character of the work has changed, and with it the attitude of the worker toward it; the creative element has gone out of the work. To the shoemaker of former days who from the leather as raw material made a complete pair of shoes, to the machinist who collaborated in building a finished machine there was a satisfaction in the creation of things which necessarily gave them an interest in their work. This satisfaction in his work the piece worker cannot feel, who makes the same seam in every one of the thousand shoes which pass before him in the shoe factory or who makes the same slash in every one of the carcasses passing before him in the slaughter house, or drops the same bolt into the same kind of hole in the automobile factory.

Thus the work of the world has largely changed to labor, to drudgery, and the interest which the worker of former days found in his work he now seeks outside of the working hours. As the result the demand for shorter working hours, though existing in

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**START** to-day on a course of Sanagen. It will restore wasted strength. It gives you vigorous and bounding health. It will help your digestion and improve your appetite.

Just two spoonfuls three times a day, and on retiring, and soon the overtaxed brain and exhausted nerves obtain the nourishment and strength they need.

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Because Sanagen is a wonderful tonic food containing the very substances of which the human body is composed. It is in fact a nitrogenous food consisting of pure British milk-casein, with phosphorus in the form of glycerophosphates. It thereby not only imparts its own proteids and phosphorus, but it also enables you to absorb these elements from your daily food. That explains why Sanagen is decidedly beneficial as a restorative agent. That explains why it is a scientific food, having an upbuilding and strengthening or tonic value. That explains finally why it is so strongly recommended and so often prescribed by physicians in their own practice.

## SANAGEN

The fact is your doctor will tell you that no more potent tonic-food exists for restoring vigor and energy to the body, brains and nerves than Sanagen.

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With a Blaisdell pencil just "nick" the narrow strip of paper between the perforations and "pull." Your pencil is sharpened, quick as a wink and clean as a whistle. No time nor lead is wasted by whittling. No soiled hands nor littered floor.

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**WALTER E. IRONS**

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former times, has become more insistent now, with the changed character of most of the industrial work.

It is often difficult for the captain of industry, the leader, or manager to understand why the employees demand the eight hour working day while he himself is working twelve to fourteen hours without complaint; but let us distinguish between creative work and monotonous labor and the matter is clearer. Of the twelve hours of the director two hours may be uninteresting mechanical routine, drudgery; ten hours supervision, administration, direction of work—in short, creative activities; and compared with the piece worker the balance of labor stands two hours against eight hours.

Even in the United States the rapidly increasing means of production have crept up to and beyond the means of possible consumption, and the industrial problem has become urgent.

This problem had not been expected in the early days of the competitive system of society, and while to-day most people throughout the civilized world feel that there is a hitch somewhere in the working of free competition, most people do not yet clearly realize where and why competition failed to bring about that stable balance between production and consumption which was the orthodox idea of the economists of the past, in the early days of the individualistic era, and which is still the conception of many of those who, far from the work of the world under the student lamp and in the chairs of our universities, ponder over the problems of the nation.

The conception as a benevolent force in the industrial progress was based upon the theory that by competition between the producers price would be lowered down to near the cost of production, stopping just as much above the cost of production as is necessary to give a fair profit.

The fallacy involved in this reasoning is the neglect of the economic law that it is more economical to operate a business or factory at a loss than it is to have it stand idle, because to have an industry, a factory, stand idle involves the continuous loss in fixed charges.

The result is that unlimited competition as soon as the ability of producing has increased beyond the available demand for the product forces the price down not merely to the value giving a fair profit above the cost of production, as dreamed by the early economists, but the dropping of price stops only there, where it would become cheaper to stop production than to produce at a loss—that is, where the

loss in production exceeds the loss of having the industry stand idle; the limitation of price, forced by free competition, is below the cost of production, and as the result the level reached by free industrial competition is an unstable condition, a condition of production at a loss, which can exist and continue for a limited time only, but finally ends in the bankruptcy of many of the producers, in serious losses to others, and in widespread destruction of values.

The natural result of this industrial law is that free competition cannot continue, but that intelligent people in charge of the industries all over the world—whether they be the milkmen or ice dealers supplying a small country town, or the presidents of rolling mills or railroads—have to come together and stop unlimited competition before the level of destruction is reached.

This led to co-operation as the industrial force which is taking the place of competition.

Many people in our country, in all walks of life, economists and statesmen, even, do not yet realize the working of this economic law and its consequence.

They see competition vanishing before co-operation or consolidation, and still dreaming of competition as the beneficent force which it was in the early days of industrial development, endeavor to restore competition. Therefore, you see all the attempts to resurrect to life a dead issue by legal enactments, by trying to break up the corporations, enforcing competition by law, etc.

Thus, not the "trusts" are killing competition, but the failure of competition is the cause of industrial consolidation of the corporations. Thus whenever outside forces did not interfere the inevitable, because natural, industrial development in the individualistic era is, from small production by numerous independent individual producers—in the days before Lincoln in our country—to a smaller number of larger industrial establishments still personally owned and managed. Then by consolidation of the stronger and elimination of the weaker ones came the formation of industrial corporations, each representing the combination of numerous individual producers.

There is, however, some excuse for the opposition against the co-operation of the corporations controlling the industry, in the danger to the public welfare which the power of such co-operative organization may involve in a nation like ours, which has no stable, permanent and therefore responsible Government, but in which the Government is still largely dominated by the principle of rotation in office for the distribution of spoils. In the control of an industry by the co-operation of the industrial corporations in controlling production and prices, it is possible to limit production below the demand and so "corner" the product, and to raise the prices beyond those giving a fair return on the legitimate investment of capital.

Then the combination becomes a national menace, especially where foreign competition does not act as a check, as in free trade England. Sometimes such exploitation of the public may be premeditated, but more often it is the result of the inefficiency of production, and the latter is the more serious side of the problem, as it is more difficult to deal with than a mere attempt at extortion.

## Dye-stuffs Made in America

Dr. Thomas H. Norton Discovers Dye Formulas Known Only to Germany.

**G**ERMANY for many years monopolized the dye stuff markets of the world, German secrecy kept the treasured formulas from rivals, and German trade combinations stood ever ready to smash competitors by under-selling, so no other country could gain a foothold in the markets. Then came the European war, and something akin to panic spread in factories which found coloring materials essential to their products. Some manufac-

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turers threatened to close their mills. It seemed as though people must wear white goods requiring no dyes, or materials colored with inferior blacks and blues which could be produced in small quantities. According to the *American Magazine*, the difficulty has been solved very satisfactorily in America.

The United States Government saw the need for information. President Wilson talked it over with the Cabinet. The officials decided to assign some expert chemist to the job of nursing the industry along in America, gathering facts to lead the struggling dye-makers into the light.

The Federal rolls at first suggested no suitable chemist. The officials searched in vain for weeks. Then, they found the man. They found him, not in the numerous scientific bureaus of the Government, but attached to the State Department, an American consul at Chemnitz, Saxony.

They found Dr. Thomas H. Norton, with degrees from Hamilton and Heidelberg, and experience with great chemical industries in America and abroad. They transferred him to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, with the title of "special agent," and gave him a desk, a stenographer, an appropriation, and mighty few instructions. Nobody knew, except in a general way, what to tell him to do.

Doctor Norton, confident, but modest and unassuming, keen-eyed and smiling, whose sixty-five years have left only a few marks of gray in his dark brown hair, lost no time in getting to work. He gathered from the government libraries all the books which had any bearing on the subject. Most of them were in German, and he translated important sections for the information of American dye-makers. He carefully recorded all the complicated formulas which he found, and furnished them to the firms interested in the industry.

Doctor Norton gathered formulas for manufacturing 23 different grades of coal-tar dyes, which were possible to make from ingredients plentiful in America. He visited some of the struggling plants; he gave advice, and he studied and wrote. With the various factories fairly well started, able in a degree to meet the immediate shortage, he set about to take an American "dye-stuff census."

How could he learn what American textile and other manufacturers needed most, what colors and in what quantities? How could he get the data quickly, accurately and fully?

Doctor Norton solved the problem by examining the customs invoices of the Treasury Department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, just before the outbreak of the war.

The 37,500 separate entries of dyestuffs and intermediaries that year, Doctor Norton found, came to the United States apparently as 5,674 different grades, representing the entire range of colors, shades and composition. Some of the brands, however, are identical, he knew, since the various foreign manufacturers producing the same goods made no effort to maintain uniformity in markings.

Doctor Norton estimates that there are 3,000 different grades of dyestuffs, the composition of 923 of which are known in the United States. To all intents and purposes this is sufficient to meet the ordinary needs of manufacturers. The formulas for the other 2,000 grades, chiefly modifications in composition, probably can be worked out in time.

Doctor Norton ascertained, too, that American industries consume 29,000 short tons of dyestuffs annually. The supposition generally was that the amount did not exceed 20,000 short tons.

With Doctor Norton's nursing, the American dyestuff industry, two years ago an infant in arms, now is a rapidly-growing youngster, beginning to walk. Where there were six dyestuff manufacturers in this country two years ago, now there are nearly fifty. Two years ago there were only 398 operatives in the entire American field; now 1,000 workmen are employed in a single establishment.

American coal tar is yielding now no less than three-fourths of all the artificial colors required in the manufacture of textile, paper and other materials.

## RENNIE'S FARM GARDEN Pure--New Seeds

- Improved Beefsteak Tomato (enormous size). Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 35c, oz. 60c.
- Copenhagen Market Cabbage (high class early). Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 40c, oz. 75c.
- Improved Breakfast Radish (crisp). Pkg. 5c, oz. 10c, 4 ozs. 30c.
- Wardwell's Kidney Wax Beans (market sort). 4 oz. 15c, lb. 55c, 5 lbs. \$2.40.
- Best Snowball Cauliflower. Pkgs. 15c, 25c, 1/4 oz. 85c, 1/2 oz. \$1.50.
- XXX Golden Self-Blanching Celery. Pkg. 25c, 1/4 oz. 75c, 1/2 oz. \$1.40.
- Ringleader Sweet Table Corn (ready in 60 days). Pkg. 10c, lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.50.
- Cool and Crisp Cucumber (bears all season). Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
- New York Lettuce (immense solid heads). Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 70c.
- Market-Maker Golden Globe Onion (big cropper). Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, lb. \$2.10.
- Yellow Onion Setts (select Canadian). Lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70.
- XXX Earliest Table Marrow Peas. 4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. \$1.90.
- Jumbo Sugar Beet (for stock feed). 4 ozs. 15c, 1/2 lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. \$2.20.
- Perfection Mammoth Red Mangel (very large). 1/2 lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. \$2.20.
- Canadian Gem Swede Turnip (good keeper). 4 ozs. 20c, 1/2 lb. 37c, lb. 70c, 5 lbs. \$3.40.
- Improved Greystone Turnip. 4 ozs. 15c, 1/2 lb. 27c, lb. 50c.
- Thousand-Headed Kale (for green food). 4 ozs. 25c, 1/2 lb. 35c, lb. 60c, 5 lbs. \$2.10.
- High Grade Gold Nugget Yellow Flint Field Seed Corn. Bush. \$3.35, 5 bush. \$16.25.
- High Grade Wisconsin No. 7 White Dent Seed Corn. Bush. \$2.85, 5 bush. \$13.75.
- Select Irish White Seed Oats. Bus. \$1.25, 10 bus. \$12.00.
- Seed Barley, O.A.C. "21" (six rowed). Bus. \$1.80, 5 bus. \$8.75.
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143 UNIVERSITY AVENUE TORONTO, ONTARIO

 To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario

## "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home"



**I**N this year of supreme effort Britain and her armies must have ample supplies of food, and Canada is the great source upon which they rely. Greater production is a vital necessity. Every one with a few square feet of ground can contribute to victory by growing vegetables.

### Four Patriotic Reasons For Growing Your Own Vegetables

1—It saves money that you would otherwise spend for vegetables, thus being an effective means of thrift, leaving your money free for purposes more directly helpful to the cause.

2—It helps to lower the "High cost of living."

3—By increasing production your vegetable

garden helps to enlarge the urgently needed surplus of produce for export to the Motherland and her allies.

4—Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves several hours' labor of some worker somewhere whose effort at this critical time should be expended upon producing food for export, or upon other vital war work.

Multiply your effort by the number of available garden plots in cities, towns and villages all over Ontario and the significance of vegetable production as a form of patriotic thrift becomes one of startling importance to the country!

### The Department of Agriculture Will Help You

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing. Manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Organizations are invited to arrange for instructive talks by practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure a local speaker the Department of Agriculture will, on request, send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly. Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," De-

Write for Poultry Bulletin.

The waste from the average table would support a small flock of hens. They are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens.

partment of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate interest by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers or by supplying expert advice in the field.

#### Send for Literature.

To every one interested in vegetable growing the Department of Agriculture will, on receipt of request, send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop.

A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden will be sent free of charge to any address.

## Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings, Toronto



## When Northcliffe Bought the Times

*Some Amusing Difficulties in Modernizing the System of an Old English Newspaper.*

SOMEONE has suggested the following comparison of our American institutions and those of England: In America we construct our institutions; in England they are born. Our institutions are machines; those of the English are biological growths. In an American business concern the machinery functions when some man has his hand on the crank turning the wheels; in an English business concern there are no wheels, only legs and arms. With the British business enterprise men come and go, generations pass, and the business—a living thing, not a machine—goes on its way, carrying its managers with it. An interesting case bearing out this idea is found in the story of how Northcliffe took over *The Times*, as told by William Gunn Shepherd in *Every Week*:—

When Lord Northcliffe, after a terrific business fight, succeeded in getting the anciently established British family that owned the *Times* to take his money and give him a deed to the great newspaper, he discovered that he had purchased an aged oak—so aged that he was fearful to trim a branch or touch a root. When the dream of his life had come true, and he could at last step into the dusty old buildings and breathe the sacred though musty air of the old place, and know, the while, that he owned it all, puzzlement rather than pleasure is said to have been his sensation.

"Why, I can't discharge an errand-boy down there without running the risk of upsetting the whole institution," he said.

Which was true, since most of the errand-boys were white-haired men whose duties, formed during decades of service, were as important to the smooth running of the *Times* as the duties of the editor himself.

The staffs in the business office, the editorial rooms, the press room, and the library consisted, in the main, of white-haired, mysterious old gentlemen who performed regularly a set of mysterious tasks, and had been doing so for many years. In little side rooms clerks toyed with figures that seemed to mean nothing; in other rooms men wrote things that were never printed; in the library were men who appeared to spend their time in taking down books, reading them, and putting them back in place again. They were all on the pay-rolls.

"I can't find out what's done here or who does it," Northcliffe is credited in the London Press Club with having said one evening, with a homeless sigh, as he saw his great staff depart after a day's toil.

The books showed him nothing but the names of the employees and their salaries. Most of these were ridiculously low. Though the standard of newspaper salaries had risen considerably, the *Times* had not seemed to know it.

Northcliffe attempted to have the employees called to his private office, one at a time, for conversation; but to be summoned to the office of the publisher was so upsetting to an employee and his friends that Northcliffe discontinued it; the operation was too much like settling questions of life and death.

Desperation seized upon the great British publisher. They tell in the Press Club how, for some weeks, the gloomy hallways of the *Times* were haunted by a gentle, smiling British gentleman who, with a business card in his hand reading "Lord Northcliffe," waylaid all comers with the question:

"I beg your pardon, but won't you please tell me your name?"

The conversation in the dark hallway usually went like this:

"My name is So-and-So."



## All Foods Are There

### 16 Elements in Quaker Oats

Nature makes many foods, some rich in one element, some in another.

But in the oat she combines them all, in just the right proportions.

There are 16 elements in oats. Here science finds the perfectly-balanced food. One could live on oats alone, plus the fat in milk.

Here Nature stores a wealth of vim-food, to energize the user. And here she lavishes exquisite flavor to delight.

So the oat is to people like honey to the bee. Like the nut to the squirrel. It is all-in-all.

## Quaker Oats

### The Superlative Vim-Food

We get Nature's choicest oats, then discard two-thirds. That to get the queen oats only, rich in flavor and aroma.

Those big, plump grains—and those alone—are flaked for Quaker Oats.

That's the reason for this luscious flavor which has won the world to

Quaker. It is known to people of every clime.

In cottage and palace, all the world over, this is the favorite brand. Yet asking for it brings it to you without extra price. Don't miss this premier dish.

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Except in Far West

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Peterborough, Canada

1521

Saskatoon, Canada

"Well, I am Lord Northcliffe. Now, won't you please tell me what your duties are here?"  
 "I do such-and-such a thing."  
 "Ah! Yes! Now, won't you tell me what your wages are?"

"I have so-and-so many shillings a week."  
 "Too little, my boy! Too little! You ought to have more. I want to have everybody on the *Times* happy and well paid, you know. Tell everybody so, won't you? That's a good chap. Tell them not to be afraid of me. I mean quite all right to everybody, you know."

On the card Northcliffe would write a note to the cashier telling him to increase "So-and-So's" wages by so much.

"Now take that to the cashier and give it to him. You must have more, my boy—must have more! All a little family here together, you know. Want everybody happy and comfortable. Tell all your friends in the office not to run away from me in the hallways, won't you? Want to meet 'em all. Not much of a stair-climber; when they run upstairs I simply can't catch them. That's all. Tell them not to run away, you know."

This system worked better. The informality of it did not terrify the staff, and it also reassured the old oak that it was not going to be cut down. But the change was too slow to suit Northcliffe; so one day he said to Murray Allison, an Australian, and one of his brightest young business stars:

"Go down to that *Times* office and see if you can't get the place modernized without giving it too much of a jolt."

Allison hustled over to the *Times* in an automobile, dashed in—and discovered, from the hurt and astonished gaze on the faces of the staff, that dashing wouldn't help him any. He decided that it would be best for him to select an office in the building, settle down quietly, and let his modern influence slowly ooze out into the surroundings. After several days of looking around he chose a room that appeared to be unoccupied, hunted up the custodian, and said:

"I'd like to have Room 28 for my office."

"I'm afraid you can't have it, sir."

"Can't have it? Why, whose is it?"

"Don't know whose it is, sir. He's a gentleman that comes every Saturday afternoon and occupies the room, sir."

Allison passed another dozen days without an office; but the desire for Room 28 grew into a determination to make another try for it. He went to 28 the next Saturday afternoon, seated himself in one of several big leather-covered chairs, and waited.

At last a man entered. He wore a high silk hat, side-whiskers, a frock-coat, and carried an alligator-skin bag, which he placed on the floor with considerable care. He gave Allison the "once-over" in a disinterested fashion, seated himself in a great easy chair, and began to read the morning paper, which had evidently been spread out for him on the table.

"My name is Allison," said Lord Northcliffe's representative.

"Ah, yes," answered the man politely.

"May I ask your name?"

"Jarrols is my name."

"Been with the *Times* long."

"Oh, been coming here about twenty-five years now."

"This your room?"

"Yes. Been mine for a long time."

"What do you do here? May I ask your duties?"

"Oh, I come here every Saturday afternoon with my bag, and stay until Monday morning."

"Sleep here?"

"Yes. Can't go away to sleep very well."

"Eat here?"

"Yes. Restaurant, chap near here brings up my meals."

"Well—what, exactly, do you do here? What are your duties?"

"Nothing particularly. I just come here to this room and stay here until Monday morning, and read and sleep and wait."

"Been doing that for twenty-five years?"

"Yes, about that. I took the job over from a gentleman who had filled it for forty years. He died."

"Pretty easy way to keep on the *Times* pay-roll," suggested Allison.

"I'm not on the *Times* pay-roll, bless you!" said the man.

"Well, who are you, then?" asked Allison, in exasperation.

"Why, I'm Jarrols. Jarrols of Scoots' Bank."

"But why do you come here to the *Times*?" persisted Allison.

"I don't know. I've been coming here for twenty-five years and the gentleman before me came here for forty years. My job is to bring my bag here and stay until Monday morning."

"What's in the bag?"

"Scoots may tell you that. I'm not at liberty to do so."

Monday morning, bright and early Allison was at Scoots' Bank, demanding to know more of Mr. Jarrols of Room 28. It took two days for the bank officials to dig out of their two-hundred-year-old files the correspondence between the *Times* and Scoots' which gave Jarrols and his predecessor their strange jobs.

Seventy-five years ago an editor of the *Times* who wanted to send a correspondent across to France in a hurry one Saturday night found all the money in the business office was locked up. He took a collection around the office for the correspondent, and then sat down and wrote a letter to the business manager, saying he didn't want to have such a thing occur again. On Saturday nights and over Sunday

there must always be some free and loose money lying around the *Times* office somewhere.

So the business manager wrote a letter to Scoots' Bank asking them to send a man with five hundred gold sovereigns to the *Times* every Saturday afternoon and keep him there until Monday morning. The *Times*, he added, would furnish him with a couch and with his meals.

And so the arrangement had been going on for three quarters of a century. The *Times* grew and established offices in every capital in Europe; no longer were the men from the London offices sent out on mad and sudden dashes to out-of-the-way places. But nobody, in all those years, thought to tell Scoots that their man with his five hundred gold pieces was no longer needed. And all the men at Scoots' and all the men at the *Times* who had made the arrangement passed the way of mortal flesh, and the men who took their places let things go on in good old English fashion, as they had always been doing.

Allison took Room 28, and the next Sunday Jarrols, for the first time in twenty-five years, worshipped with his family.

It's all right to talk about American business men adjusting their methods to suit the business systems of other countries. But there is a limit.

## How to Pick a \$25,000 a Year Man

*Heads of the Only Two Billion Dollar Corporations in the World Tell What Qualities Are Most in Demand.*

ELBERT L. GARY, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, and Theodore W. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and head of the Bell system, have been persuaded to tell, in the *American Magazine*, the kind of men they want for high positions. Quoting briefly from the views of these experts we have the following:

In his personal experience, Mr. Vail says: "We have always had two or three office boys around. I would notice the particularly bright one. Then I would miss one of them and on asking where he had gone I would be told 'He took up stenography and is now in the clerk's office.' Pretty soon I will send to the head of some department to get certain information. He will bring in a youth with the remark, 'This is the man who knows more about it than any one else.' And I will recognize in the expert my old friend the ex-office boy. This is happening every week. These young men are not pushed forward. They get there themselves. They win their own way." Further extracts from Mr. Vail's philosophy read:

"The man who forges ahead is not the one who does only what he is told has to be done; he is the fellow who does what he sees *should be done*—provided he doesn't imagine he is more important than he really is. Initiative counts heavily. I feel like taking off my hat to a cripple who has had push enough to devise some way to earn his own living, rather than lazily allowing himself to become a public charge."

"Common sense is one of the most important ingredients of success. It is also one of the rarest things in life. As someone aptly said: 'Common sense is the most uncommon thing in the world.'"

"A corporation's employees must be the eyes and ears of its executive. I recently impressed upon our boys that initiative, originality, progress, ideas, do not come from the top down, but from the bottom up. They come first from all the people to the centre, to the chief officer, who winnows everything and tries to separate the good from the bad. The good is sent down again, to be put into operation."

"Men in an organization must be made to feel they are part of that organization—for the *esprit de corps*, to my mind, is one of the

most important factors. Whatever I have to do I always find can be done easier and better by getting every man concerned in it to feel that he is doing it, too. I am only one cog in a large wheel."

"Why do employers pay a man a big salary? Because he can earn it; and he must show before he gets it that he can earn it; if he cannot earn it, after all, he cannot hold his position against one who can."

"A company or employer engages a man not only to earn his own salary and his own expenses, but to earn a margin over and above. The earnings of the employee must contribute its share to the payment of the interest on capital employed in the business, the maintenance and upkeep of the plant, and the many other expenses connected with a going enterprise, and also show a little profit for the man or concern employing him. Without this profit there would be no business."

"Some men can make a success of working for others, yet cannot make a success working for themselves. They lack the quality or temperament that assumes responsibility. They are magnificent lieutenants but not captains. The man who employs has to assume responsibility, risks—in fact the whole burden of making good is upon him."

"The European war has shown there are any number of men who make magnificent soldiers when they have officers to direct them, but who go to pieces when left without a commander."

Why do so many college-bred youths and the sons of wealthy parents fail in business life? Let Mr. Vail, out of his long experience answer:

"The young man entering life must not be impatient. He must accumulate experience, he must learn the duties of his position by the actual doing before he has any value to his employer."

"The reason so many college boys fail is that they are full of theories; they think they know it all. A college course is a good thing, an excellent thing, but it must be given to the right kind of youth. Quite a number of the highest positions are filled by men who went through college but who had no false notions as to what was required of them when they entered business. No man is worth anything until he has gone into the heat of the battle and had his theories subordinated to practice."

"The son of rich parents is handicapped in his youth. He gets no experience of doing things, and no opportunity to benefit from hard knocks."

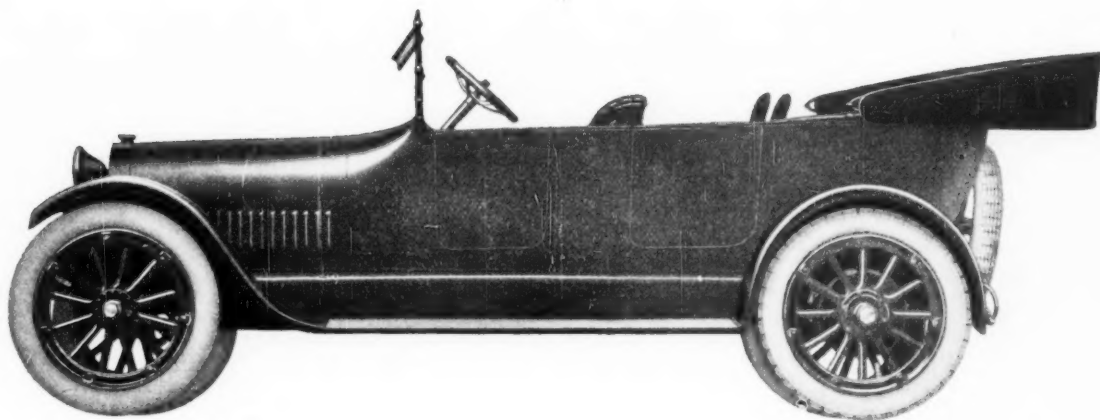
Then Mr. Vail explains how he has accomplished so much in his seventy-one years of life.

"No one man in Gold's world can do much,"

---

*Studebaker*  
Established 1852

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## THE NEW SERIES 18 STUDEBAKER CARS ARE LEADERS

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construction that absorbs all road shocks and insures safety and comfort at all times; ample room and real comfort for five grown people, and auxiliary arm chairs in the tonneau for two extra passengers, that slide under the rear seat when not in use; and the most accessible chassis throughout of any motor car built.

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FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS		
FOUR Chassis	- - - -	\$1195
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FOUR Every-Weather Car	- - - -	1570
FOUR Landau Roadster	- - - -	1575
All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville		

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Walkerville, Ont.

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS		
SIX Chassis	- - - -	\$1495
SIX Roadster	- - - -	1590
SIX Touring Car	- - - -	1595
SIX Landau Roadster	- - - -	1785
SIX Every-Weather Car	- - - -	1870
SIX Touring Sedan	- - - -	2245
SIX Coupe	- - - -	2310
SIX Limousine	- - - -	3430
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## STURDY CHILDREN

Oxo Cubes mean health, strength and irrepressible vitality to the little folk, and an immense saving of time and trouble for mothers and nurses.

Oxo Cubes are also a splendid safeguard against the little ailments which give mothers such anxiety. A daily cup of Oxo during the long dark winter months will ward off many a chill, and lessen the danger of being exposed to damp, inclement weather.

An Oxo Cube in a cup of hot milk is a nourishing and easily-digested diet. For delicate and anæmic children it is invaluable.

*A Cube to a Cup*

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes

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Smooth, hairfree underarms are fascinating in cleanliness. Apply some El Rado with a piece of absorbent cotton, then watch the hair dissolve. Really as simple as washing it off.

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MONTREAL

"No one man in God's world can do much,"  
"But how did you succeed in doing as much as you have done?" I persisted.

"By never doing anything I could find somebody else able to do better. Many failures are caused by putting good men in the wrong places. I try to avoid that. If men could only recognize what they can do and what they cannot do, endless trouble would be avoided. Some men think that because they have risen to a certain point they are capable of doing anything; they plunge in, find themselves in difficulties, and are carried down the stream.

"Concentration, application, persistency, good judgment, imagination—and courage. These spell success. Don't be easily discouraged."

"Were you never discouraged during your heartbreaking fight in the early days of the telephone when everything and everybody went against you?" I asked.

"If I was ever discouraged," he replied, "I never let anybody know it. Yet I have never had absolute unquestioning confidence in myself. I always kept in mind that there lay ahead the possibility of failure and, therefore, I did everything possible to guard against it. There is nothing more dangerous than cocksureness."

Judge Gary, head of the world's largest industrial army, after thinking the subject over carefully, compiled the following prescription for the young man ambitious to attain success:

1. He should be honest, truthful, sincere and serious.
2. He should believe in and preach and practice the Golden Rule.
3. He should be strong and healthy, physically and morally.
4. His habits and mode of living should be temperate and clean and his companions selected with regard to their character and reputation.
5. He should possess good natural ability and a determination constantly to improve his mind and memory.
6. He should possess a good education, including particularly the fundamentals, such as mathematics, grammar, spelling, writing, geography and history; and also a technical education concerning the lines he proposes to follow.
7. He should be studious and thoughtful, keeping his mind upon a subject until it is mastered.
8. He should be conscientious, modest but courageous, energetic, persistent, even-tempered, economical, faithful and loyal to his friends and the interests he represents.

Discussing salaries, Judge Gary has said: "One man may be cheap at \$100,000, another dear at \$10,000 in the same position. When \$100,000,000 or \$500,000,000 has to be spent, the amount paid in salary to the man entrusted with the spending of it is of little importance. Capitalists are not looking for men who will accept low salaries; they are on the outlook for men worth large salaries. Whether an enterprise succeeds or fails depends largely on the man at its head. Financiers are willing to pay for success.

"Combination has led to the creation of huge concerns. The salaries paid heads of such concerns are no larger than the salaries formerly paid, when you consider the increase in the responsibilities. Greater responsibilities demand greater fitness. Increased rewards inspire increased incentive."

Quite a number of men under Judge Gary draw one hundred dollars or more every day. Both salaries and wages have been going up—the workmen, at the suggestion of Judge Gary, received three increases in rapid succession not long ago. He believes the laborer is worthy of his hire, no matter how humble the task performed.

As in the telephone company, most of the highest officers in the Steel Corporation have risen from lowlier places than those occupied by the average reader of this magazine.

Prizes there are. This article has outlined how to set about qualifying to win them.



ESTABLISHED 1892  
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—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Pat. Nov. 3, 1908.

Address: GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co., (Inc.)  
20 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

## Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10cts.

**The Wonder of the World**  
Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we guarantee to be true. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS**. Winter or Summer and when 3 years old will have 500-600 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with our guarantee by mail, **only Ten Cents.** Japan Seed Co. Box 169 South Norwalk, Conn.



### DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

**ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS** for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

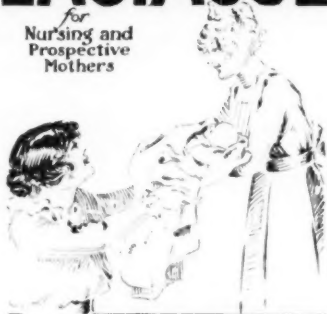
Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Mothers



**YES,** Nurse Doctor was right. LACTAGOL has made a difference already. See how the full, rich nurse it has brought me is telling on baby's strength and daily improvement. And Doctor says he'll have fifteen times greater chances of robust health.

No mother need endanger her babe with the diseases that linger in nursing bottles when LACTAGOL will naturally increase the quantity and enrich the quality of mother's milk though weeks have passed since nurse has failed.

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17,000 Tons Displacement  
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For full information apply to

**Quebec S. S. Company**  
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**Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd.**  
Montreal Toronto Quebec  
or Any Ticket Agent

## Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 28.

A FEW minutes later Mrs. Finley was making the bed ready in a room a short distance from her own. She had already gone to bed when Minden called her, but Cora sat reading in her own room and, hearing Minden's voice, came out into the hall. Briefly Minden told her the story, and she had quickly repeated it to her mother.

Presently she herself was below stairs scalding milk, into which she poured a beaten-up egg and sherry. It is hard to tell what sort of man she expected to see in the office. Minden had said nothing about the youth, about his handsomeness and soldierly appearance, or of his name or family; and she had imagined some rough westerner with a red handkerchief round his neck, with a hard-bitten face and rough bony hands. When she entered the office, Sheldon was on his feet, leaning on Minden's shoulder, for he was six inches taller. He stood, head bent forward, with that piteous look of despair which seizes youth when checked on its course. His look of suffering softened the almost iron lines of the shapely head, and gave a touch of poetry to a determined face, which had more uprightness, persistence, courage and good humor than aught else. Her hand tightened almost spasmodically on the glass of milk she held, as her glance fell on the wounded refugee. Her eyes met his in one long look, and a wonderful smile came to his lips. She shivered, however, as she went forward and held the milk to his lips.

Half an hour later the Young Doctor had a talk with Minden in his office. "He will get well, unless there's something we can't see," remarked the Young Doctor decisively. "But I tell you frankly, I don't like playing against the law. However; all you ask is that I keep my tongue still, and I'm not supposed to know, unless you tell me, that the law is after the young fellow. I like him," he added reflectively. "He has eyes that no Ananias ever had, and he has looks too; but there's a young lady we both know in this house, Minden. Have you thought of that?"

Minden nodded and turned away his head. After a moment he said: "Yes, that's all right. She can take care of herself."

### CHAPTER VI.

#### MINDEN TO THE RESCUE.

WEEKS went by. In spite of Minden's powers of self control he found himself at times so agitated that more than once he mounted his horse, rode ten or fifteen miles into the prairie and back again, "to work off steam." When the conviction came to him that Sheldon was to play a part in Cora's life, he began to reflect, and then to trouble himself greatly.

Here Sheldon was, a comet with a long tail of travel, adventure and life—life topped by a tuft of involuntary crime; penniless, homeless, helpless; and here was Cora, the seed and stem, the bud and flower of a community, to whom men and women pointed as one who could be both beautiful and good; was she to link her-

## Sweep with Dustbane

Prevents Dust  
From Rising

THIS IS  
IT

KILLS  
GERMS



Polishes  
Hardwood  
Floors  
DISINFECTS

Makes  
Floors  
and Car-  
pets Spark-  
and-Span.  
Order a Tin  
From Your  
Grocer or Hard-  
ware Dealer.

"... and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

### CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

THE IDEAL METHOD  
OF MARKING LINEN

Also woolen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRY GOODS AND MEN'S FURNISHING STORES

Price for any name not exceeding 22 letters:

24 doz., \$4.00  
12 doz., \$2.25  
6 doz., \$1.50  
3 doz., \$1.00

Style sheets may be obtained from

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24 Wellington Street West,  
Toronto, or 301 St. James  
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For MEN

Here are some Jaeger Wool Goods, some of which every man needs—Blazers, Sweaters, Dressing Gowns, Waistcoats, Coat Sweaters, Shirts, Collars, Cardigan Jackets, Smoking Jackets, Ulsters, Coats, Gloves, Socks, Mufflers, Slippers, Caps, etc. Ask to see these Jaeger Garments, they are well worth your inspection.

A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application.



**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woolen System **CO. Limited**  
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Incorporated in England in 1883, with British Capital for the British Empire.

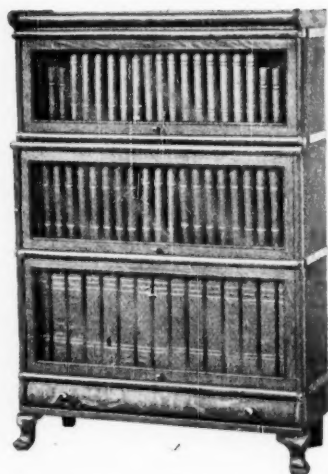
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EVERYONE  
SHOULD HAVE  
A BOOKCASE  
THAT WILL  
GROW WITH  
THE FAMILY.

"MACEY"  
WILL SOLVE  
THE PROBLEM



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SIZES

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YOU NEED  
AT THE PRICE  
YOU CAN AFFORD

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You have probably often had to hunt all over the house for a book you wanted just because there is no regular place provided to keep them in, and they are left lying all over wherever last used, becoming torn, soiled, and in a condition that makes you feel ashamed when your friends see them.

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You don't have to provide for future needs—all you do is buy what you need now—you can enlarge your case at any time to take care of additional books you may acquire. Let us send you our *Macey Style Book*, which tells you all about these famous cases, besides giving you a lot of information every booklover should have. Just send us your address, and we will mail you the book free of charge.

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LIMITED  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

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The "Midget" is one of the "Acme Line" Stapling Machines, is strong and durable—a real worker. Just what you need for all kinds of stapling and binding of legal documents, policy vouchers, plans, folders, etc. Used to advantage by manufacturers and importers for price ticketing, samples, etc. This machine will effect a substantial saving in any modern office. Try one.

Descriptive Catalogue "A" shows the "Midget" and other Acme Stapling Machines. You may find here just what you have been looking for. Write for one to-day.

Ernest J. Scott & Co.  
The Acme Staple Co., Limited  
Process Typewriter Supply Co., Limited

59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada  
Camden, N.J., U.S.A.  
London, Eng.



self with such a man of mystery and misdeemeanor, with no future except a problematical scoop out of a problematical gold mine? If Sheldon had spoken the whole truth then the solution of the problem might not be so hard, seeing Mrs. Finley's attitude towards him. Like many a woman who has had a man in her home and has lost him, so losing also the opportunity for mothering, the opportunity afforded Mrs. Finley by Sheldon's arrival was like a gift from Heaven. Yet she remained watchful and concerned; for no matter how reputable the young man—Minden had not told her all—he certainly had not "got religion," and she did her best to keep Cora from intimacy with him. When he was able to leave his bedroom, however, and use Mrs. Finley's sitting-room, watching on her part became onerous, with her many exacting daily duties; while, at the same time, Cora's gravitation towards Sheldon was natural and frequent.

THE PUBLIC only knew of his presence in the Rest Awhile Hotel after the Riders of the Plains had reported to the Commissioner an encounter with unidentified horse thieves, though they had good reason to suspect that they were the MacMahons. As evidence there was the dead horse ridden by Sheldon, branded with the letter M. The MacMahons, however, were found asleep in their beds when the Riders raided their ranch soon after the encounter. Bill MacMahon said that the horse had been stolen from their paddock and this was borne out by the evidence of hired hands. The MacMahons knew what had happened to Sheldon, and where he was, but they knew well also that he would remain silent. Before ten days had gone interest in it was replaced by other sensational events demanding the attention of the Riders.

Concerning his relations with the MacMahons, Minden believed that Sheldon spoke the truth; but there was the question of his origin. A previous Mayor of the town had been an Englishman, and he had fortified himself for his office by a useful reference library. One or two volumes like Kelly's "County Families," and "Debrett," were found useful by subsequent Mayors when travelling members of "the best families" of Great Britain visited Askatoon. With a pleasurable yet anxious excitement, and with a little awe, Minden approached these books for a history of Sheldon's family.

His fingers had never trembled on the trigger, or had had a tremor in time of danger, but they shook a little now—perhaps it was age creeping on—as he turned over the page to the index letter "S." After a few moments of attentive search they suddenly halted on a page.

YES, THERE it was. There was the celebrated genealogy and history of the Dukes of Bolton; there was the name of Reginald Sheldon, grandson of the sixth Duke, sometime of the Household Cavalry, now a fugitive from justice, impounded in the Rest Awhile Hotel of Askatoon. There he was, the grandson of a Duke in Bill Minden's house talking to Bill Minden and his daughter and her reputed mother just as though they had been brought up together! But that was due to a kind of manner Sheldon had, a manner Minden had seen among Indians, Chinese and mountaineers. The idea of



Cora taking to the grandson of a Duke and he taking to her pleased him, but it also startled him. A kind of panic took possession of him. What might have been a splendid prospect for an ambitious eye suddenly became a moor of blackened gorse and heather to Minden's vision. Then it was he lunged up and down his office talking aloud to himself, tempted to oburgation and even blasphemy, yet not yielding. If the class-leaders of Grace Methodist Church could have seen him in such a state, they would have declared him imperfectly saved. They would have said it was his duty to take the whole matter to the Throne of Grace. No doubt they were right, for the old Adam was still much alive in Minden.

No repose came to him; none could come until he had tested the last and most important statement made by Sheldon concerning the mine and its imprisoned fortunes. It seemed mean to suspect him of untruth. In his heart of hearts he believed, but a great anxiety concerning the welfare of his daughter forced him to be cautious. Had he not thrown the young man in her way by harboring him? If what Sheldon said about the mine was true, why not visit it, and find out the facts beyond peradventure? He could not bring himself to do it, however, until fully three weeks after the patient's removal from Mrs. Finley's end of the house to his own, where Sheldon showed himself in the public rooms of the hotel. On the first day he made his appearance in the public dining-room, who should appear but one of his sometime partners of the Sink-or-Swim mine!

Straightway Sheldon sent for Minden and introduced the two. Sheldon's late partner was on his way East. It could be seen he was cynical concerning the prospects of the mine, but the main truth of Sheldon's story was established, and the erstwhile partner left with mingled admiration for Sheldon's courage and compassion for his fatuity.

It was otherwise with Minden. Within twenty-four hours he was on his way North to investigate the mine, taking with him an expert assayist. Something of the old zeal of the coach-road and the switch-man's red light filled the mind of William Minden, Esq., Mayor, school-trustee, class-leader and revivalist, as he neared his destination. He arrived, he explored, he found; he saw, and saw enough.

Thirty-six hours later, in his office at Askatoon, he sat closeted with his unpaying guest. Neither Sheldon, Mrs. Finley, nor Cora had known the cause of his absence during the preceding four days.

"What are you going to do about that mine?" he said to Sheldon. "And what are you going to do anyhow?"

"I am waiting for two hundred pounds—a thousand dollars," was Sheldon's answer. "It's coming from Montreal. It was sent there on deposit for me from my father. That will pay my bill here, won't it?"

Minden made a wide, generous gesture. "You ain't got any bill here, son," he said, "cept the doctor's bill. He's got to be paid, of course, but your name ain't on my books. I was once nursed myself when I was shot by a constable. I was five weeks in the house where two women and a man tended me, an' they wouldn't take anything from me; but they never

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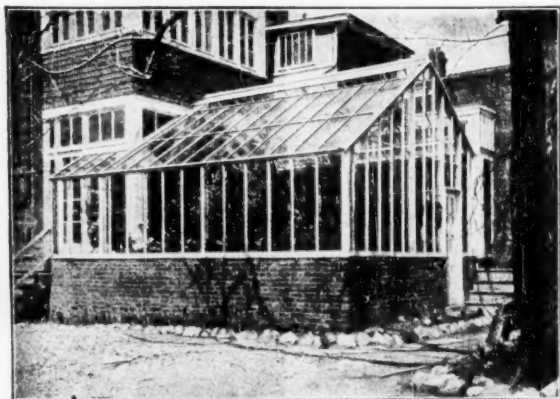
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knew how the mortgage was lifted from their farm. That I done in return for goods received. They never made any charge on me—none at all, and I ain't makin' any charge on you, I guess."

Sheldon smiled. It was an ashen and restrained smile. "I'll remember that, and I'll lift a mortgage for you when the Sink-or-Swim is making five thousand dollars a day," he remarked.

Minden nodded. "That's what I want to know. What about your mine? Is it movin'?"

A SHADOW crossed the young man's face but he looked straight into Minden's eyes. "I haven't the least idea how I'm going to get the cash to make that mine move, but I believe in it, as I believe I have got two hands and two eyes and a mouth that never lost a tooth. I haven't begun to stir yet, but there is going to be stirring; the mine must move on. I want twenty thousand dollars to put that money-machine in motion again and give me a chance to show a steady output for awhile. Just as soon as I can pay for more stamps, just as soon as I can pay wages, I'm going to pull the beginning of a fortune out of her. There's a good many million dollars in this country, and there's a lot of men who have got money and want to make more; well, I will give them their chance. But mind you, Mr. Minden, I am going to have and keep three-quarters of the stock of the Sink-or-Swim, and I would rather see it shut up for ever than not own fifty per cent. of its stock. If it proved a success—and it will—and I didn't have half of it, I'd go grouching all the rest of my life. I'm not going to grouse; I'm going to have all that's in that mine up to seventy-five per cent.; I haven't the least idea how it is to be done, but that's my policy."

"I got idea plenty how it can be done," answered Minden. "How would you like to give me a mortgage on the mine, and take your twenty thousand dollars with you?"

The young man stared hard at Minden, his hands resting on his knees seemed to clench spasmodically. He doubted what he had heard.

"Don't make fun of a man that's down," he said. "It's one thing I can't joke about—that mine. If you were to swear on the Bible what you've said just now, I'd ask you to swear it again."

Minden got up, opened a desk, and took out a little black Bible having that greasy look which the wax of time gives. He laid it on the table between them, sat down and placed his hand on it.

"Once and then twice, and then as many times as you like, Mr. Sheldon," he said in a quiet voice.

Sheldon got to his feet, placed his hands on the table and leaned over towards Minden with a devouring look. "You mean it? Why, you've never seen the place. I might be lying to you."

"Yes, you might, you naturally might, but you naturally ain't, because you ain't built that way," answered Minden. "I know all about that mine. I've been there. I took the best assayist in the country with me. I know what I'm doing. You can have the twenty thousand dollars, with a mortgage on the whole mine; but I'd rather buy straight out a quarter of the mine, if you'd take me on as a quiet, sleepin' partner."

The young man sank down in his chair and dropped his head into his hands. "This takes the starch out of me," he said brokenly. "I apologize; it's everything to me. I was just starting life again, and I was dead stopped. I couldn't go to my father and ask for more; he has done all he could. So I was going out like a commercial traveller to drum up cash, with that beautiful mine just waiting to pour itself out; and now here you're starting me fair again!"

He got to his feet once more. "I'll make it go; it shall be a winner," he said.

His eyes were moist and his hands trembling, but the look on his face was the look of ten men facing a hundred, but sure that the end of the battle was theirs.

"Say, son, keep cool," said Minden cheerfully. "It's all right. I'll give you the cheque in an hour. Steady now, steady on, son."

He had his hands on the young man's shoulders, and then all at once he released them. He had used a very friendly word of greeting—the word *son*; and now, suddenly, it had taken a new and tremendous significance. He flushed and turned away to his desk.

"Is it going to be a mortgage or a sale?" he asked over his shoulder.

"A sale, of course," Sheldon answered.

## CHAPTER VII.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

IN THE late afternoon of the day when Minden gave him twenty thousand dollars for a quarter of his mine, Sheldon took the air for the first time since his coming to the Rest Awhile. Ever since the one-sided bargain was made, he had been in a dream. Wonderful visions of the future flitted through his brain. For two or three hours it had worked excitedly, and he had defined his plans for the immediate future with a sharp decision natural to him. There was much of the soldier about him—not the soldier of routine, rather the soldier of tactics and strategy. The twenty thousand dollars would set the mine working, would increase the machinery, would provide for further prospecting and a search for the drift which, dropped at one point, must be picked up again somewhere else. He was impatiently eager to get the Sink-or-Swim well forward again before the winter set in. He made his plans with the idea that he would leave Askatoon within a week.

As he slowly travelled the main street to the bridge crossing the river, gratitude to Minden possessed him. No compunctions existed in his mind as to the source of the latter's wealth. If the conscience of Minden, who was a class-leader, permitted him to use the money got without labor and investment, without inheritance or toil, but which, perhaps, other people had got through such sources and had delivered up to Minden under pressure, his own conscience would not trouble itself. Besides, this tainted money was to be used in a virtuous enterprise which, if successful, would make his fortune secure, make good, as the prairie people say, the promise of his youth, redeem his past.

As he neared the end of the street, two men drove past him in a buggy. They were Bill and Matt MacMahon.

As they passed him without reining in their horses, Bill MacMahon leaned

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over the side of the buggy and with a savage sneer, said: "God, but you had a lot of luck! Makin' for jail, you dropped into the bosom of the family! Keep your mouth shut, damn you!"

"Yes, I had a lot of luck," Sheldon said to himself as they drove on. "I might have been doing hard labor, with nothing in front of me, at all, at all; and here I am with better chances than I've ever known."

He turned and looked after the Mac-Mahons, a curtain of dust rolling up behind them on their swift journey into the town. "You devils," he exclaimed, "something worse than jail will bring you up with a sharp turn!"

WITH a shudder and a swift upward motion of the hands, as though freeing himself from an ugly thought, he moved slowly across the bridge, and was making for Nolan Doyle's ranch Mayo, when he saw another buggy approaching. Suddenly a faintness came over him. The sun was still hot, though the day was well past, but he had walked too fast for the first outing after his illness. He stepped to one side, and leaned against a solitary tree, which threw a timorous shade over a small portion of the gold-brown prairie. He did not heed the on-coming buggy, his eyes were bent upon the ground in thought, for the meeting with the Mac-Mahons had unnerved him. It snatched him out of his dream, back into the danger where he had been, and he realized, with a force never before felt, what he had escaped. Certainly, the luck had been with him. Presently he was conscious that the buggy had stopped beside him, and before he saw its occupant he abstractedly watched the surf of dust settling at the wheels. Then he heard what brought his head up quickly, and sent into his eyes a delighted look of recognition.

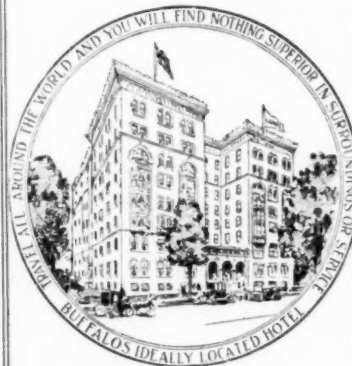
"What are you doing here, Mr. Sheldon?" a charming voice asked. "Well, I never! You ought to be whipped. Who let you out? You aren't fit to walk yet, but I suppose you've come all the way from home."

He nodded, and smiled with a curious meaning. "Yes, I have walked all the way from home," he answered.

It was strange that she should speak of the Rest Awhile Hotel as home! Yet it was home in the sense that he had never known home for very many years. It was home because she was there, the daughter of a woman who had an income of five hundred dollars a year. He had been born in a castle, he had been friendly with a hundred county families with their marriageable daughters, yet the naturalness, the self-reliance, the self-respect and the sweet musing charm of this girl had been to him like a cleansing shower, through which the sun shone. Three weeks in the Rest Awhile Hotel, caravanserai as it was, had made him feel that it was more home to him than any other place in the world. The companionship of a reformed criminal and the finely austere friendship of an elderly woman who had never seen the ocean or a great city, had brought a new understanding of life to him. With that had come something else which this girl with the faint rose in her cheeks and the deeply mysterious, yet frank look in her blue eyes represented. The other two had brought him friendship; she had brought him he knew not what; he only felt that

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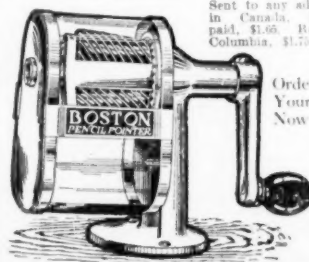
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where she was he wanted to be. When she was present he was hesitant to speak; and when she was gone he counted the hours and minutes till she returned. When she returned he counted the minutes until she must leave him again; and so their relationship stood.

"Come, get in," she said. "I'll drive you back home."

Did she, too, then, regard the Rest Awhile as home? What was it, indeed, but a gipsy tent to which all might come and pay and pass on their way! The truth is she had never spoken of it in that way before. It had come to her as she looked at him, pale and overdone, leaning against that solitary tree.

"Get in," she repeated with a pretty authoritative flick of the whip.

HE SMILED and came forward. "I'm not one of your pupils that you can use a whip on," he said in mock protest. "Yes you are my pupil," she answered. "At any rate you're not old enough to know what you ought to do, and a little whipping might do you a great deal of good."

"Did you get a great deal of whipping sometime or other?" he asked.

"I never needed it. I never was whipped in my life. My mother never even slapped me once," she indignantly remarked. "Then what made you so good?" he questioned.

She laughed gaily. "I was born good, I expect," she answered mockingly.

He shook his head. "Then you had a better chance than most of us. Look what it cost me to be any sort of good. Look what it costs Mr. Minden to be any sort of good."

A strange, almost rapt look came into the girl's face. "Yes, it is wonderful about him," she said; "oh, but wonderful! Do come."

He put his hand on the rail of the buggy-seat and another of the dashboard, and was about to mount, when he stopped and said, "I don't want to drive home, I want to be in the open air awhile yet. Haven't you got an hour you can spare before supper?"

"Yes, of course," she answered frankly. "I have just been over to Nolan Doyle's ranch seeing that new baby which Mrs. Doyle has adopted. I've nothing else to do except to see that you don't spoil all the nursing you've had the last three weeks by walking yourself sick. How would you like to go down the river-bank to the old Hudson Bay Fort, about two miles? It's shady there, and I've got a fishing rod and line hid in the Fort. There's a splendid place for rock-bass just below the Fort. You'd love it. And if you really want to do any work you can dig for bait. What's more, Mrs. Doyle insisted on my having some tea-cakes and a bottle of what she calls cream-nectar. So we can have a real picnic. You ought to have some fun, you know, after being cooped up in that—"

He interrupted her. "In that happy home?" he exclaimed, seating himself comfortably beside her. "I really was in prison, but I wasn't cooped up."

"In prison—I don't understand," she rejoined.

Half turning, he was about to look her straight in the eyes, but he did not do so; and he was wise.

"Still I am a captive," he repeated,

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with only a sidelong glance, as though to see how she took it.

She did take it with a sudden little flush, but coquetry was native to her, though she had used it so little, and she answered: "Yes, you were a captive. The Young Doctor was the jailor; and we other three were the wardens, whose duty was to see that you atoned for your crimes."

SHE HAD turned the horse into the trail leading to the Fort, and she flicked it gently with her whip. Unconsciously she wished to reach the goal quickly. So far she had only talked with him within four walls, and she was not used to these living minutes with him in the open air. Somehow, it had just a feeling of impropriety. This, of course, was absurd, but behind her natural openness, there was a curious reticence and sensitiveness, and it was as though she hastened to the river and the old Fort, so that the world's eyes could not be upon her as she sat beside him.

Atoned for his crimes! A strange look passed over Sheldon's face. Yes, he had paid something of the price of atonement, but not all. She did not know about the horse-stealing. Minden had not told her. Suddenly he made up his mind that he would tell her the whole truth. But not yet; he would wait until they reached the Fort. He also was seized by her desire for seclusion.

"This is a real bit of luck," he said. "I was hungry and you bring me some cakes; I was thirsty and you bring me some drink; I was dying for some sport and you've got a fishing rod. I wanted to see you"—his voice faltered—"and here you are. This is my lucky day. Yes, it is my lucky day," he added. "No man ever had so much in one day as I've had. I was let out of prison to-day, and some one met me at the prison-gates and offered to give me a new start in life, and then you came and —"

He paused as she looked at him inquiringly. She caught the undertone of sentiment in his voice, but she grasped also at some deeper meaning. She did not question him, or speak; she waited. She had a woman's instinct that he had something to tell her, and she had a further instinct that what he had to tell her was not what a number of men had tried to tell her in her short life. Of late there had grown a feeling within her that she wanted to know about his past life and what he was going to do in future. Perhaps her wish was to be granted now.

### Jonathan and I

Continued from page 37.

were—fitting a little new home for a big new love.

And at last I undid a mysterious package that had all to do with me and none of Jonathan, though he stood at my shoulder and watched.

OUT UPON the bed I laid a gown that would closely fit young Letitia—a white gown of my own youth, filmy and webbed with mists of finest lace, though yellowed with the years, and by it went a big white hat with red poppies bought from the village milliner, while near the two stood on their tall French heels a pair



of bronze slippers that had helped to dance my youth away. I sighed with joy as I looked around and Jonathan's eyes were misty.

"Twas a fairy bower, and over it hung the glamor of romance. In its cheery brightness there was no room for Letitia's discontent, for Matthias's blundering misunderstanding, for here surely would linger the joy of the two of us, who had spent our day in making it.

And, indeed, we had spent our day. As we turned, startled at the thought, we saw that the shadows were already deep in the little road and twilight close upon us. So we lighted the tall wax tapers in the candlesticks, adjusted the crimson shades, took one last look around at the bright rug and picture, the dainty curtains, the fresh table in its springtime tracery, the little chair waiting for Letitia and the dainty frou-frous on the bed, and Jonathan reached for my hand to depart, but dropped it again as he took a pad from his pocket and wrote a moment in the candlelight. He laid the slip on Matthias's plate, and this is what it said:

"We have regained a part of the joy lost in our thirty years in the little house to-day, and we bequeath the rest to you."

THEN he took my hand again and we went out into the sweet spring woods, turning on the threshold for a last glimpse of the little paradise we were leaving. We hastened then, not down the little road, but into the woods like two thieves, for down it we had caught a flash of the two young things coming home in the twilight, and his head was high again and she clung to his arm, and the empty thermos bottle swung happily in his hand like a weapon. Our day was done. But at my gate when we stopped in the dusk I lifted my old face like a maiden for Jonathan's staid caress—and got the kiss of youth, joyous and live as spring, a kiss from thirty years ago.

## The Rabbit Revolution

Continued from page 19.

er say, 'I have led you here to redress your wrongs! You starve beneath the heels of the autocrat! But I will see you fed! In twenty minutes, I pledge you my word, the private stores of the despot will delight your palates, and the President's kitchen will cater to your tastes! Viva Libertad!"

"Hoke stepped back to the President. 'You better make your getaway right now,' he says. 'The rabbit must run to its little hole.'"

The President gulped.

"Too late," says von Smerk. 'Here they are now!"

"All the guests had slipped away except General Castillo, the baron, and Hoke. Probably the General hadn't much faith in his regiment; perhaps he liked the champagne. As for the baron—well, he had nowhere else to go.

"As Hoke turned to the President again, the door swung open, and in strode the revolutionary officers. And the General—

issimo!"

"They were a beautiful and inspiring sight. But the Generalissimo!"



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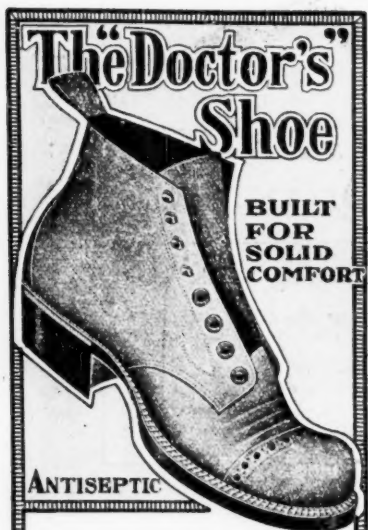
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"He was rigged out like a Sioux chief! He had on gold braid enough to start a mint; he had on epaulets, brass buttons, medals, and five hundred dollars' worth of rooster feathers in his hat. His near-white gauntleted hand grabbed the hilt of a sword that looked twice too big for him.

IN THE doorway he came to a dead halt. He drew his sword a couple of inches, and glanced around, giving an exact imitation of a Russian prince looking for a bomb.

"Two coffee-colored drummers in the plaza began to beat kettle-drums, and a five-piece brass band struck up, 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark!' The committee of three Liberal Congressmen slipped in the door, rubbing their hands, all ready to make speeches.

"Welcome, Senores," smiles the President; 'you are just in time for the feast. You see we are unarmed. So enter.'

"Haah," rumbled the *Generalissimo*, and drew his hip-razor another inch.

"The President got wise to what he meant. He directed General Castillo and the baron to give up their swords. The General didn't want to, but the President was firm. The swords were handed over to the Brigadier.

"Now, Senores," says the President, 'I beg of you to enter.'

"The *Generalissimo* advanced, frowning. His shoes squeaked and his sword clanked and the drums marked time. He stopped, and off came the hat with the \$500 worth of turkey feathers in a full arm sweep.

"Tu-rump! Tu-rump!—Blumb!" went the drums.

"General Castillo opened a bottle of champagne.

"The *Generalissimo* looked at the President, sternly.

"As representing the army of our glorious republic," he cries, 'I declare you are no longer fit to wield our manifold destinies. Under you the constitution has been frittered away, even as a rabbit nibbles cabbage!'

"That's where the *Generalissimo* played into a bunker.

"One moment," says the President, holding up his hand. 'I have here a little dish of surpassing deliciousness. I beg, Generals and Senores, you will partake. And afterwards we will discuss business. Yes?'

"The *Generalissimo* was going to refuse, when his eye fell on the sweet champagne, and he paused.

"For a small space I will accept hospitality," says he. 'But remember, if treachery is intended, like a bomb-shell I will burst through your perfidy and make utter destruction!'

WHEN he sat down. The rest of his gang sat down. So there they were—a round dozen of 'em—with one ear cocked to the plaza and both eyes on the champagne.

"Hoke poured out fizz for the *Generalissimo*, his officers, and the three Liberal Congressmen. By this time the cheese was melted to a nice, unwholesome looking fluid, about the consistency of oatmeal. The President seasoned it with mustard, dropped in some Worcester sauce, and smelled it. Then he walked over to the side-table where the medicine-case they'd lifted from the quack-doctor

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was. Out of the corner of his eye Hoke saw him pick one of the bottles. It was labelled 'Strychnine.'

"No, no," sighs the President, 'I will never stoop to that. It would give the rabbit a bad name.' And he put it in the case again.

"In a second his eye caught another bottle marked 'Morphine.' He drew it out and went back. The *Generalissimo*, who was putting away his third glass of champagne, didn't notice much. The President smiling winningly, turned his back on the company, and emptied the morphine bottle into the cheese. After shaking in salt and pepper, he added a teaspoonful of oleo-margarine; then he ordered up hot toast from the kitchen, also a dozen heated plates.

"Hoke put the baron wise, and he only let the exact number come in.

"At last," says the President, squinting at the flame. 'My friends, have patience! In two or three minutes the dish will be cooked to a niceness.'

"The *Generalissimo* didn't like to keep the army waiting, but he felt too sure of himself to make a kick.

"AFTER the President had arranged the twelve pieces of toast on the twelve plates, he garnished them with cabbage and onion, real fancy.

"Hoke and the baron passed it out. But the *Generalissimo* didn't seem a bit pleased.

"Eat and enjoy," says the President.

"It has a queer smell," says a Colonel, 'but the taste is sweet.'

"Hasten, my dear General," smooths the President. "When you are satisfied we will do business."

"Well, there are many things I wish to say," says the *Generalissimo*. So he gets busy. So did the rest of the bunch. They finished it up like little men.

"Now that it is over," chirps the President. 'You were saying—'

"But the *Generalissimo* didn't care what he was saying. He stood up and waved his hand. Then he sat down again.

"I have a feeling," he moans, 'that I—that I—Ah!' He tried to find his sword. "Treachery," he began to mumble, with his head resting on an epaulet. 'We are betrayed!' he whispered indifferently. Then he sank dreamily back on the purple plush sofa. The other eleven feasters hadn't a word to say. They were busy themselves, getting tickets for Dream-land.

"Just then came a racket from outside. It was the army getting impatient.

"Food, food!" they were yelling. 'Give us food! We starve at your door, tyrant!'

"Ah, my soldiers desire food," says the President. 'They are hungry. So! I will address them.'

"The *Generalissimo* made a last effort. 'Ruffian,' he whispers, 'I will call to my troops. I will—'

"Baron von Smerk drew his revolver, but it wasn't needed.

"AS THE President stepped out on the balcony there was an awful outbreak from the crowd. Hoke says for a few minutes the purple night was lemon-colored with howls, shrieks, and the Central American college yells.

"We demand food!" the army yells. 'We famish beneath you, despot! Down with the oppressors of the poor!'

"So it was up to the President.

"Soldiers," he says, in a quiet voice,



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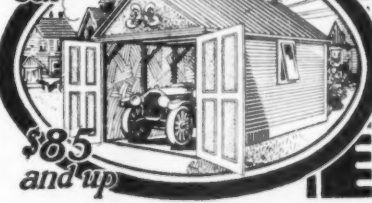
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and now at three years I don't think there can be a healthier child in the whole Dominion.

The doctors said she had stomach trouble, and that her chances were small, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her. They have been worth their weight in gold to us, for we were just giving up hope of saving our little daughter. I don't think there is any other medicine for children like Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I may say my wife has taken them for nerves, and they have built her up splendidly.



Little Miss Corby.

Publish this letter if you like; it may help others as the Tablets helped us."

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'listen! Such a behavior is most unseemly. While the officers who have led you here are within, eating their fill and drinking the wine of Bordeaux, you should not interrupt them!"

"At that there was another fearful outburst. Hoke says he thought some of the little soldiers would do themselves an injury. They threw fits. They frothed at the mouth. They said things that made the atmosphere sizzle. The band broke into the 'Merry Widow' waltz, then suddenly remembering where they were, made a quick twist into the 'Marseillaise.' At last the President got a word in.

"My men," he cries, "hear! I speak! You have been foully cheated! The creatures who have stolen your confidence are self-seeking adventurers! They think only of filling their own stomachs. They come here intending to oust me from my sacred trust, using you noble patriots as their tools! They say you will be fed. But do they keep their promises? No! They do not! But I, Ramon St. Valentino Media, have a heart that beats for my gallant troops! I, even I, will feed you! Hear, I will give the orders. Colonel von Smerk," he calls over his shoulder, "have my private stores thrown open to these brave lads, and command the Palace kitcheners to prepare the necessary supplies! Now, my friends," he says, turning to the plaza again, "in four minutes you will be filled to a fullness. Also," he spouts as a finishing touch, "all your back pay shall be sent to you to-morrow!"

"Say, that fixed it. When the boss spell-binder came to an end, the soldiers gave one gasp. Then they caught their breath and yelled:

"Via libertad! Via el army! LONG LIVE PRESIDENT MEDIA!"

"And the rabbit revolution was over.

"AND HOW," asked the President of Hoke, when it was all over, 'would you have handled a situation such as this up in Canada?"

"Hoke thought it over for a moment.

"When our politicians get up against it," he said, "they generally hand the people out a line of soft stuff—though not rabbits—just talk and promises. On the whole," he summed up, "I guess there isn't much difference in our methods after all."

## Face Up

Continued from page 22.

long; for the boy was riding faster than he had ever ridden before in all his life.

THERE was wild excitement in Sanderson and untold mystery. The prisoner had escaped in the most unaccountable manner. The Sheriff hastily got together a new posse of deputies and they rode away to hunt the trail of the fugitive, leaving behind them excited groups in the dusty street.

Jim Fargey sat in front of the saloon, quietly smoking. He was a gambler; he was a wanderer. He dealt faro in the "Blue Light" by night and, when he was not sleeping, smoked quietly by day. And whenever the splits came and the boom burst, as he had seen all the other booms burst, he would drift off with the tide and somewhere else by day smoke quietly and by night deal faro.

## Wiles of Confidence Men

*A Judge of the Highest Criminal Court Discloses Some Common Practices of Bunco-Steerers of New York.*

NOBODY knows how much money has been secured by crooks in New York through confidence games, and any estimate must be a mere guess. But according to the estimate of a District Attorney, writing in *Munsey's Magazine*, during the past ten years the amounts fleeced from victims could be set down in millions. A few of the schemes as described by the writer are quoted herewith:

The care and skill with which plans are laid to swindle a promising victim are little less than astonishing. A fine residence is selected in a fashionable section of the city, and is rented at a high figure. Furniture, hangings, rugs, paintings are installed which are worth many thousands of dollars. Costly cigars and still more costly wines are laid in stock. Trained servants are installed.

Next, certain members of the gambling ring are selected to impersonate well-known millionaires. Photographs of these prominent men are studied; whenever possible, they themselves are studied in every detail of feature, height, breadth, build, carriage, dress. The way they brush their hair, the kind of glasses they wear—not a detail is too insignificant to escape attention. All this must be staged before the intended dupe is introduced to the "club."

Great care is exercised in selecting and hiring the entire personnel which is to take part in the "killing," when the victim arrives with his money. Every one who participates in the swindle must be paid for his services. For example, in a recent case, a man who represented Andrew Carnegie received twenty-five dollars a night.

Now, the very idea that a man of Mr. Carnegie's character and experience would frequent a gambling-club is absurd on the face of it; yet it did not seem so to a visitor from the Middle West who had hurried to New York to win a fortune from Mr. Carnegie and his millionaire friends. There is a semi-humorous side to the question how many carefully selected gamblers there may be on any single night each impersonating Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Vanderbilt, or Mr. Schwab in as many different gambling establishments, and raking in money by wholesale from as many different victims.

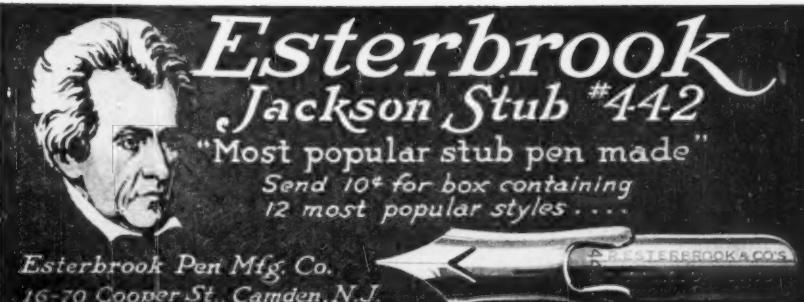
Quite recently the district attorney's office secured the arrest and conviction of several men, leaders of a ring of swindlers, among the more prominent being Fred and Charles Gondorf and Frank M. Thompson, *alias* William I. Cherry. In telling how they and other confidence men work, I will substitute other names for the real names of their victims, who have suffered sufficiently through the loss of their property, and need not be held up to public ridicule in a magazine that goes all over the world.

Cherry and his accomplices are in prison largely because a pawnbroker of a large Western city, whom we will call Smith, decided to lay the whole case before the proper authorities in New York, instead of hiding his losses, which amounted to sixty thousand dollars. Smith had fought his way up from poverty to substantial wealth through a lifetime of work in his shop; and if any occupation puts a man constantly on guard, it must surely be that of a pawnbroker.

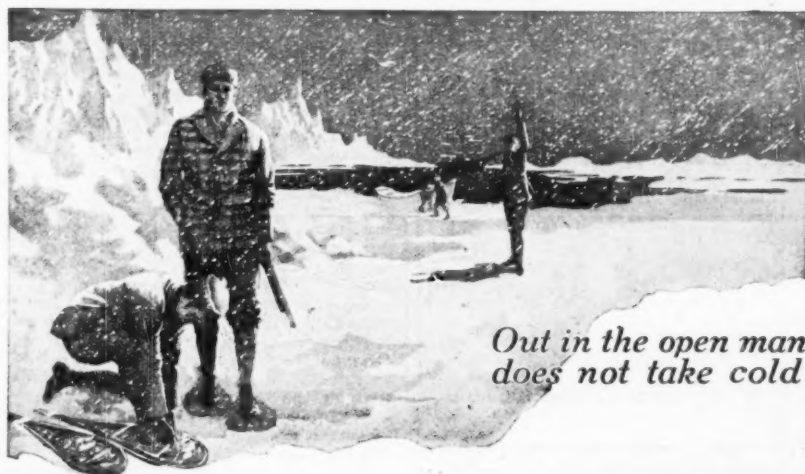
One day a casual acquaintance dropped into Smith's pawn-shop and, after some trivial talk, made an important revelation. He had a friend in New York, he said—a rich friend, who was in with the head dealer of Canfield's gambling-place. This dealer had a grudge against his employers, and was looking for a chance to trim them. His plan was to get a few friends of his into a game with big stakes, and then throw the game to them through signals arranged in advance.

Perfectly simple, wasn't it? Several times the plan was discussed, and some days later

*Continued on page 78.*

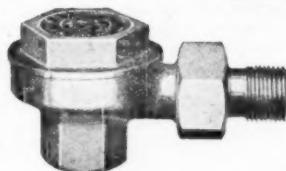


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# The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance



## The Billion Mark Passed

**I**NTEREST in the business outlook centers on the international situation created by President Wilson's action. At time of writing it seems certain that the United States will be drawn into the war. All that is required is one hostile act and the torch will have been touched to the dynamite keg.

Speculation is rife as to how this will affect business conditions, but it is significant that an optimistic tone prevails everywhere. It is even more significant that Wall Street rallied under the stimulus of the President's sudden announcement of a diplomatic break. There was no wild scamper to cover. Finance apparently is not unduly apprehensive.

As a matter of fact, if Uncle Sam peels off his coat and starts to take a hand it will mean a greater degree of activity than before in the steel and munitions industries. War orders laid the foundation for the joy ride of prosperity that the land of the stars and stripes has enjoyed for the past two years. Increased war stock activity will maintain it.

Practically the only cause for apprehension on the part of Canadian business men has been the matter of supplies. It is certain that the situation in regard to raw materials will be intensified when the United States declares war. We depend wholly now on the American market for many lines and war may mean a sweeping curtailment of export. However, even on this score business men are not really worrying. A certain degree of uneasiness is the only manifestation.

**T**HE STORY of our present abounding prosperity is best told in the latest trade figures. The last Government report shows that Canada's export trade for 1916 reached a figure considerably over the billion mark.

Total Canadian trade for 12 months ending December, exclusive of coin and bullion amounts to \$1,879,171,893. This shows an increase of \$775,135,707 over the total for 1915, and of \$969,537,072 over the total for 1914.

Total trade for the month of December, 1916, amounted to \$200,548,572, an increase of \$61,263,248 over the corresponding month of 1915.

Total exports of Canadian produce for the year 1916 amounted to \$1,091,706,403, an increase of \$477,576,558 over the total exports for the year 1915, and an increase of \$712,410,549 over exports for the year 1914.

In addition to the foregoing there were exports of foreign produce amounting to \$20,738,599, and of coin and bullion amounting to \$196,468,416.

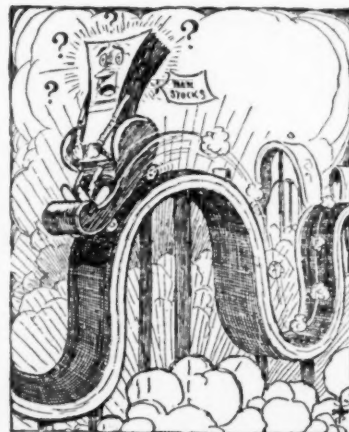
ANKING figures are comforting also. We Canadians are not so extravagant after all. We are not spending all our war-

begot substance in riotous living. Consider: Despite the holiday season and its heavy trade, which might have been expected to reflect upon the savings of the people, the December bank statement shows that savings deposits increased by \$8,400,000, as compared with November, and were \$124,000,000 higher than for December of 1915. Demand deposits showed a decline of \$1,000,000, but were \$34,500,000 higher than the previous year. Circulation increased by over \$26,500,000. Declines in the Canadian call of \$6,800,000 and in foreign call of \$9,300,000, as compared with November, gave evidence of the effect of the curbing of stock market activity. Current loans were larger by \$6,500,000 for the month and \$44,800,000 for the year. Important changes are shown as follows:

### DECEMBER BANK STATEMENT.

	Assets.		
	Dec., 1916.	Change Month.	Change Year.
Specie ...	\$ 71,172,109	+\$11,391,090	+\$ 3,176,550
Notes ....	124,750,241	+ 5,507,349	+ 20,780,517
Gold ....	43,700,000	+ 400,000	+ 26,340,000
Call ab'd ..	173,878,134	- 9,372,253	- 36,720,265
Can. Call ..	82,549,983	- 6,825,397	- 1,658,172
Current ..	820,378,567	+ 6,596,610	+ 44,890,619
Loans Ab'd ..	76,386,720	+ 309,350	+ 17,916,981
<b>Total ....</b>	<b>\$1,948,044,258</b>	<b>-\$ 9,467,244</b>	<b>+\$210,002,014</b>
	Liabilities.		
	Dec., 1916.	Change Month.	Change Year.
Circul'n ..	148,785,287	+ 587,316	+ 26,585,706
Demand ..	458,207,417	- 1,069,037	- 34,518,033
Savings ..	845,006,717	+ 8,413,448	+ 124,016,450
Foreign ..	162,890,612	+ 658,365	+ 28,210,429
<b>Total ....</b>	<b>\$1,706,948,506</b>	<b>-\$ 9,266,412</b>	<b>-\$207,664,818</b>

It is still possible on all grounds to regard the business situation with the utmost confidence.



—De Ball in Chicago Evening Post

Some Ride.



# INVESTMENTS

## On Investing \$100

**P**ROBABLY the question that crops up most frequently in regard to investments is: "How can a small sum, say of \$100, be safely invested?"

Every man or woman with money invested has at some time or other asked this question; for, of course, savings start at nothing and there comes a time in the career of every investor when he or she has the sum of \$100 on hand and wonders what to do with it. Some solve the problem by leaving the money in the bank, to draw interest at 3% until such time as it has attained larger proportions. Others insist on their money working more actively for them and shove it out from the shelter of the bank into the world of investment.

There is only one answer for the ambitious person with \$100 to invest. Buy a bond. Now most people are prone to think that bonds cannot be bought in such small denominations, but the fact of the matter is that there are always odd lots on the market, including bonds bearing a face value of \$100, but available at prices varying from \$80 to \$110. The yield to the investor will average around 5% and the security is so perfectly sound that the cautious and slow saver has really no excuse for leaving such balances in the bank on that score.

Probably the reason why more \$100 bonds are not bought is the timidity and lack of knowledge of the possessors of small savings. Not having had any experience in investing they hesitate to take the plunge, regard all investments with suspicion and look askance at bonds, for instance, which sell below par. They cannot help thinking that a bond carrying par value of \$100 would not be offered for, say, \$91 unless there is something radically wrong with the security. As a matter of fact, bonds selling below par are generally stronger than those selling above, the selling price bearing a direct relation to the rate of interest. A bond offering a comparatively low rate of interest is sounder than bonds that offer more but will sell at a lower figure on account of the less attractive yield. Bonds sell above par because of larger yield; and the risk is so infinitesimal that in-



—Ireland in Columbia Dispatch  
Passing Up the Fancy Stuff.

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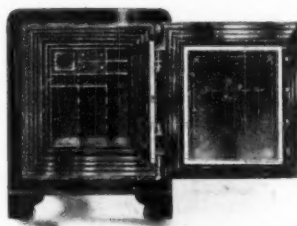
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vestors will pay more to get a bond giving a more substantial return.

Domestic bonds may be had in denominations of \$100 and in this connection mention should be made of the impending Government loans arranged for small investors, in units of \$25. Here is a capital opportunity for the man of small means to serve the country and at the same time become initiated into the practice of bond buying.

## INSURANCE

### A Strong Case for Insurance

ONE OF the strongest arguments for insurance is contained in the following extract from an article which appeared some years ago in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. It is so trenchantly put and drives the point home with such force that the editor of this department feels that it should be reprinted.

The habit of thrift in Canada has been heavily handicapped by periods of boom and by a certain juvenile confidence in to-morrow's luck. As a good many old-fashioned investors know quite well, the man who places his money in municipal and government bonds at  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$  per cent. per annum will, nine times in ten, wax considerably richer than even the luckiest stock speculator, gauging their respective performances by a period of twenty or thirty years. But the wage-earner seldom buys bonds and less seldom follows the ticker. His thrift may, and does at times, heap up millions in the savings banks, but in an appalling number of cases, the ultimate investment is disastrous and the precious proceeds are swept beyond his reach. Thrift unallied to sagacity is of no practical good. How very few of the thrifty know how to place their capital is one of the pitiful and always amazing chapters of Canadian experience. On the authority of one of the greatest American insurance companies, it is stated that three-fifths of the insurance money paid to women is frittered away in foolish or rascally ventures. In five years, scheming rogues have taken three hundred and fifty-one million dollars from the American public, by misuse of the mails alone. These are United States facts, but who will doubt that they are proportionately true of this side of the border as well?

Here is another of those unhappy but stimulating truths which play upon the point we have in mind. Not one man in a thousand will say frankly that he anticipates an old age of humiliation and penury. Yet, 95 per cent. of men at 60 have not a surplus dollar to their name beyond their daily earnings. That fact must be bracketed with another: 80 per cent. of men at 45 are receiving incomes in excess of their expenditures; in other words, they are saving something each year. Reading the two facts together, you will realize that the fifteen years between 45 and 60 are dotted with financial casualties on a wholesale scale. Little fortunes at that period of life seem to tumble over like nine-pins. Why? The reasons are legion, but human fallibility is the simple and sufficient cause back of it all. A buys land. B signs his neighbor's note. C goes in for speculation. It is all very "dead sure"; "the skies are blue and canary birds are warbling in the branches." Along comes a War or a Bad Year or My-Own-Fault—whichever goat you want to bitch to. There is no use poking about for the Why, because the family purse is just as empty after you have found it. There is precisely half a chance in every ten that sixty years of age will not find you and me—irrespective of present possessions—up against it for an extra five-dollar bill. Half a chance in ten is pretty gloomy odds which even an intelligent gambler would offset by a stake in some other direction.

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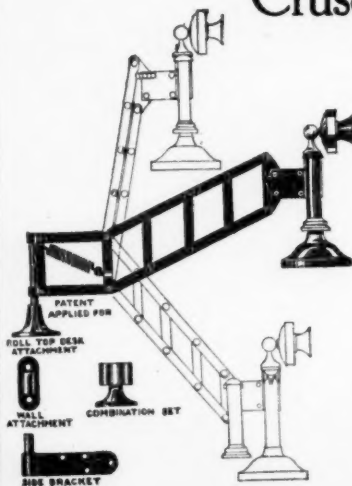
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## As the Twig is Bent

*Continued from page 25.*

Quebec-Moncton extension would parallel the Intercolonial—he wanted the I.C.R. double-tracked instead, but the real sore spot was that they were crowding him out of his job. In the end he resigned. Death and Lieutenant-Governorships had already removed a few of the all-star Laurier cast, but Blair was the first to resign.

**CLIFFORD SIFTON**, another of the all star players, resigned two years later, also on a question of policy. The Autonomy Bills, as they called them, were Sir Clifford's finish. In 1905, Alberta and Saskatchewan, which had grown too large were given home rule. They entered the galaxy of provinces. Up to that time, like the little girl in the poem, we were seven—but for the last twelve years, we have been nine. Nine daughters in Canada's house and plenty of room for more—going some. Drafting a constitution for Alberta and Saskatchewan was not very hard with so many good models around. As a matter of fact, Alberta and Saskatchewan were both started out with sound constitutions, and if they have done anything to undermine them since with new fangled patent medicines, like initiative and referendum, recall, woman suffrage, and such, it is their own fault.

The one weak spot was the educational clauses and it was this spot that Sir Clifford Sifton chose to land on. The story was at the time that he wanted to get out anyway, and that the educational clauses were a good excuse. The educational clauses were pulled about quite a bit. The twig was bent this way and that. They do say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier consulted Monsignor Sbaretti, the Papal Delegate, oftener than was his wont. At all events, they were very good friends. Henri Bourassa was credited with having his finger in the pie. While the affair was at its tensest, Mr. Sifton went south to rest and recuperate for a couple of weeks. In his absence the educational clauses took the shape which they assumed when the bill was presented to the House of Commons. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the Solicitor-General, was said to have had the chief hand in the drafting. When Mr. Sifton came back the mischief had been done. He took one look at their horrid work and resigned on the spot.

As a matter of fact he resigned too soon. When the House got at the clauses it trimmed them down pretty fine. The original clauses gave the separate schools all the privileges they enjoyed under the old Northwest Territories Act when separate schools were the schools of the majority, the population in those days consisting mostly of Metis and the Metis being Roman Catholics. But the clauses as finally passed gave the separate schools of Alberta and Saskatchewan about as much as Ontario gives them which is as little as possible consistent with justice and past promises. Mr. Sifton's resignation, however, may have had something to do with the moderate tone the educational clauses took. There was a sore feeling among the Western and Ontario Liberals that Alberta and Saskatchewan should have been started off with a clean page so far as educational matters were concerned, and this feeling certainly helped



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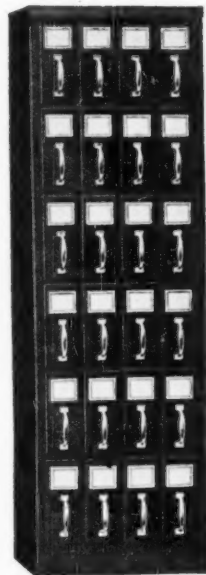
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those who wanted to pare down the clauses. I remember that I became engaged in a bye-election at that time and the chief thing we had to keep an eye on was the "Globe's" conscience, which was much stirred by these alleged aggressions of Rome. Incidentally the Autonomy Bills gave two well-known statesmen their first chance. Sir Wilfrid Laurier tested them out on these bills and got their quality. Both of them gave trial sermons, as it were, with the result that Walter Scott became the first Premier of the new Province of Saskatchewan, and Frank Oliver became Minister of the Interior, via Mr. Sifton resigned for political heterodoxy.

THE naval policy is another policy which I have seen wax and wane in the course of eight years. The question of naval defence first seriously entered Canadian politics in 1909, when Sir George Foster introduced a resolution to the effect that Canada ought to get busy and pay for protecting her own coast line and seaports. Sir Wilfrid Laurier accepted the principle of this resolution and with the consent of Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster, introduced a more positive motion to the effect that Canada should get busy right away and organize a Canadian naval service that would fit into the Imperial navy organization if need arose.

This resolution passed the House of Commons unanimously. Mr. Foster pooh-poohed the idea of a fixed money contribution in support of the Imperial navy as looking too much like hiring a substitute. Mr. Borden also laughed the contribution idea into scorn as a slacker's method, which neglected the aspirations of the Canadian people. He wanted, as I remember, a Canadian navy which would stimulate Canadian patriotism and incidentally foster the Canadian shipbuilding industry. Mr. Borden repeated these remarks to the Constitutional Club in London. It looked like a love feast. Everybody was agreed on this vital matter of Canadian naval defence. It was, as you might say, out of politics, because both parties believed that we ought to have a navy of our own.

HAT was the happy state of things at the end of 1907—perfect harmony and the goose honking high. On the faith of it, Sir Wilfrid Laurier brought in his Naval Service Bill in 1910, which provided that Canada should make a start with four protected cruisers of the Bristol type, one cruiser of the Boadicea type, six destroyers of the improved river class, at a total cost of \$11,000,000, with annual maintenance of \$2,500,000. To get ahead of my story a little, the Laurier Government had opened tenders for most of these when it went out of office in September, 1911, but the Borden Government did not go on with the business, having a naval policy of its own which it was anxious to try out. The only thing the Laurier Government had to show for its naval policy was the two training ships it bought, the Niobe and the Rainbow, the former of which was lying dismantled when the war broke out, and the latter of which has done good work on the Pacific Coast, in spite of its being an old duck and a little lame.

I am sorry to say that the naval policy stopped waxing and began to wane as soon as the Naval Service Act was passed in 1910. Very soon after that the beau-

tiful harmony was broken up. Party politics took a hand in and split Pandora's box wide open. The winds of strife were unloosed. There looked to be a chance to break Laurier's grip on Quebec by means of a Conservative-Nationalist alliance. The Nationalists must be flattered to the top of their bent—and the Nationalists didn't like Laurier navies or any other sort of navies. They apprehended, or pretended to apprehend, that a Canadian navy would be merely a donkey engine for the British navy and that the sons of Quebec would be dragged away to become cannon food on the seven seas. They said that the Laurier Government was sacrificing the interests of Canada to the interests of the British Empire.

In due course Leader Borden and his followers reached a decision against a Canadian navy and went in for a policy of two Dreadnaughts and have done with it. Just here is the place to observe that the two Dreadnaughts became three in 1913, when Premier Borden failed to pass his measure through the Senate, but up to this moment the Borden Government has never announced any permanent naval policy. The last we saw or heard of the naval policy it was three Dreadnaughts for the British navy—that is to say, the money contribution which was what Parliament started off by repudiating. Talk about whirligigs!

TO get back to the story. There was an election in Drummond-Arthabaska in November, 1910, in which the Nationalist candidate won. This was a plain intimation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that the Nationalists didn't think much of his navy and probably explains why the navy wasn't further along when the Liberals went out of office. In a word, that hostile by-election gave the Laurier Government cold feet on the navy question. It threw a scare into them and prevented them getting on with their plans. Three years later, when the Liberal majority in the Senate put the naught in Premier Borden's three Dreadnaughts, the accounts were balanced. It was horse and horse.

The famous Dreadnaught debate in March, 1913, is almost too recent to need recalling. Premier Borden, having colloqued with Winston Churchill, came back with the idea that three Dreadnaughts of the best that money could buy and science contrive — three Dreadnaughts to cost \$35,000,000, and to become part of the Imperial navy—was the thing the doctor ordered. That was his policy and he upheld it with some heat. Among other things he said that a Canadian navy would take fifty years to build. It was plain to see that Premier Borden had soured on the Laurier navy. He had a bright thought of his own and he pressed it with great zeal—even to the extent of applying the closure when the Liberals would not down. This led to the stormiest scene in the Green Chamber in thirty years. Men cursed each other across the floor of the House. Dr. Michael Clark blasphemed the rules of order and was "named" by the Speaker, who was running around his dais, like a chicken with its head cut off. Dr. Clark did not curl up and die as was expected, but lived on and outgrew Speaker Sproule's kibosh.

Premier Borden hinted darkly — too darkly, indeed, for the House to get any clue from it—at the German men-



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MONTREAL

ace, the emergency, and similar matters. He hinted at secrets which he could not disclose. He would have done better to disclose them. If he had breathed them, were it but privately and in strict confidence, the newspaper reporters being locked out, the Senate might have voted differently. As it was, the Liberals stuck to the Laurier navy. They would enlarge and extend it. They would have an Atlantic fleet unit and a Pacific fleet unit, too. If one measured patriotism in terms of money, their policy would cost at least twenty millions more than Premier Borden's. And there the matter hangs. The net result of all this wind and fury is that neither party does anything for naval defence. The game has come to a stalemate.

Most people think of reciprocity as something that was suddenly sprung on the country in the summer of 1911. The fact of the matter is that the Laurier Government would have fared much better if it had given reciprocity less time to simmer. The negotiations were really under way with Washington from February, 1910. They reached the delegate stage a couple of months later, and after that there was a full year for discussion and pondering. It was in this interval that the sentiment for the Old Flag, industriously fanned by the Opposition, grew up and played havoc with all the good arguments advanced by the Liberals. In the long run, the heart rules. Messrs. Patterson and Fielding visited Washington in November, 1910, and it was May, 1911, before the terms were announced in Parliament.

When the bargain was announced to Parliament, there was a general feeling that the Yankees had conceded so much that they would never stick to it. Many people remembered Uncle Sam's sharp practice in regard to fortifying the Panama Canal, and were not inclined to take his word of honor. However that may be, such and such terms were offered and remain in the statute books of the United States to this day, if we care to accept them. The terms were pulled about quite a bit both at Washington and in Sir Wilfrid's Cabinet before they took final shape. Parliament had little or nothing to do with it—they were told after it was all settled. If Parliament had been consulted the Western members, who are mostly free traders, would perhaps have asked for a great deal more. As it was, the protectionist won, and the Cabinet probably wanted a great deal less than Messrs. Fielding and Patterson brought. They felt nervous without the manufacturers' vote and the manufacturers were already protesting that it was the thin edge of the wedge, and the famous Toronto Eighteen were breaking away.

THE reciprocity voted on by the people of Canada was considerably less than the reciprocity Messrs. Fielding and Patterson brought from Washington, but it was as much reciprocity as was considered safe. It was whittled and pared with the idea of keeping as many votes as possible. It was certainly not as wide as the unrestricted reciprocity the Liberals fought for in 1891, or even as wide as the limited reciprocity Sir John Macdonald was willing to accept as an alternative at that time. It was, as a matter of fact, reciprocity in a limited number of natural products and a carefully chosen list of



partly prepared table products. It was drawn up with a view to disciplining the high cost of living, which was even then showing its horrid head. Moreover, it tickled Liberal hearts because it looked like bed-rock principle, free trade, and Sir Wilfrid himself thought it "was a fair-time winner." Besides, one always chooses to have a general election on a real issue rather than on a scandal.

AS I said before, reciprocity died of too much talk. President Taft and Champ Clark barged in and made a mess of it. They helped to send it to hell with their good intentions of making Canada an "adjunct" of the United States. Of course, Canada wouldn't stand for that. The Liberals had the better arguments, but the Conservatives had the better feelings. Of course, sentiment won. Some of the Liberal arguments were so fine that they shot over rather than through the heads of the ultimate consumer. For instance, the public could not see how the farmer would get more for his products while the city consumer would pay less. Of course, it can be shown—competition is the key—but the argument lost heat in the showing. The spread between six cent hogs on the hoof and thirty-two cent bacon in the pan—I quote 1911 prices—was not used as an illustration as much as it might have been, owing to the fact that a number of prominent Liberals had relations in the packing business. The Canadian hen was quoted more freely. At that time she was getting twenty-four cents a dozen, which is cheap considering the wear and tear on the hen. She was urged to make a noise about it, and no doubt she did. It was lucky for the hens, as it turned out, that they had no votes. See what happened to the hen for being loyal to her home market. Last Christmas she got a dollar a dozen!

## The Bigger They Are, the Harder They Fall

*Continued from page 16.*

realization came to him that there was probably no way known to the science of branding in which the mistake could be rectified.

"The branding iron writes, and having writ, moves on, nor all your tears can change a word of it," mis-quoted Fred.

Archie threw up his hands in despair. Sam lighted a cigarette with an air of complete indifference, but even so, the calf was probably the sorest of all concerned.

As was often the case, the full list of items on the card index for the day could not be accomplished. When the pig fence was finished, so was the daylight.

So passed the days and the seasons.

THE typographical error that Sam had committed on the calf was not often referred to now. The work and anxiety of harvest had driven frivolity into a corner. Though the fall was well advanced there was still enough warmth in the setting sun to allow them to sit for a while on the verandah after supper. So on this evening there they sat, each in his respective chair.

From three pipes ascended three peace—  
*Continued on page 76.*

## You're Not Healthy Unless You Are Clean Inside.

And the one way to real, internal cleanliness—by which you are protected against ninety per cent. of all human ailments—is through proper internal bathing, with plain warm water.

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Mr. T. Babin, proprietor of Ottawa's leading hotel, the Alexandra, writes:—

Dear Doctor,—I cannot express myself as I feel. I don't think I could find words explicit enough. I have used the J. B. L. Cascade two years. It has made a new man of me. In reality, I feel that I would not sell it for all the money in this world if I could not buy another.

Through my recommendation, I know a number of my friends who have been using it with the same satisfaction.

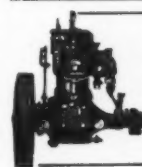
For people troubled with Constipa-

tion, I say it's a God-send. Hoping this will help the poor, suffering humanity,

I remain respectfully,

T. BABIN.

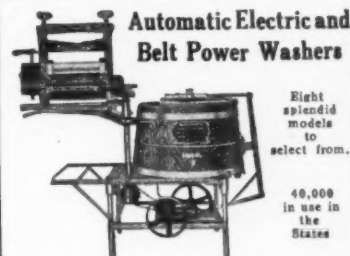
Let Dr. Tyrrell advise you. Dr. Tyrrell is always very glad of an opportunity to consult freely with anyone who writes him—and at no expense or obligation whatever. Describe your case to him and he gives you his promise that you will learn facts about yourself which you will realize are of vital importance. If you will write to-day, address, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, Room 242, 163 College St., Toronto, you will receive his book, "The What, the Why, the Way," which is a most interesting treatise on internal bathing. Consultation with or writing to Dr. Tyrrell involves no obligation whatever.—Advt.



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ful spirals of smoke. It was no architectural masterpiece, this verandah, but it overlooked the slough whereon were learning to swim numerous large families of small ducks. At another angle they could see their oats spraying into head and four good feet above the ground and, owing to a little rise in the pasture beyond, a number of their horses and cattle were almost continually in moving silhouette against the gaudy sky-line.

"This is indeed a hard life," remarked Archie elevating his feet mid-way up a post. "How about a little close harmony? When I sing 'If I had a cow,' you, Fred, come in—"

"Just a moment," objected Sam. "I've got some news for you."

"Tell it, brother," drawled Fred.

"I'm going to quit," said Sam.

Archie's feet slid down the post and hit the verandah with a bang: "You're going to what?"

"I'm going to quit. I'm going away from here," said Sam.

"You are?" asked Fred.

"I are," echoed Sam. "By and by you fellows are going to grasp my meaning—I am going away."

"I saw that you got a letter from *The Bleat* the other day," said Archie sadly. "So that's it, eh? Going back to be a reporter. Fifteen a week and chances at the show passes for yours, eh? I'm very much disappointed in you, Sam. You've got no more ability for writing than the most backward dumb brute on the place—why you can't even stencil three letters on a calf without getting them wrong. I pull you out of the slums, practically, work and pray over you, try to make a farmer and a man of you, and just as you are learning to tell a Berkshire hog from an Indian Runner Duck, you pull out. I swear that henceforth and forever, humanity must get along without my help. If I see a man in the gutter—he stays there. I'm through."

"Do you mean to say you are going to quit the farm?" enquired Fred.

Sam, who was about to answer Archie in kind, turned on the questioner. "If you should ask me that question once more, Frederick, just once more, I shall probably end by finding a pitch fork and beating you into a state of coma. Yes, Frederick, I am going to quit."

"Is that so?" murmured Fred.

Archie looked out across the slough, silently, pulling at his pipe.

"I am sorry to hear that Sam," he said at last. "Fred and I will have some trouble running the place alone for a couple of years, until we can afford to hire some help anyway. But I guess we will get along O.K., eh Fred?"

Fred nodded.

"I am sorry too, boys, really I am," said Sam. "I've thought a great deal about this. I've tried to fight down the impulses to take this step for months. I have been happy here, and more interested than I have been in anything before. But it is no use. A fellow has impulses and instincts and a sense of his destiny. These things should be, *must be* obeyed, or one's life is not the free flowing experience it was meant to be. At least that's the way I figure it out."

Archie turned on him and pointed his pipe, like a pistol, at his head; but, strange behavior, he flashed a wink at Fred, that belied his ferocious mien.

"You feel an urge to report, do you? Your instincts and impulses are to report



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for posterity what happens to a dockful of drunks and bums. If that is the 'free flowing experience' your nature craves, take it from me, you need your head read." And he commenced to stride up and down the verandah causing it, to say nothing of the house to which it clung, to vibrate with the stress of his indignation.

AT THIS point Fred arose, leaned against the house out of range of Sam's vision. Then another strange thing happened—he caught Archie's eye for a moment and he winked and grinned after the manner of one who is party to a conspiracy.

But he successfully eliminated the semblance of either wink or grin in his voice as he commenced to speak, moodily.

"I don't see why you want to quit Sam," said he. "Just after we've got the chicken house planned and everything. We'll have four foals next spring and you won't have a chance to see them or break them if you quit. And think of the crop we'll have—30 acres or more on breaking. An' we were going to take a flier in sheep next year—you know what we were saying about getting a few sheep to run on the summer-fallow to keep the weeds down and one thing and another. An' the spring calves and everything—how will we brand them without you, Sam? Ah, stick around. The Daily Bleat can get along without you all right."

"You fellows are altogether too precipitate—if you know what that means—you jump at conclusions. You particularly, Archie. Did I say anything about going back to the Bleat, although," puffing out his chest, "I may say in all modesty, me job awaits me there. Did I?"

"No—you didn't—but—" commenced Archie.

"I didn't say I was. And I'm not." Then, with much ostentation of manner he added, "I am getting a farm of my own."

"A farm of your own?" asked Fred.

"There you are at it again, Fred. Your brain is dusty to-night. A farm of my own! A farm of my own! And for the third and last time—say, I'll drop you in your tracks if you ask me that again."

"Is that so," murmured Fred. "A farm of your own."

"Where at?" asked Archie in a tone of exaggerated amazement.

"Not far away. I'm going in for pure bred cattle—shorthorns mostly. Some horses—Clydes. A few sheep and one thing and another."

THEN a fresh idea struck Fred and he commenced to laugh most immoderately. "Oh, ho," said he, "that's a good one. He'll be baching, Archie, and you know what a splendid housewife he is, so capable and willing. Never breaks a single dish—more than once. Never forgets the salt in the porridge. Oh, no! Loves to cook. Remember the pigs trying to crack the armour on that batch of bread he made and the chickens going round with their beaks all bent on it. Ho, ho!"

"That will be a 'free flowing experience' all right," said Archie.

AT THIS point Sam jumped to his feet. He swallowed nervously once or twice. He extended his hand in a commanding gesture. But what he would have said will never be known, for Archie turned to Fred and said sternly, "Bring the incriminating papers."

Continued on page 78.

## "With Brains, Sir"

The celebrated artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was once asked by an ambitious young student, with what he mixed his paints to produce such subtle harmony of color, he replied, "With brains, Sir."

Two sculptors may take the same piece of marble, and use the same tools, yet one will produce a Venus de Milo, while the other will simply waste his time and material.

It is just the same with heating systems; one engineer will design a system that will not prove satisfactory when installed even at great expense, while another will produce for you most economical results that are obtainable with least possible expenditure.



The Webster System is not the cheapest to install as far as the first cost is concerned, but it is the cheapest a careful buyer can afford (in the long run) where results are considered.

Darling Brothers, Limited, were the pioneers of Vacuum Heating in Canada. They designed the first Vacuum Heating System that was installed in the Dominion in the year of 1890, and have since that time spent years in developing and improving the Webster System.

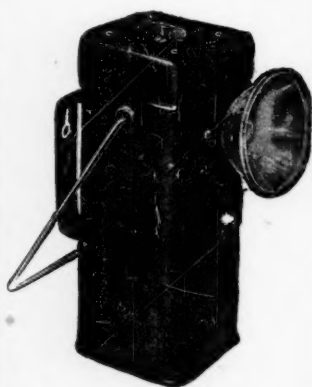
It takes years of use and experience to test and perfect a heating system. One of the greatest advantages of the Webster System is that it has been tested in every kind of situation, and proved its superiority under all possible requirements.

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Fred dived into the house, to return shortly with an envelope, bearing on the outside these words, "Sealed in the presence of the undersigned, July, 1916," under which appeared his signature and that of Archie.

"Open and read," commanded Archie.

Fred did so, and this is what he read:

Slough View Farm, July 20, 1916.

"Having for some months past closely observed the attentions being paid by one Samuel F. Featherstone, to Mary, daughter of Neighbor Dawson, we the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that said Samuel is fast heading towards matrimony. This would be a most desirable condition of affairs except that said Samuel is bound by reason of his plighted word to refrain from any step tending in this direction for a period covering three years after March, 1915. But we, the undersigned, being of charitable and benign disposition, do hereby release Samuel F. Featherstone from such bond and oath, and this paper is on this date drawn up to serve as evidence that the said Samuel F. Featherstone is not putting one over on the undersigned as he imagines to be the case, but on the contrary his numerous buggy rides, his journeys to church, his frequent visits to the house where said Mary does reside, are all known and apprehended by the undersigned. This paper shall be produced at the proper time and place, read in the presence of Samuel F. Featherstone, and then presented to him as his token of release from his oath above referred to, as evidence that the undersigned are

fully aware of his intentions, and as further proof of the fact that Fitzsimmons was right when he said that "the bigger they are the harder they fall."

Signed,

Archibald McLoud,  
Frederick Creighton Smith.

WHEN you are next roughing it in the West, friend reader, ask the Ethiopian Major Domo in charge of the car to let you know when the train approaches the neighborhood of Range 26, Township, 28, Section 12, West of the 4th Meridian. Keep an eye out for a low chocolate-colored house with cream trimmings, with a pasture in front in which graze a bunch of Clyde horses. You will know them by the hair on their legs. If you see a Shetland pony in the lot, a bay with a white face and two front feet, that will be Sam's place.

The pony is the children's and frequently he trots them over to Slough View Farm. Sam is a prosperous baron of the plains now, but this doesn't prevent Fred and Archie from raking up his early exploits with the branding iron—all of which is not a bad way of putting in the time while waiting for the grain to fill and ripen.

## Facts Behind the Peace Proposals

Continued from page 14.

Yet another point—Lloyd George has said that he will arm merchantmen against submarines. The United States has said that such vessels will not be admitted to American ports. Very well, then—the vessels will go from Canadian ports. If such a course were followed, it would practically act as an embargo on American exports. Halifax and St. John could not take care of the volume of traffic now going from American ports.

The reaction on American commerce would be almost as severe as if this country were involved in war. No wonder Wall Street had "jumps."

What will come out of it all?

Bankers say "peace."

At time of writing, the calm brewing here is the calm that precedes the burst of a greater storm; after which peace may well come from sheer exhaustion.

## Wiles of Confidence Men

Continued from page 67.

there arrived in the Western city a stranger who was introduced to Smith as Mr. Cherry, the head dealer at Canfield's. There were further talks with Cherry, who insisted on maturing the scheme perfectly. It appeared that he was taking a vacation.

One day the dealer dropped his spectacle-case, which Smith picked up. It was a striking object—especially to the keen eye of an experienced pawnbroker. In a glance Smith saw that it was made of heavy gold, encrusted with diamonds. On the one side was engraved in neat, unobtrusive letters:

"From John Jacob Astor  
To his friend William I. Cherry."

At another time Mr. Cherry took from his pocket a cigarette-case, opened it, and offered it to Smith. This was ornamented with emeralds as well as with diamonds, and bore an inscription saying that it was a gift from John W. Gates to his friend Cherry. These men, Cherry said, were very fond of him, and he often met them at their gambling club. Frequently he gave them tips, and just as frequently they won forty or fifty thousand dollars or even more.

It was so easy! If Smith, for example, wanted to make a moderate investment, say of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, Cherry could arrange a "fixed" faro-game so that Smith could safely and surely pick up a hundred thousand.

The more Smith thought of it, the better it looked to him, and one day, shortly after the conclusion of the dealer's vacation, he

packed his grip and started for the metropolis, accompanied by the man who had introduced him to Cherry. In New York, Cherry met him at a hotel and carefully instructed him in the signals by which the faro-game was to be thrown in order that the dealer could get even with his employers and that Smith could rake in a hundred thousand dollars, a small part of which he was to turn over as Cherry's share in the proceeds.

From this point I will quote from the statement subsequently made by the victim in the district attorney's office.

After explaining the game to us, he told us he would meet us that night at half past seven o'clock. He told us to come in full dress. He said the place was patronized by millionaires, by very fine, aristocratic people, such as Mr. Astor, Charles Schwab, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Frank Gould, and a lot of railroad magnates; and that it would be out of place for us to come in without full dress, as we must be represented to be rich men.

We met in the pool-room of a hotel. We went out to the street and walked three or four blocks—just what street I couldn't tell. He told us to wait about ten minutes after he went into the house, and then to follow him. He gave us a card on which was the name of a club, and told us to present that.

He went into the premises, and we went in about ten minutes later. A gentleman in full dress opened the door, and we handed him the card. He took it in to somebody else in the room where they were playing. A man in full dress came out—a stout man, broad-should-

ered; he had a light-complexioned face and a rough voice. He said to us:

"Good evening, gentlemen; you are from Washington?"

"Yes," we replied.

"All right," he said.

He invited us into the other room. The two rooms were elaborately furnished, with fine paintings on the walls. The gentleman who brought us in said:

"You can enjoy yourselves a little, and then play, if you want to."

Cherry then was dealing behind the table. There were at least five or six people at the table, and others standing around. I gave Cherry five thousand dollars, and my companion gave him five thousand dollars. He gave us each twenty chips. We started to play, and followed the instructions which Cherry had given us before we went there. We both began to lose money right away, and, as I recall it, we were cleaned out of all our chips at the end of the first call. On the turn of the card, we had both called the card. Neither of us won, as we had miscalled the card.

We then left and went back to the hotel. Inside of an hour Cherry came, and he said:

"What is the matter with you people? Why did you go to work and call it wrong?"

"I don't know," my companion said. "I got nervous and I didn't know. I thought I was calling it right."

"It is very easy if you follow my instructions," Cherry said.

Cherry made believe that he felt awful about it, and pretended to be very nervous and excited, saying that he had a lot of trouble and sickness in his family, and this was going to begin his downfall.

One would think that after such an experience almost any man of ordinary sense would have had enough; but such was not the case. Lured on by assurances that he would certainly win next time, and becoming more and more worried as his losses piled up, Smith returned several times to New York, until, as I have said, he had lost no less than sixty thousand dollars.

It is not possible, within the limits of this statement, to describe even briefly one-half the ingenious schemes worked successfully by confidence men in this enlightened twentieth century. One plan is to bring the wealthy victim to New York upon the representation that a man connected with a telegraph company is able to furnish the results of horse-races before the information reaches the pool rooms thus permitting the favored come-on to bet his money on a sure thing.

The trustful victim is taken to some downtown telegraph-office in New York, in a busy section of the city. When entering the office, and within hearing of the click of telegraph-instruments, he meets and is introduced to the supposed representative of the company, who states that he is just about to attend a meeting of the board of directors of the company, and that it will be necessary to make a later appointment. Of course, this fake representative has merely been "planted" in the office at the time when the victim is taken there by a confederate; and of course he never had the remotest idea of attending a board-meeting.

The next scene of the comedy is staged in an up-town hotel, where the victim is assured that the information necessary to enable him to win will be telephoned to him from five to eight minutes in advance of its receipt by the pool-rooms. This will give sufficient time to hurry to the nearest pool-room and place his bets with the certainty of winning heavily.


When the races are being run on some distant track, the victim receives the promised telephone-messages, and is taken at once to a supposed pool-room close by. The place is equipped with telephones and telegraph-instruments connected with wires which, however, run no further than the wall. Of course, he loses his money. To prevent a row, he is told that a mistake was made in the transmission of his advance information over the telephone, and that instead of betting his money on the horse to win, he should have bet his money for the "place."

For instance, a recent investigation disclosed the original methods by which one clever individual was getting money in no small amounts. He would make the acquaint-



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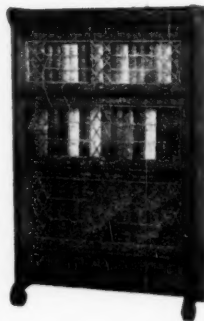


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**TRAVEL CANADIAN NORTHERN ALL THE WAY**

ance of a stranger who possessed ready cash, and would induce the victim to bet a considerable sum against his assurance that he—the swindler—could transmit the denomination of a playing-card to another person, a long distance away, merely by using mental telepathy.

The victim is likely to reply that he doesn't believe in any such nonsense, and will cheerfully wager money against his new acquaintance's ability to send brain-sparks five or six miles across a crowded city. All right! The money is put up, and a new deck of cards is laid out on a table.

The victim—call him Clark—selects one of the cards, looks at it carefully for identification, seals it in an envelope, and places the envelope in his pocket. Then the operator goes into a pretended trance for a few minutes. Coming out of the trance, he tells Clark to step across the room and call up a certain telephone-number, asking for a man whose name is Johnson. The following conversation ensues over the wire:

"Is this Morningside 0108? I want to speak to Mr. Johnson."

"I am Mr. Johnson," says the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Well, Mr. Johnson, what card have I selected?"

Instantly the answer comes back—and the correct answer at that.

However mysterious this seems to the victim, who loses the money he has wagered, the explanation is quite simple. To every card in the pack there has been given the name of a different man, and the bunco-steerer and his confederate have carefully memorized each name. The ace of hearts, for example, may be "Mr. Bull," the three of diamonds "Mr. Jeffreys," and so on.

## The War Situation

*Continued from page 13.*

the Pocket Nerve. It was something bigger, deeper. That is why things are so quiet. That is why people are not shouting. But I do mean to imply it was a bayonet thrust in the Pocket Nerve that arrested this whole nation's thoughtlessness—that wakened Middle West and Far West and down South as well as East. It is easy to be perfunctory in sympathy when the tragedy is far away; but when somebody sticks a bayonet in your middle and then kicks you in the face it is quite impossible to remain nonchalant.

THEN, another influence came in. Hoover and many of his Belgium relief men are back. The tales they tell do not make pleasant hearing. Two years ago certain famous correspondents published over their signatures the declaration that there were no German atrocities. Not so, say Hoover's men. They say the atrocities are as infamous to-day as at the very worst; and young Americans of the 50,000 fighting in France bear witness to the truth of the testimony. The bayonet thrust in the pocket book brought forcibly home what might happen to Americans if an American city were raided and sacked. Suddenly the righteousness of the Allied cause shone forth unconfused by German sophistries.

Will it mean war?

And if so, will the United States line up with the Allies?

One person's guess is as good as another's.

As to the army for a fighting force the American army to-day is not 80,000 strong; and it is badly equipped. Though the navy used to rank third and fourth in the world, the navy has not men to man the ships. It is 18,000 men short.



Those facts settle the question of actual fighting in the immediate future.

THE United States are preparing. They are preparing feverishly. They will drill and equip and make ready; but it is not the actual fighting which they now fear. Nor is it some great catastrophe like the *Lusitania*. It is the aftermath of all the devilish plots which German Propaganda has been sowing for two years. An Anarchist was heard by a Secret Service man boasting "when a bomb would bring — (the highest building in New York) down." For two years German secret agents have indoctrinated the Anarchists with devices as ready tools—powder which stepped on would throw a factory into flames, bombs which plunged into water would consume the very atmosphere; and they have plied the Wild Reds with whiskey, money and women. A rascal in Detroit, who has engineered the worst plots against Canada actually showed a woman agent the list of big men whom the Germans had chosen "to be picked off." The ruler of the United States, the two presidents of two great corporations, half a dozen bankers were on the list. A woman was chosen to victimize one, a chauffeur "to get" another, a favorite bootblack to pass out information on a third. The woman secret agent had a lover who was an Austrian anarchist. In fact, when this whole story is written it will read more like a pre-revolution page of French history, when court debauch ran to height, than sober American fact. Men who have been respected heads of families caught in the snare of disreputable plots have lost their decency, drugged themselves with bribery and liquor and women, and cast decency to the winds. This is true of the Detroit plotter as it is equally true of some master plotters, who will be on the way home to Germany before these words see print.

AS I write the *Adriatic* is in the danger zone; but it is not the fate of the *Adriatic* that men here fear. It is a plowing up of the secret fires which Germany has been banking and plying with high explosive fuel among "the Reds." Public men, public buildings, banks, terminals all are under most rigorous guard; but you can't undermine and sap the security of public life with high explosive theories and facts, for two years and not pay the price; and Uncle Sam knows he will pay the price in terrible catastrophes before he is in the war.

BY THE time he is prepared, what? Will the war be over?

There are twenty-three million German-Americans in this country. They are proving themselves American-Americans; but—they are the great buying power for the German commerce that comes to this country. Likewise, they are the great selling force for the American commerce that goes to Germany. It is inconceivable that these Americans of German influence in the world of finance will not wield their power; and their power is to coerce the ruling dynasty of Germany, or feed the flame of German Revolution.

No one will utter predictions these days; but the expectation is the reaction for Germans in the United States will hasten—will, indeed, force the end of the war. If that expectation is wrong, then, indeed, are evil days ahead for the United States; for her enemy is within her own bounds.

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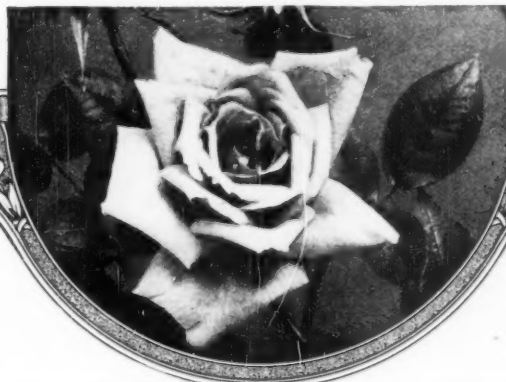
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THE MINISTER OF FINANCE

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